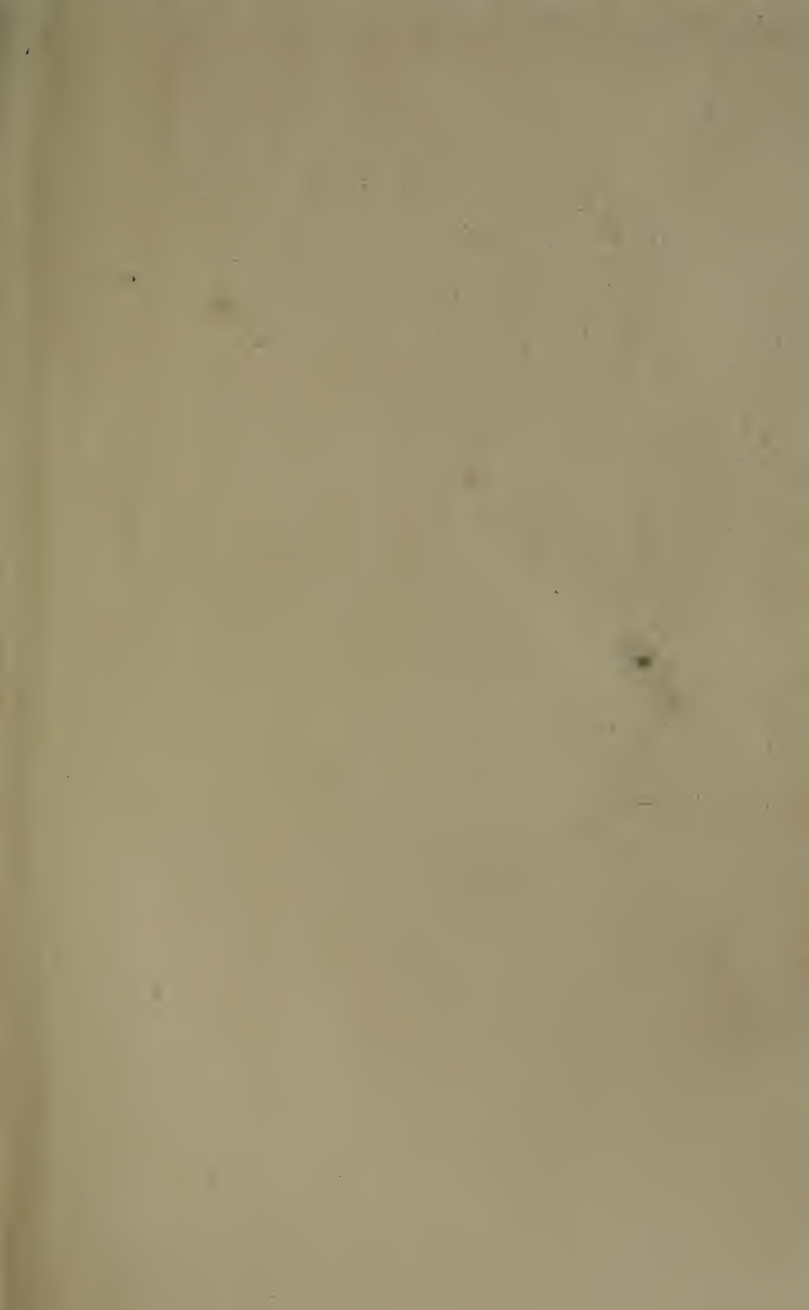




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JESSIE OF BOULOGNE;

OR THE

HISTORY OF A FEW MINUTES.

BY THE

REV. C. GILLMOR, M.A.

"They sin who tell us Love can die."—SOUTHEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES,

VOL II.



London:

SAMUEL TINSLEY,
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JESSIE OF BOULOGNE.

CHAPTER I.

SEARCH.

“ Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth ;
But, either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffèd, in respect of years :
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends :
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it :
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, Behold !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.”

SHAKESPEARE'S " MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

How curious and unfortunate, it seemed to Cyril, that here were two houses, in both of which Jessie had been ; and yet in neither of them could he learn anything whatsoever concerning her.

As for the hotel in which the fire had been, he

telt he had exhausted all that was discoverable there.

As regards the other house, from which the ladies had moved into the packet, there was something perhaps still to be gleaned from the touter hereafter.

And then ! the packet in which they had gone ; might there not be some trace there ? Cyril at once went to ascertain the name of the steamer which had just gone out, and which was called and styled after some regal dame. Must not the circumstance of the ladies having gone in the night, and staying thus longer than others, have drawn specific attention to them ?

And then, he recollected the Electric Telegraph ; might he not thereby catch the packet, before the passengers disembarked ?

But, what with the search already, and the thought involved, it happened that by the time Cyril could put the telegraph in motion, more than two hours had elapsed ; and the operation itself took more time than it is popularly supposed to do : whereas the Folkestone steamer constantly crosses in an hour and three-quarters, and even in the present storm it might not exceed two hours or so. The message Cyril sent was, "Two ladies, with their man and maid, in the packet now crossing ; one lady wears an aigrette. Ask their address ; no expense spared." This was sent to Folkestone ; and though it is here out of chronological order, I may mention that it was very long in getting to

Folkestone, and quite as long was the reply in coming back: and when it came, it was, "Steamer had already arrived, and most of the passengers landed: cannot follow up such enquiries." Thus here again all trace expired. It was (accidentally) a considerable while after he sent the message, before the reply reached Cyril's hands; and then his remark was, "How ill-natured of the fellow: I would have given him one hundred pounds." Probably the promise, "no expense spared," only raised the idea of an extra shilling or two; had it been known that a hundred pounds might be gained, the scurvy clerk would have exerted himself, or employed someone to do it for him. And from this I would deduce the moral, that it is best to be obliging, whether a hundred pounds are known to be forthcoming or not.

Cyril resolved he would try what an advertisement might accomplish. He thought it might be in the following touching vein:—"The gentleman at Boulogne, who met two ladies, and rescued one from a fire, would be grateful to learn where one line might be addressed, before his departure for the East." He would put his romantic appeal in the English papers; and he would give his direction, "Grantley Court" (his estate in Sussex), as if it was a name, adding his London bankers. Cyril was wont to draw his cheques for charities thus, whence his bankers would keep any communication for him, as a matter of course.

It will be seen that in all this, Cyril is acting as

if in contradiction to his own fears and presumed convictions; for, if the ladies had designedly fled from him, what would be the good of following them with telegrams or advertisements, to which they would be still more obdurate? But, Cyril had a sort of sensation, that the act of their leaving him thus was so grievous a mode of rejection; it might be bettered, and could not be made worse. An idea thrilled through him, that perhaps Jessie, when she got home, would relent; and if of course she would still reject him, nevertheless, perhaps, she would indirectly send him some missive, which, if final and blighting to his hopes, would be less excruciating than leaving him as now to gather his repulse from the blank aspect of things. It was a comfort to Cyril to go on acting as if it was to be presumed that surely such gentle ladies would not treat him with such unnecessary severity; it was something also for Cyril to be *doing* anything: what could be so bad as for him to sit and brood over his sorrow? Action, of any sort, was itself a relief.

Another advertisement, which he resolved to hazard, was to the absconding master of the hotel. Cyril felt sure the man had escaped, no doubt, to England, so it would be useless to accost him through the French papers, which probably he would not see; it would also be a ticklish thing for Cyril in France to seek to confer with a French levanting felon. Cyril drew up the appeal to him, by name, and as well as the case admitted of;

giving his own direction also, as before, "Grantley Court," and his bankers. The application to the man was, for him to consult his register, and give the name required; and Cyril would send him any amount of money he specified, in any form and to any place he wished, and no questions asked.

These two advertisements Cyril brought to a civil and sensible young bookseller (Mr. Merridew) near the port, who would get them inserted for him; but it seems some little time must probably elapse before they could be before the public.

In order to clear our way, it may here be mentioned, that neither of the advertisements was of any avail. As regards the ladies, the paper actually was on the table where Jessie was; and when something was said which she considered good news, the merry maiden actually took the paper and waved it round her head like a flag: and in so doing, her fingers touched the advertisement: that was all. Nor did Jessie even look at the "Marriages," which she sometimes did for fun's sake; and thence her eye might have strayed to the agony column. The aunt did not look at that side of the paper at all, as she seldom turned to any part but the "Court Circular." Nor did any friend, who might be likely to have glanced at the right place, chance to see, or direct attention to, the pathetic paragraph; no one, in fact, in their circle, noticed it at all. Indeed, it is wonderful how many persons never see the very advertisements, at least at the right time, which are specially meant for themselves.

As regards the French master of the hotel, he *did* see the appeal to him, while he (under a false name) was sitting over his "dry" wine, in a tavern for foreigners in Leicester Square; but, what Cyril said and meant in all honesty and truth, was interpreted by him as a very flimsy cover for an attempt to catch him: he quite laughed at the folly of imagining he could be lured by so weak a tale: it was a dodge of the French police to snap him up: *but*, the idea! that he should be entrapped by so transparent an artifice! ha, ha!

Yes, there are many sages like this man, who are, in their own conceit so intensely clever, that they ever are only injuring their own interests; that is all! and thus they exemplify the homely legend that a pig thinks he can swim, and so he can, but in doing so he only cuts his own windpipe with his own *acute* and pit-a-patted pettitoes.

Cyril was quite a new hand at conducting such a scrutiny as he had now entered on; and he wanted all the little keenness of a detective, in default of which, he simply fell back on commonsense and mother-wit and noble truth. He now felt that if he had devoted yesterday afternoon to going about among the Boulogne cabmen, who (we saw) are not very numerous, he should no doubt have been enabled to light on the man who drove the ladies from the bridge, and thus he should have discovered their abode, and might have called on them yesterday evening. Floss' intelligent bark would have been a great help in finding the driver; thus he

should have known their residence in good time (whereas it was only the fire which guided him to it). Perhaps, however, then he should not have saved Jessie? Might not all be for the best? At least he must now bestir himself, and exert every thought, so as not to let himself be deploring in the future that such or such researches were begun too late.

Cyril's next procedure was to call on the British consul, who is a gentleman of the name of Hamilton, a naval captain, of clear Scotch instincts, very sincere and conscientious, and therefore quite ready to tell a person a bit of his mind. Cyril indeed thought him rather too unsympathizing. But then this may have been Cyril's own fault, in not imparting to him more than a portion of the case, nor did Cyril say enough to describe who he himself was. Certainly, Cyril's appearance was an extraordinary letter of recommendation in his favor; still the consul looked fearlessly at the imperfect tale, and as much as told Cyril in plain words that he was a silly young man, who wanted to find out some nonsense or other about some wandering women, of whom he knew nothing, and about whom, therefore, he doubtless had no right to enquire: the ladies being assumed to be quite ordinary people, and nobody of the least note. Cyril felt that he was rated as at best a very small country squire, with even more acres than sense; and as for the ladies, they were some of the usual continental female adventurers. Cyril was all

but told that he was a big booby, indulging a mere idle curiosity, and taking up the valuable time of the consulate with frivolous perquisitions about runaway females, of whom neither he nor anybody else need want to know anything.

Cyril left the office in considerable dudgeon, and tried to console himself for his wiggling, by thinking that he got it in Jessie's service. Nor could he deny the fact to himself, that the view which the worthy consul avowed was natural for any cold spectator to adopt; because we know *how very rare a thing is sympathy.*

Nothing daunted, Cyril felt he could not do better than follow up his previous intention, to see whether he could find what "other house" the ladies had moved from to the hotel where the fire was. He would first overhaul the hotels.

Here he was met by precisely the reverse difficulty to the consul's attitude; here everybody was too warm and too grandiose. "How many carriages had they?" Cyril did not know whether they had one; but, perhaps they had. "How many footmen had their ladyships in their suite?" Cyril only knew of one; but they might have had ever so many more servants with them for all he knew. In fact, Cyril had all his life, till now, been so accustomed to have no end of butlers and valets and men in waiting about himself, he was ready to think the ladies in whom he was interested were fully furnished in that respect. Cyril was now alone, without any valet, except Floss, as Teddy

would say ; and this was the first time in all Cyril's life that he had ever been without a "body-servant:" however, this was now owing to the exceptional cause of his purposed trip to the East: hence his own singlehandedness did not so naturally lead him to think that the ladies might now be roving about with less than their usual escort. The next question was, "Had they a courier with them?" Possibly; and yet most probably not. If, then, Cyril feared all this was getting too much upon the high horse; and if, when he was told that no ladies with carriage and servants and courier had left *this* establishment within two days, he ventured to suggest that perhaps there was no carriage, nor any menial magnificence of the sort, he found a predisposition to cut the queries short, as if to bow him out with the reflex assurance, "No people, of *that* kind, here, sir!"

Still, on and on, Cyril went; till, at one hotel his heart was made to jump as it were into his mouth, by his apparently coming on the trace of the very people he sought. He had not told the head-waiter to whom he addressed himself that the ladies had gone; he merely described those whom he wished to find. "O yes," said the man, "I recognize them at once: it is Madame Constantine and her beautiful niece. Shall I take your card, sir, upstairs to them?"

Cyril turned away, and went off, in mute annoyance and disgust; and the man of course thought he was demented. It was so tantalizing to find he

was after the wrong people; and to be asked to step up and see Jessie, when she was across the water, somewhere in England. Is he always to be thus tortured and disappointed?

Notwithstanding, Cyril persisted in his investigations till he had got pretty well through all the hotels, numerous as they are; and as the people were almost too civil, rather than the reverse (with which benignity of theirs his open-handed distribution of two-franc and five-franc pieces had something to do), he at length managed to convince himself that the "other house" at which the ladies had been, was, as Antoine had justly suspected, not some hotel. He now had *only* to examine the lodging-houses.

But, this was "only" to undertake a superhuman feat. The number of these houses is prodigious; and some private families let apartments, without sticking up any "signals of distress" or placards in the windows, gaining their customers by more "genteel" channels: how was he to get at these? he might *never* light on the right house the ladies had been at! it might be *any* mansion he passed.

And then again, he was conscious of what he had felt before, that as the ladies had parted from wherever it was, in anger, the spiteful or perhaps alarmed landlady would take care to tell him nothing; how could she know whether he was not on the look-out, to prosecute her?

In general, he found these people very civil and communicative; he was not now, as at the hotels,

questioned about carriages and couriers: the whole stress was on the servants. And here he found a difficulty which he had not anticipated; for, it appeared, that, when the town (as now) was full, some most respectable people would have perhaps only two rooms, and be glad to get them: and they might still have several servants, who might have bedrooms elsewhere, wherever they could find an attic empty, and be glad to submit to the arrangement, so as to get a location anyhow, even in a house where everything was cracked, both crockery and people. Some of these servants had a rare time of it, living quite apart, and with nothing to do; not even waiting on their masters or mistresses, who took up with the "attendance" of the people of their rooms. Here, then, was a division of families for Cyril to deal with. This state of things would therefore require him to search absolutely through every house in the town, and to know the particulars about everybody! In other words, the enterprise which he had begun was one that was literally impracticable.

And there was even another, and that also a fatal impediment. This was, that whereas he could ostensibly call only at such houses as had up notices of lodgings to let; still, though the ladies left so lately, it did not follow that the house they had been in was still vacant: perhaps it had been filled since? indeed, from all appearances, nothing would be more likely to have taken place, with the town so full, than that when they moved out, some

one else at once moved in! This blocked up all attempt. In short, after considerable enquiry, he felt it was an utterly futile experiment, to go on cross-questioning the lodging-house keepers.

The incident which put the finish to Cyril's investigations among the landlady mammalia, was the following. He lighted upon one great motherly dame, who quite enjoyed the mystery about the lost ladies. The aigrette particularly caught her fancy, and she knew all about it, in her own opinion; the gold plate in her head made the lady be quite recognizable at once. Cyril was told all about their names; the ladies were mother and daughter, and they had two servants, and they left yesterday, complaining a good deal because the funny French kitchen grates for braise [or wood-cinders, whence comes our word brazier] would not admit of proper toast being made. They were Mrs. Marmaduke and Mrs. Edgecumbe. How was that? O, the first lady, Mrs. Marmaduke (the lady, you know, with the gold plate or false palate, which went with her set of false teeth, *and that*), was the mamma; and the other, the pretty one, was such a lovely young widow, with such a nicely crimped cap, and she had such a sweet little boy!

Off rushed Cyril, "like a shot;" the "sweet little boy" told him he might as well now give up such enquiries "for good."

Nor could all such continuous inquisitions be conducted by so remarkable looking a young man as Cyril, in the very heart and focus of gossipdom,

without provoking much remark:—"O, have you heard? so odd; such a fine young man, very rich, and quite mad: such a pity! he is quite nice to speak to, nor does he look at all cracked, like Mr. Windham: but, what do you think? he has been hunting all over London, and Berlin, and Paris, and now he is searching all through Boulogne, with his big dog, looking for two ladies in every house, though he says all the time they are not here! Isn't it sad? They say, he has registered a vow in chancery to go next to America, and search every house and every room there; and so he will go on all his life, till he gets locked up, or till his money gives out. No doubt the wicked young woman treated him very badly, and made him lose his head; for he is so plaguy handsome, you know, you cannot help taking his part: and, one has no patience with those chits of girls who amuse themselves by breaking nice young men's hearts. Some people indeed say he wants to marry both the aunt and niece, and they ran away from him, because one would marry him, whichever he likes, but not both, of course. But others say, he means to murder the young one, in order that he may marry the older one, and have all her money; and the vow he has made, is, to have his hand tied up till he can do it. Others again say, there is no such person as either aunt or niece, and it's only a Mrs. Harris. Whichever way it may be, all I can say is, it is a great pity that the mad people should have all the money, when there are others, like you

and me, Mrs. Grundy, who would know so well how to make a good use of it."

Cyril did not know such things were said about him; for, as Juvenal pithily remarks, "A man is usually the last to hear about his own disgrace."

Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, he got a small placard or hand-bill drawn up, to be printed, and posted up; this publication of it was not accomplished till next day, and nothing came of it till some further time afterwards: still we may describe it here, so as not to leave any hiatus in the actual course of this authentic history. The placard [play-card?] was in French and English, and ran much as follows:—"To porters, jobbing-men, and others; the luggage of two ladies was moved on Tuesday, the 2nd of September, from some house in the town, to the hotel where the fire was; any man who assisted at the removal, will receive a munificent reward, by applying to the gentleman of No. 3, at the Hotel d'Andanté."

Many who saw it, only laughed, or shook their heads, and said, "Ah, that's the poor mad young gentleman." The fault of the placard was, that the ladies' servants were not specified; also both the aigrette, and the comparative ages of the ladies, and even Jessie's miraculous beauty, ought to have been adverted to. But Cyril, with the true devotion of a lover, shrank from parading such personal points before the common throng.

Only two men called on Cyril, in consequence of the placard. One told a circumstantial tale, which,

however, Cyril was able to test as absolutely untrue; it was plainly a false narrative got up, to "worm some money out of a fool." The fellow, however, got nothing for his pains.

One other man appeared, and was very pertinacious that he was right, especially in insisting that besides the two ladies and two servants, there was a gentleman, "a brother or lover." Cyril winced a little at this; and finding the man, who had only one eye, did not know any names, only where the ladies who employed him had moved from, Cyril paid him, and dismissed him, feeling assured the man was talking about somebody else, and not about the same ladies as those he was in quest of: since Cyril had never seen any gentleman with the ladies of his love, either at the concert, or walking about, or at the time of the fire, or in the packet, or anywhere. The "brother or lover" was proof positive that it was a different "party."

And yet, long afterward, when Cyril looked back on this very incident, he felt that possibly he had been too hasty in rejecting this man's evidence. The fact was, Cyril had become so tired and mortified by discovering nothing, he now at the time had as if made up his mind that nothing could be elicited; he was prepared to find that all news was only false and disappointing: and thus the slightest semblance of discrepancy made him discard the whole thing at once. Thus often do we make the troubles of one time be as if nest-eggs to help to breed future cares; and we hoard up our grievances,

with miserly zest, as if every fresh event was of no other use but to be added to the pile of sorrows.

The man who was Cyril's informant in the present case, was rather dull and stupid ; might he not even with his one eye have seen Cyril with the ladies at the bridge ? again, might he not have been employed about the concert-room, moving seats, or seeing to the lights, and might he not have noticed Cyril talking to Jessie ? again, might he not have even observed him going with the ladies from the fire, to the drunken Englishman's house ? it would be no wonder, then, if he thought a gentleman was of the party. And the man, being obtuse, would not recognize that the gentleman he was speaking to in the room of his hotel was the same gentleman whom he had seen with the ladies ; since Cyril did not now wear indoors the same costume which he had on, either at the concert, or when walking about the streets. So here (and it is a great and memorable lesson to you and to me), yes, here was he, repudiating the very information he had sought so much for ; and all, because (O what a shocking little sinner is Cupid !) our hero was in love, and was therefore flurried at the mention of a "brother or lover," who was all the while none other than the dim shadow of Mr. Cyril himself.

This, as we say, occurred afterwards ; but now we have to proceed to record, that after Cyril had given the order for the placard to be issued, he came home desperately disconsolate, and he was rather surprised to be told that an English gentleman had

wished to see him. Who could this be? Did he not leave his name? "No, sir; but he said he would call again." Did he not say when? "No, sir." "Well, then," says Cyril, "I will take an early dinner; and perhaps he may come, before I go out again."

Sitting down mechanically to his repast, Cyril wondered, Could it be George? By no means. George would have announced himself. Besides, the 'Amaranth' could not have arrived, since Cyril had left special instructions at the port, for the first appearance of the yacht to be notified to him. Could it be somebody whom the ladies had commissioned to find him out? But then, *they* knew nothing of him, his abode, his name, or anything. Cyril would not have been surprised at the "gentleman" not leaving his "name," had he known that the individual in question was the only person in the world who had no proper name, he being "Teddy," which nondescript appellation was his Christian name and surname and nickname and all.

As the nameless gentleman did not make his appearance in time for our hero's impatience, Cyril sallied out again, in order to try to light on the evaporated touter. Cyril went down towards the house to which he had borne Jessie; because, though the place was now stripped and empty, and all the furniture sold and scattered, still he judged that the man, as an old purveyor and jackal, belonging to the premises like a cat, would hang about, through mere habituation, and haunt the vicinity, like an unclean ghost, eyeing the outside of the happy

ingle-nook where he had sometimes been privileged to discuss strong waters. Such creatures eat very little, except some greasy maccaroni, or bread with an apple rubbed on it; they do not drink ale or wine: brandy or rum is their diet, and rum is what they prefer. Cyril was afraid the day would pass without his catching the fellow; and by the evening he would be sure to be dead (drunk), or hired somewhere else, perhaps at Amiens or Paris, if not engaged as driver of a bathing-machine. So Cyril looked out sharply for him. And there is something in a man's looking out, which seems to attract the other person who is looked out for. The two lookers have a crossfire of keen glances, and so they get entangled in each other's eyelashes, and they come together through the electricity of eyes. What else can be the cause, that, if for instance there is a new governess engaged to educate your olive-branches, Mr. Paterfamilias, and if she is coming to Euston terminus by rail, and you think it kind, and humane, to go and meet the poor young thing (she is pretty, mind) and fetch her in your brougham, you always light on her at once? There may be plenty of young ladies waiting for friends, or masters, or lovers, on the platform; yet you go up to one, whom you never saw before, but whom you identify by instinct, and you say, with parental benignity, "Miss Mum, I believe?" to which she nervously responds, "Mr. Budget?" and there you are, all right: and you have only to drive home, while the pretty girl cries silently in the corner of

your carriage, trying to persuade herself that she is very happy.

It must have been some such magnetic influence which made Cyril and the touter descry each other ; so the hang-dog fellow came up and said to Cyril,—

“Please, sir, are you looking for miserable me?”

“Perhaps I am ; who are you ?”

“My name is Encelade, at your service “(a profound bow) ; and I beg to enquire (tragic grimace), are you the same most noble chevalier who conveyed the fire-'scaped lady from the heavens' down the aerial ladder, to the earth ?”

Poor Cyril looked at the outrageous creature with astonishment and vexation, saying to himself, “How is it, that, when I hoped for a message from those I seek, I cannot have it sent to me through a proper human being ?”

The man had evidently been studying the above ridiculous speech ; he had got some extravagant French poetry in his head, and he thought it superbly suitable to be bombastic and unnatural. Cyril also perceived that the man even now was more than one quarter fuddled ; so probably he had been drunk all the morning, and was only now sobering : such was his disgusting state : probably the poor wretch's connexion with the drunken Englishman had caused or at least aggravated his tendency to drink. Cyril divined at once that the ladies had entrusted some message to this man, whom doubtless they had considered as good as anyone they could get ; and probably in the morning he may

have been pretty sober, and perhaps if his poetical malady was a little under control, he would appear to them a more educated and therefore more trustworthy messenger than the common run. It is indeed observable how people who are the most preposterous oddities will sometimes know how to conduct themselves for a short while, so as to impress even sensible persons with an idea of their sagacity and worth. Thus it is clear that this Encelade had managed to shine for a lucid interval before the ladies; they would think him a capital deputy: they doubtless confided a message to him: they gave him money for his trouble: and the faithless sot went off and got drunk therewith.

Cyril saw all this at a glance; and the whole thing seemed so annoying and perplexing, he was ready to reel, with excitement and bewilderment. It was with a gasp, that he eagerly replied,—

“Yes, I am the person; what do you want with me?”

“O, sir, I felicitate myself on being the bearer to you of a message from her divinity.”

“*A message?* what is it? speak!”

“Here it is, sir.”

“Where?”

“Here, sir.”

Cyril almost supposed that the satyr before him was a mocking fiend, sent to worry and insult him; in fact the man might have been taken to be positively unsouled, so insane did the partly-intoxicated poetaster look, while now, with strange contortions

of body, he slowly began to unwind a long dirty choker or Croatian cravat from his neck. It was well that Cyril was not rash or passionate, or he might have been tempted to brain him with his burnt hand, or to kick his legs clear off from his carcase; but instead of any rough doings, Cyril was philosopher enough to *wait*, and set his teeth hard, while he gloamed at the monster, who, with down-cast eyes, went on simperingly divesting his throat of the bandage, which might have done for a halter: and Cyril could almost have willingly seen him Calcrafted and Jack-Ketched therewith.

Yet the act in question was one of the very few sensible things the creature ever had done in his whole life. For, at last, it appeared, he had a letter to deliver; and, with good reason distrusting himself he had enveloped the note in this jack-towel affair, and wound it round his wesand throat. So, the long rag being at last unwound, out came the note, clean and tidy, elongated and narrow, evidently what a spicy lady might send or receive. This letter Encelade held out to Cyril, who quite clutched it, in his eagerness; and as there was scarcely light now for him to peruse it properly, he thrust it, hastily yet carefully, into the empty breast-pocket of his coat, intending at once to go home and study the contents, the thought of which made his entire being quiver with hope and agitation. His whole soul was so tumultuously stirred, he was scarcely capable of thought.

CHAPTER II.

LETTER.

"Anon, man peeps behind the screen ;
The spell is out, the show is seen,
The rumor proved, and so belied,
The prophecy nigh thrown aside :
The dream half faded, woke too soon :
The hope torn up, and well-nigh done."

JOHN CLARE.

WE must keep in full view the character of Cyril's mind, in order to observe the cross-cut course of events here.

His temperament was generous, kindly, and feeling ; yet, although so truly "good-tempered," he was excitable, under trying conditions. Indeed, those persons who are the most capable of tenderness and sympathy for others, are those who are sometimes the worst "upset," and wrought upon, by untoward or agitating adventures. The selfish and unfeeling man would not be thus moved ; he can look on with unconcern : he can laugh, or sneer, grinning like a hollow skull. The kind-hearted man, on the contrary, is nervous and wrung, where high feeling is called forth ; his heart flutters, his hand trembles, and is brain his almost too strained

to collect its rational powers. This is one of virtue's apparent disadvantages; notwithstanding, *who would not rather have the gentle tremor of the benign, than the cool apathy of the brute?*

This agitation of a truly good heart may explain how it was that although Cyril had received the letter and placed it safely in his breast, he felt at the moment as if all the particulars concerning the ladies' messages, and views, and name, had still to be gleaned from this Encelade alone, now before him. Cyril had been of late so occupied in questioning *people*, it seems a very intelligible and pardonable oversight for him to think that, since he had at last stumbled on the ladies' actual messenger, the man was exclusively to enlighten him now on all obscure points. Nor was any information to be lost that could be extracted from Encelade, now that he was in hand, and might never be so again. And the fierce probability that he could indeed get nothing out of this Encelade, would make Cyril, from the very opposition of the thing, bend hither the more, and strive to possess himself of all imaginable information. Hence, Cyril as if forgot the letter, as soon as he had pocketed it, so intense was his eagerness to know all; and he felt as if from this deplorable Encelade exclusively was he to get hold of full intelligence.

Accordingly, Cyril scarcely listened, while Encelade, having handed the letter, kept muttering,—

“Like a true goddess, she imparted a rich largess to miserable me; as Victor Hugo sings, ‘Cet ange

qui donne et qui tremble, C'est l'Aumône aux yeux de douceur.' ”

But, cried Cyril, *who* was she ?

“Hélas ! I forget ; but, what does it matter ?”

“Did she tell you her name ?”

“Yes, she did.”

“What is it, then ?”

“Utterly has it faded from my treacherous memory, at present ; but let not a mere name distress us : let us be happy : as my favorite bard Brizeux declares, ‘La gaieté d’un bon cœur rend tous les cœurs joyeux.’ ”

“Stop that nonsense,” roared Cyril ; “tell me the lady’s name this instant !”

Encelade seemed getting frightened, and more sobered ; so he clasped his hands, and rolled his eyes, and protested,—

“I am in despair ; for I am now unable to remember it.”

“*The name*,” thundered Cyril.

“O, mon Dieu !” sang out Encelade.

Provoked out of all his usual gentleness, Cyril grasped at him, with his left hand, and seized him somewhere all about the collar and neck, and hissed at him through his ground teeth,—

“Tell it me !”

“Ah, milord.”

Cyril shook him, to him and from him, rather severely, griping him so tightly that the hapless animal could not have spoken, if he had now remembered anything.

“The name! the NAME!”

No sound came from Encelade but a sort of
“O—oo—ugh!”

At the same time he seemed to slip or slidder out of Cyril’s hand, as if he was going to tumble on the ground; and Floss, barking angrily, was about to pin him, but Cyril told him, “Down, Floss:” whereon the sly Encelade let himself fall, and then he glided up, and, as the Yankees say, skedaddled off, and ran a good way, and there stopped, looking back with what Devonshire people call a *mazed* air, nor would Cyril let Floss pursue him.

Nor did Cyril himself follow him; for, at this juncture, a “gentleman” stepped up, and touching his hat in first-rate quarterdeck style, reported himself, saying,—

“Plaze your honor, I’m Teddy.”

Cyril, despite his vexation, could scarce avoid laughing, so entire was the contrariety between on one hand the man’s appearance, which was handsome and almost distinguished, and on the other hand his brogue, which was pretty broad Irish, and also his name, which was so croppy, like a dog without a tail. Cyril now remembered him, having seen him when he had been (not often) on board the ‘Amaranth,’ and having heard George often speak very favorably of him; he now recognized him, although Teddy looked very different in his present landsman’s “slops,” from what he appeared when he was moving as a very smart seaman, quite a picture of a handsome young sailor, about the deck of the lordly yacht.

Cyril also, with one of those operations of the mind which I rather love to catch, was now able to reproduce the image of the gentleman in the fishing vessel, whom he had gazed at vacantly, without seeming to note, at the time; but now he as if re-vivified the impression, or as if he set about printing off a photograph from a plate which had been put by in the dark.

Hence Cyril was able to say, in a hearty way to Teddy,—

“Glad to meet you; I saw you this morning in the fishing-boat.”

This pleased Teddy; for he was proud of his circuitous way of getting to Boulogne: he also liked to be noticed and observed by those he looked up to: and as for Cyril, *he* ranked next to George in Teddy's list of worthies. Teddy felt quite a sort of feudal reverence or fealty towards Cyril, as if he was George's brother baron; and Teddy often told his comrades that whereas in course he would lay down his life for Mr. George, and die once, or more than once, if necessary: he would, bedad, do very nearly as much for Mr. Cyril, for whom he was willing to have his head cut off every day of his life, and to lose his nose into the bargain.

Such warm-heartedness may go a long way, if not the whole way, to exculpate a good Paddy's bulls and blunders. Indeed, I feel rather inclined to take Paddy's part, out and out, even as regards his pronunciation, for instance of arrums for arms. This may not be right for you or me, but it is right

for Paddy, as Paddy. If Attic and Doric dialects of Greek were allowable, why may we not have the Irish as well as the Cockney dialect of English? In fact, the well-known tendency of Irishmen to pronounce shrimp as sherrimp, is well explained by the very structure of the Irish language. In John Daly's "Self-Instruction in Irish," Dublin, 1846, p. 18, it is shown that when R comes after S in the same syllable, the R "is commonly pronounced as if doubled: as, srian, a bridle, pronounced srrian."

Cyril also bethought himself of the "English gentleman" who had called while he was out; so Cyril told Teddy he was sorry he had not seen him, and asked him if he had dined, and made all those little gracious and condescending remarks, whereby a real gentleman never "lets himself down," yet attaches his "inferiors" to him "with cords of a man, with bands of love:" nor does such an one seem to labor to be patronizing, because the whole impulse flows from his nobleness of nature. One who is conscious that he is a gentleman, feels that this quality is indefeisible, and therefore he is not always afraid of "demeaning" himself; he can talk in a civil style to a workman, much as if he was an equal, nor does he ever dream of being thereby degraded. But an upstart, who is aware that his grandfather was a clodhopper or a menial, knows he has no dignity to spare; and therefore he dares not be kindly to those above whom he feels his money alone has raised him. Hence the *nouveau riche*

will never say "sir" to a mechanic or to a small tradesman; nor will he shake hands with a tenant, nor make himself at ease or at home among the circumstances which exemplify "the short and simple annals of the poor."

This is why the millocrat never has as much real influence with the masses as the aristocrat; it is not only that a radical mob does always worship mere rank, but, much more, the cause is to be found in the fact that the upstart has to repel, while the gentleman can afford to cultivate, the affections of men at large. Love, love, love, is the great point everywhere in this world.

In like manner, some people complain that armies are so aristocratic; nor is anything more certain than that the troops are most ready to follow "born gentlemen," and squires, and sprigs of nobility: while in armies like the Yankee ones, where there is no Dux because there are no Dukes, and where the "gentleman" element is absent, there is none of that bond which produces discipline as well as courage and success. But this is simply owing to the same reason that the well-born officer neither degrades himself nor is afraid of doing so, while he conciliates and gains ascendancy over men's minds; whereas the plebeian officer neither knows, nor dares, nor has he indeed the power, to stoop to conquer.

So Cyril in a lively familiar tone asked Teddy "Well, now, how have you managed to make your way about this town, Boulogne?" to which Teddy

replied by informing him that he had not found it so easy, because the corner of every street in the place had up the very same name, "Il est défendu de déposer—" Cyril stopped him and changed the subject, and led him on another tack, when merry Teddy told Cyril all about Limelands, which was to be shut up, and left quite empty, except being full of a few housekeepers and caretakers, "who, you know, your honor, are the people who take care of themselves; the giniral," added Teddy, "is in a regular heels-over-head of a hurry, for he is going 'overland,' which they tell me is almost all by water: and as he has got all his womankind with him, and mankind too, with his other leather cases, and tin cases, and iron cases, and that sort of wooden boxes, all of which, except the servant men and women, I had the seeing to: he says, 'go we must all, at once, and those who are too late may come next time he starts.' Oh, he is a nice gintleman, as proud as an emperor, yet so good-natured and merry-hearted; I like him nearly as well as Mr. George or your honor. As for Mr. George, I suppose he is now on his way here; and his last instructions to me were to tell you, Mr. Cyril, that he and the 'Amaranth' are coming to you here as fast as their boots can bring them, when he gets all straight, which is likely to be in a minute or two. Indeed, I fancy Mr. George set off immediately after I did; and," added Teddy (whispering), "your honor, a sail will do him good: for, by the powers, he was not looking as well as usual: and I only

hope there is not one of those tiresome ladies going to knock him up again, and make him as lank as he was the other time, when he looked as thin and weak as an empty sack, making us all feel just wretched, your honor."

Cyril was amused at the faithful retainer's knowing all about his master's love disappointments; but the fact is, such things get known out of doors and in the servants' hall much faster than young gentlemen and ladies suppose. Cyril knew his dearly-loved friend George, whose heart was very susceptible, had some "Edith" love entanglement on hand at present; and Cyril by intuition divined that it was not going on well: indeed, he had an impression that George was now paying his last court to the relentless lady Edith, instead of coming over at once to him.

All this while, which was only two minutes or so, the poetical Encelade was standing still in a "rapt" mood, where he had stopped, when he slipped out of Cyril's grasp. He was consoling himself by reciting some lines from Béranger, "*Lui, qu'un pape a couronné, Est mort dans une île déserte;*" which sentiment probably he was applying to his unfortunate self. He was conscious that the little wits he had, were less clear than they might be, being shrouded in the penumbra of inebriation; hence he stopped to collect any such wits as he could pick up. He also was really racking his blurred memory to see if he could call up the nomenclature which the tiger-gripping Mussoo so

furiously had demanded. Besides, Encelade, with the long habit of earning perquisites, felt, above all, that the enraged gentleman had not given him any money; so he stopped, chiefly trying to consider how he was to get any cash from such a formidable grappler. The result of his dim cogitations was to decide that he had better keep as far as he could from such iron talons, for who knows but he should be throttled outright, next time.

Thus fear prevailed over avarice; and he turned to scurry away to some foul congenial burrow.

Teddy, however, had already recurred to the encounter which had attracted his pugnacious notice, as he was coming up to Cyril. Teddy had looked back, and seeing Encelade still halting, said eagerly to Cyril,—

“Plaze, your honor, do you want that outlandish furriner thrashed?”

“No,” said Cyril; “be sure you do not hurt him, but bring him to me.”

“I, I, sir,” said Teddy, with sparkling vivacity. And off he set after Encelade, bounding at him with that alertness which Irishmen evince, especially when attacking anyone. Floss also set off, nor did Cyril hark the dog back, because he knew that as he had already told him not to tear the man, he would not hurt him now; such is the real confidential intelligence which subsists between a man and his canine companion, when he trains it and attends to it: that is to say, when he whose heart is full of Christian love to man, expends a

little of the overflowing of that love on his dog, or his horse, or anything about him.

Encelade, perceiving that he was pursued, scuttled off, tolerably quick; and well he might, when there was one great Irishman, "let alone" another large dog, careering after him. Floss soon fetched him up, and got hold of somewhere about the poet's skirts, keeping up (without biting him) a worrying sound, which must have been uncomfortably suggestive of part of the Talicotian operation of which Hudibras speaks: nor could Encelade have thought it *nice*, to have a large dog growling in such titillating proximity to the region where Lord Montboddo felt his own tail ought to have been: and certainly Encelade had a strong resemblance to the simial tribe: and you must please to remember that if Encelade was anxious about being held fast behind, it was the only back he had. He stopped, thinking that thus Floss would not laniate his cuticle; and at once Teddy was upon him, and began to lug him back to Cyril. None of the preservers of the peace seemed to have perceived what was going on, or probably they would have interposed; and they must have noticed the occurrence, if Encelade had only screeched a little, whereas he appeared capable of emitting nothing more than a small moaning, or "don't hurt me" sound. Besides, Teddy looked so gleeful and merry over the business, any looker-on would probably think there was only some lark or spree "to the fore."

Never did a deserter seem more unwilling to be

brought up before a drum-head court-martial, while his grave has already been begun to be dug, to save time, than was Encelade, when the laughing Teddy, like a proctor, with Floss by way of human "bull-dog," conveyed him back before the much-mollified judge, Cyril, who in fact was sorry that he had laid hands at all upon such an unworthy caitiff, and now wanted to make him some amends.

"I do not think," said Teddy, to Cyril, "you will find him so formidable an enemy as the Cabanas people, who for three generations have kept up such spite against the Thornton family."

Cyril did not stop to ask what was meant by this mysterious topic of "Cabanas" (about which we may remember George Thornton would not let Teddy speak); Cyril only said reassuringly to Encelade,—

"Now, my good fellow, don't be silly: we are not going to harm you: and I shall reward you, if you satisfy me as to the particulars I want."

"Very well, milord."

"Now, begin and tell me in plain words all that took place; and, Teddy, please, will you go and see if you can get me a time-table of this month's Folkestone packets."

Cyril asked Teddy this, to get him out of the way for a few minutes, as he did not want Teddy to know that *he* also had to do with some "tiresome ladies." "Go, Floss," said Cyril, and away the two went, frisking and capering like a pair of regular light-hearted ones.

Encelade, much relieved at seeing he was not to be devoured or strangled, would probably have begun to declaim some poetry from Victor de Laprade, or some other small rhapsodist of France, had not Cyril given him his track to follow, saying, "Now, then, go on, and relate quietly all you know."

Encelade, as if inspired a little by commonsense, proceeded to describe,—

"It was I who advised the divine lady to take refuge in the house, to which you bore the other lady from the fire. It would seem they were not fated to remain there. I did not leave the door; and when they determined to move into the steamer, I offered my services, and helped to transfer the luggage to the vessel. Both ladies thanked me; and I was told to present myself again before them, early in the morning, when I should receive some commission to execute. I never went to bed" [these creatures mostly sleep, if at all, in the afternoons]; "and in the morning, before ten o'clock, I saw the ladies again in the vessel. They seemed anxiously looking out, as if to get sight of somebody; and I found it was you, milord, they were wishing to see, or at least I judged so. The taller lady spoke of you as the gentleman who saved the other lady from the fire; but she added that she did not know your name, nor where you lived: nor did I. However, when she, amid the bustle and confusion, happened to have moved a little apart, the younger lady came

and as if whispered to me that she believed part of your name was—let me see—I think she said—seeming to me to rhyme to my sad badge (sorrel) Surelle—it was Cyrille.”

Cyril started; for, never thinking of her deciphering the dog’s collar, he could not imagine how Jessie could have discovered his Christian name. Nor was he less moved, when Encelade added,—

“No sooner did she tell me this, than she appeared to be overcome, and she turned aside, to try to hide her tears, which filled her eyes.”

Dearest Jessie! so kind! thought Cyril; and yet he added to himself, as if self-torture was a treat,—

“Doubtless it was chiefly because she could not bear the idea of the laws of politeness appearing to be so infringed!”

Cyril felt as if he could get quite fond of this strange being, as he showed such sympathy for Jessie’s feelings. Encelade continued,—

“The other lady returned to me, and told me she was much concerned about not seeing you, as she wished to thank you; and, now that she was forced to leave France, however great the storm was, she said she was quite pained to think you might not appear before the packet started. She charged me to watch about, after the vessel was gone, and make a point of seeing you; she also said, she should be glad to see you in England, and she mentioned not only her name, and that of the younger lady, but also some place, and she repeated it, and I tried to pronounce it, but all places in England are the same

to me, nor can I get my tongue round one of them, and this one or her name I could not have recalled ten minutes after she enunciated it, if all the poets of France depended on it for immortality. No, sir, I have not the remotest idea what the name of herself or the place was; though the younger lady's name had a French sound, and I once thought I might be able to recover it: but it is gone, gone, alas, like all my happiness: gone for ever."

"Try, now," said Cyril, "whether you cannot bethink yourself of the word; was there nothing (Cyril added, humoring him) that you thought of making the name 'rhyme' to?"

Encelade made a gesticulation as if he was going to be inspired; but at once he relapsed, and gave a pantomimic wave of the hand, saying,—

"*Not yet, not yet.*"

Cyril felt vexed, and possibly looked a little as if he *was* annoyed; for Encelade began to edge off somewhat, and declared,—

"Believe me, my dread lord: I shall try all day to comply with your behest." "But," subjoined poor Encelade, with unwonted acuteness, "what does it matter whether I remember the name, or not, when doubtless it is inscribed in THE LETTER, which I handed just now to your highness?"

Cyril rather blushed, and felt somewhat ashamed of himself, for having let his own eagerness and agitation hide from him so obvious a solution; so he tried to disguise his slight confusion, by fumbling for some money. He happened to have no French

coin left about him ; so, taking out an English sovereign, which is equivalent to twenty-five francs, he handed it to Encelade, as if to compensate him for the rough shake he had given him : and Cyril promised him he would give him at least five more of those pounds, if he gained the missing information. "For the good of your memory, you know !" said Cyril ; for he found he was again forgetting the letter. "And," added Cyril, "if I thought you would improve, and give up drinking, I would bestow on you a bookcase-full of all the best French poets. At the same time" (continued Cyril, and this was injudicious of him to say to so timid a creature) "if I catch you getting tipsy, or failing to do as I tell you, I shall be displeased."

Again Encelade sidled off, so that Cyril, perceiving how he shrank back in alarm, said encouragingly to him—

"Come, tell me, now, how was it the letter was given to you ?"

"Ah," sighed Encelade, with theatrical pathos, "it was not more than a quarter of an hour before the vessel must start, when the lady, as if despairing of seeing you, gave me a gracious dole for myself ; and, appearing to be quite grieved and affected at not meeting you, she hastily thrust her hand into the leather bag which she carried on her arm, and took out the letter, which she said she had ready written in case you did not appear. This letter she gave me with so much emotion, charging me to deliver it to you, that my eyes were bedewed with soft

moisture ; and to ensure my not losing the letter, I wrapped it in my neckcloth on the spot. Very soon after, I had to quit the vessel. I had observed that the ladies were advised to descend, because of the storm on the sea ; but they seemed unwilling to cease glancing their eyes about, for you ! I waited to see the ship unmoored. As it moved away, I tried to follow it a little down the quays ; but it went quicker than I could run : and I tumbled over a rope, and hurt my nose. So, I turned back, exhausted, shaken, distressed, miserable ! nor did I expect to see you, then, milord, since you had not been present when the ladies left. I judged that some business must have been detaining you, and would, still longer. Wearied and dejected, with my nose feeling as uncomfortable as a hedgehog, I was in such want of refreshment, that I went and was enticed by my sorrows to indulge myself too freely ; whereupon, I fell asleep, and neglected my duty. Nevertheless, you have the letter ; and you know all."

By this time, Teddy and Floss returned ; when Cyril, taking Floss with him, dismissed Encelade, bidding him, "*Remember !*" and Cyril told Teddy to go with Encelade and see where he lived, and then come on to him. Cyril put his hand in his breast, to feel that the letter was safe, and walked on quickly home.

Teddy and Encelade were not likely to have much profitable conversation together, since Teddy knew no French, and Encelade had only a very few scraps

of English. They walked together to the poet's domicile, which was a single room in a poor tenement; and then Teddy left him. Teddy marked the place well, as if he was marking game; and perhaps he was observed doing so: for, returning to the place again, to try if he could find it easily, he looked into the room, and there he saw Encelade on his knees, beside his small bed, holding his hands up, and praying, with the greatest apparent fervor. Teddy was rather confounded at such an unexpected sight; and he went off to tell "Mr. Cyril" how strangely the little ape of a furriner was going on. It is hard to say what Encelade's prayers could be; perhaps they were to Apollo, or to the Muses, or to some modern (Roman) "Catholic" substitutes for the same: possibly in his prayers there was some sincerity! in fact, it is an unpleasant notion of mine, that, the more erroneous the creed, the more sincere is the votary. At all events Teddy ought to have understood that such a proceeding boded some unusual enterprise, on the part of so prayerless-looking a being as Encelade; was he going to commit suicide?

Had Teddy possessed an Englishman's more solid sense, he would not have gone off to report what he saw, but would have stayed near at hand, to watch what was going on. It is in such little decisions that the Irish mind, though often very acute and analogous to woman's instinct, is specially seen to differ from the masculine English intellect. The same may also be the reason why the Milesian Celt,

though often more brilliant and clever than the heavy Anglo-Saxon, does not prosper as readily; and so, an Irishman generally fails to "make his fortune:" because, Paddy does not seem able to join together the corners and edges of events, and accordingly his advantages leak away, between the pieces.

Indeed, without offence, and merely speaking physiologically, the Hibernian mind may be said in some respects to resemble the negro mind. There is the same readiness, the same intuition, the same instinct; and there is a similar incapacity to turn a liveliness of thought to any practical account. In both, there is the same dependence on some other organizing head. The negro's peculiarity may be best descried by observing how unfit he is to be a sentinel; if he is told the secret password, for instance, "Confidence," and if a spy comes up who does not know it and who ventures perhaps on the word "Courage", or "Cabbage": the negro will discuss the matter with him, and if the spy insists "Cabbage" is the word, the negro will prove he is wrong, by declaring, "I was told not to let in anyone who did not say 'Confidence'": by which the spy learns the secret, and he or others can get into the citadel. In like manner, the Irishman can see the importance of momentous events, up to a certain point; but, beyond that, he cannot proceed to think and act for the best.

In this, more than in his bulls and blunders, is Paddy's mental calibre displayed. The Englishman

makes *his* bulls, the same as the Irishman does, only in a varied form. I contend that what is blundering in the Paddy, takes the shape of punning and conundruming in the Englishman. Both proceed from the same confusion of ideas. Let us look at one of poor Paddy's blunders. Many bulls indeed are attributed to Ireland, which have been concocted within the sound of Bow bells. One of the most authentic bunches of bulls may be seen in the records of the Irish House of Commons in 1794, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Parnell, declared, "Every man ought to give his last guinea to protect the remainder;" and then Mr. Vandeleur replied that "it would be cruel to impose this leather tax, which would press severely on the bare-footed peasantry:" to which Sir Boyle Roche responded that this "could be remedied, by making the under leather of wood." But surely the confusion of ideas is not worse here, than in the following thoroughly English incident:—A Northumberland lover tells his sweetheart, "Dost thee see them clouds?" "Aye." "And that mill?" "Aye." "And that pit-shaft?" "Aye." "Well, I wish them clouds and that mill and that pit-shaft may come down and smash me flat, if I don't love thee, wench, better than any lass on Tyne side." This is all a wild muddle; there is no connexion between that pit-shaft, and the fellow's love. No Irish bull could be more blunderingly incoherent. So also it is all a jumble when the Englishman "jokes," and asks, "Why are cows all gossips?" and the answer is,

"Because they are tale-bearers." But pigs (barring guineapigs and bears!!) have tails too; and the joker himself has certainly a tail to his coat, and possibly to his dickey. So, I say, the Englishman's pun is the Irishman's bull. Yet the Englishman thinks himself entitled to laugh contemptuously, when poor Paddy says of a wake-scrimmage, "There was only one man in the room who had a whole nose left, and that was the tay-kettle." Another, praising ancient architecture, argues, "Where will you see any new buildings which have lasted like the old ones?" Likewise, an Irish handbill made this announcement, "The ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend." Again also, when a Paddy was feeling his way from one room to another, in the dark, with his arms outstretched; he bumped up, and nearly stunned himself, against an open door which passed unperceived between his hands: whereon his moan was, "I never knew before, that my nose was longer than my arrums." But, how is this worse than the jocose Englishman's asking you, "Why is Buckinghamshire like a drover's goad?" the answer is, "Because it runs into Oxon and Herts" (oxen and hurts). This thus needs a key; but we can generally make out at once what the Irish bull is driving at. Thus Paddy will say for his murphies, "They are very good ating purtaties;" which might set us asking what his drinking potatoes are? still, we are at no loss as to the meaning, that, though the esculents may not be superfine to the eye, they are firstrate to the taste.

But the Englishman's joke has still less necessity of sense. If we imagine ourselves sitting round a Christmas fire, where a merry old soul toasts chestnuts and perpetrates puns for pretty girls and (ugly) boys, he perhaps asks, "My dear lovely Miss Lucy Laughandgrowfat, why is your papa a girl?" (Giggle. "I don't know; do tell, like a good old duck".) "Because, you should miss him." (He, he!) But you should miss your sister too. "Now then, Master Chuckleallover, why would you put a policeman in a balloon?" ("Can't say; what is it?") "Because he is up to area-roast-tatie-calls" (aërostaticals). But, the play on the word is no reason for bringing in the balloon; it is as incoherent as if a boy excused breaking his cup, because it was *breakfast*. Or now Mr. Funnyman comes out with, "Why does the miller wear a white hat?" We all try our luck with, "Because it is the color of the flour," and so on; till it has to be given up, and then the oracle explains, "To keep his head warm." As soon as we have got through our laugh at this, we begin to feel that the joke is not fair, because to keep one's head warm is not the virtue exclusively of a white hat; a black hat or a cap or a bonnet of blue would answer equally well: indeed, a white hat, as summer wear, is deemed not warm but cool: and in fact no one ever sees a miller with a white hat, for, as a rogue in grain, he always perversely wears an old black hat, ropy with flour. Thus an English company's merry acceptance of such a groundless

play on words, betrays the same confusion of ideas that constitutes the Patlander's blunders. We may see the same in the following English query, "How many sticks go to make a crow's nest?" Answer, "None, because all are carried." This again is a take in, as the real stress is not on "go," but on "how many;" besides, a thing may go and yet be carried, like that thing of things, yourself, by train, to market with your eggs or bets, both laid: nor are all the sticks of a crow's nest carried, because, both humanly and arborically speaking, there are living sticks as well as dry ones, so that the branches among which the nest is fixed must at least number among the twigs which "go" or contribute to form it, like as a cliff against which a shed is built becomes the gable thereof. So the joke is a confusion of ideas; it is a subterfuge, as when you are asked, "What two animals have only one leg between them?" and the two animals are the pair of horses that have a postillion's leg between them. An Englishman thinks it a good joke to propound, "I saw a fly swallow an elephant;" but a comma has to be put after "fly," and "swallow:" while "an" has to be changed into "and" by some occult Cockney pronunciation. So also, whole English generations can grin over "King Charles the First walked and talked an hour after his head was cut off;" here however a semicolon is suppressed very bunglingly at "talked," and a comma at the word "after." No less, the blundering English joke is to make you spell Constantinople, and to say

"no" when you get to "ti," so that you fancy you have made some mistake; the way to defeat this, is to spell it "tin," and then you can cry "O" at your tormentor. No more genuine English quiz can be than "As I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives, each wife had seven sacks, each sack had seven cats; man, and cats, and sacks, and wives, how many were going to St. Ives?" the answer is, "Yourself alone: the others were coming from it." English children and English nurses have immemorially chuckled at this as a legitimate jest. Yet the shuttling of coming and going, is as vague as Paddy's bull. The English quizzes who do not see this amid their glee, are unconsciously blundering like any Irishman. Where can be found a more unpardonable bull, than in the pages of the English writer, Hallam, who, in his "Literature of Europe," says, "No one has yet exhibited the structure of the human kidneys; Vesalius having only examined them in dogs:" thus Hallam's dogs have human kidneys! If you say, this is still self-explanatory, I contend the Irish bull is usually much more so. Thus when an Irish housemaid was boasting against an English one, about alertness, Biddy declared, she was so early, she made the beds before the people were up; by which of course she meant that she got into the young ladies' rooms, and made the beds before the girls were gone to breakfast.

But if we want to see the *negro* element in an *Irish* bull, we may take the case of the Paddy, who, being asked when his brother died, replied,

"If he had lived till to-morrow, he would have been dead three weeks." This has really no meaning. It might assert that the brother had been dead either a day more or a day less than three weeks. Thus you may be three whole days out of count! Say that you are speaking on (to-day) Wednesday, September the third. Then, the brother's living "till to-morrow," would be, his living up to Thursday "three weeks" ago, namely, Thursday, August 14. He did not "live" on to this, but died the day before Thursday, namely, on Wednesday, August 13. This, however, is a day more than three weeks; it is one day more than the exact tale of three times seven days. So the period must be *more* than three weeks. But the tone of "if he had lived," equally intimates that he did *not* live long enough to suit the computation. Thus we are driven to think the expression "till to-morrow," must simply be, If his life had been one day longer. By this, his death took place one day less than three weeks ago; that is, he died on Friday, August 15. But how could his living one day too little for "three weeks," be that which would make the three weeks complete? How could three weeks of death be supplemented by including one day of life? We must of course count each week as from Thursday to Wednesday; and the death may as well have been on August 13, as on August 15! nor does either seem tenable. The words, in fact, mean nothing. No actuary, wanting to calculate the duration of a life-annuity, could make anything of such data. At

first we smile at the antithetic nonsense of living and dying jumbled together, and we fancy we know what the man must have intended; but when we analyze the language, we find it has no meaning of any sort, and is a confusion not of words but of wits, as much as when Sambo said that the two niggers, Cæsar and Pompey, were exactly alike, *especially Pompey*.

No Paddy ever gave the world a more downright bull than that for which the French authorities of the little Bourdeaux in Drôme are responsible, who put up a notice on their cemetery that its privileges of sepulture were exclusively reserved for those *dead* people who *live* in the district, "Ici on n'enterre que les morts qui vivent dans la commune." And if any Englishman grins at this or at Paddy, I will remind him of the English verdict which a Wakefield jury lately passed on a convict who had tried to shirk work, and who at last committed suicide; the Yorkshire verdict was, that the man "Hanged himself, probably with the intention of being found by the warders, and obtaining relief from work and discipline."

While we have been reflecting on these points, we are to understand that Teddy has been marking down Encelade, and watching him for a moment at his prayers, and then setting out, to describe matters to Cyril.

In the meantime, Cyril has arrived at home; and standing before the good blaze of his wax candles, he wonders to himself for a brief space what revela-

tion may await him in the precious letter which he holds safe in his breast. He takes it out, and lays it on the table, and sits down to examine it. It is one of those long and narrow notes, of a very light pink colour, which it seems so natural for ladies to send and receive.

The first thing that struck Cyril, before opening it, was, that the letter had no direction whatsoever. But, how indeed could it have borne his name, when that name was quite unknown to the ladies, except certainly that somehow Jessie had discovered his mere Christian name? but *it* could not have been jotted down, as it would have had so awkward an air of informal familiarity, from which of course a lady would shrink. How could Jessie have scratched "Cyril" for him on the back of a note; the letter also was not written by Jessie, but by the aunt. Moreover, from what Encelade had described, it would seem that Jessie rather wished to hide from the aunt the fact that she had become aware of the name of "Cyril;" and it was only with a great effort she brought herself to breathe it, when she evidently apprehended that there might be perhaps some total and fatal mistake in identity. Besides, the necessity for an address might have seemed to the aunt to have been pretty well superseded, by so direct a mode of delivery as that which was available through Encelade, who knew Cyril by sight to some degree, and whose uncouth post-bag of a neck-cloth was nevertheless very safe and circumstantial, and full of the flavor of "no mistake." Yes, the

undirected state of the envelope would matter nothing; the omission having so inevitably resulted from the present unfortunate complication of circumstances.

How strange it is thus that some persons can keep twirling a letter round, and moralizing on the outside; when they could satisfy themselves fully, by simply breaking the epistle open. It seems to be owing to a kind of nervousness, blended with that besetting tendency of our human nature, which prompts us to put off anything which we feel may involve difficulty, or may cause some agitating thought. Cyril, however, now had exhausted such preliminaries.

“Here goes, then.”

So saying, Cyril tore open the cover, and expanded the letter. It was very short, and it was *printed*; it bore a recent date, as well as a direction in the Grande Rue: and it was in French, to the following effect:—

“Madame Delafontaine has the peculiar satisfaction of acquainting her patronesses and the public in general, that she has just returned from Paris, with the newest and choicest fashions, which she will be happy to submit to their impartial approval.”

CHAPTER III.

CABANAS.

"Ah, who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
Ah, who can give to others' woes his sigh,
Secure his own will never need it too?
Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
Th' illusive past, and dark futurity
Soon will they know"—

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

"YES, a mere milliner's circular; and *this* is the reward for all my enquiries, and for all my agitation!"

Cyril held up the letter close to his face, as if to stare and glare at it the better; and then he crunched it up in his hand, and dashed it on the table.

Hearing a knock at the door, he crushed it into his breast, and replied, "Come in;" when Teddy entered, and began to describe what he had seen Encelade engaged in. Cyril at once told Teddy to go and fetch Encelade to him forthwith. Away went Teddy; when Cyril took out the letter, and examined it again, to see if there was any pencil-

mark on it, or any sign : but there was nothing : so he folded it up, and placed it in his pocket-book. Cyril felt how important it was to see Encelade, because on the quickening or jogging of his memory depended the only chance almost there was of his recovering the name of the ladies, who seemed now to be utterly slipping out of his reach.

Cyril at once went and told the people of his hotel, that if he should be away for a day or two, every attention was to be paid to "Monsieur Teddy," as one for whom he had great regard; explaining, that he was "connected with the marine," and if, like most other "naval" men, he had his peculiarities, he was a most excellent and honorable man, and was to be treated with every consideration.

Cyril then went on to the milliner's in the Grande Rue ; he found her a very lively and chatty dame : and, not knowing how else to introduce the subject, he bought a dozen of highly ornamented collars, as for a lady, and doubtless Cyril was supposed to be getting them for a sister or for a young wife. The large price he had to pay for his purchase, made way for him a little, or else he would not have got on as well as he did in his enquiries ; for, when he took out the circular and asked Madame Delafontaine if she knew to whom she had sent it, she naturally seemed surprised, and appeared to think the handsome gentleman was getting rather too inquisitive about her bead-roll of customers : however, she replied, she did *not* know, since all the world had

received it, as it was a circular she had got issued on her return, and it was offered and disseminated broadcast to all ladies of wealth and distinction.

Feeling he could glean no more, Cyril paid her, and left the collars till called for (which they never were), and returned to his hotel; and he began to revolve in his mind the case of the libertine bishop at Rome, who wrote two letters, one to the Pope, and the other to his mistress, and put them in the wrong envelopes: so that, while the lady got the pious effusion, the Pope received the amorous lubrication: whereon no doubt there was a pretty shindy, and a tidy penance was (on the pot and kettle principle) awarded to the naughty bishop. Cyril thought, "Can there have been some such mistake? can one letter have been substituted for another?"

"I remember," thought he, "Encelade said to me, the aunt was much excited and agitated, possibly having her eyes blinded with tears, when she plunged her hand into her leathern hand-bag, to take out the letter which she had ready written for me; may not that letter have been like this one? It would of course have had no name on it, my name being unknown. And this circular may have been handed to the aunt, perhaps in a shop, or in the street, and mechanically placed by her in the bag; and thus, through the hurry and agitation of starting, one undirected note, the dressmaker's circular, inadvertently was taken out and confided to Encelade by the aunt, instead of the other undi-

rected letter of her own, which had been prepared for me ?

"If so," said Cyril, "how gravely mortified, even on the score of civility, will the ladies be, when they discover (if they do) the strange mistake ! And also, how singular a duty becomes incumbent on me, not to leave the matter in its present posture, not only with respect to my feelings and love, but also as regards honor and gentlemanly obligation.

"And yet I, who have this investigation thrust on me, am pledged to my dearest friend to start now at once for a journey, perhaps of years, in the far East !

"And all the while," added Cyril, "is not the most painful interpretation of the misadventure quite admissible and reasonable ? (Can it be that they really *are* milliners, principal and apprentice, and they take this way of showing it ? No ; shame on me for letting such a thought even for a moment mingle with my fears.) May not the letter have been a significant way of notifying to me, as a lover of Jessie, that I had better carry my love-making to the next milliner's shop, and there find a mate quite good enough for me ? I half fear there is something in this side of the case. See how Jessie felt alarm at me. See how they avoided me at the bridge. See how they left the house, and fled into the packet, and went right off, without seeing me. They hurried also through an unusual storm, as if nothing should stop them. It is true they had told Encelade they must go, without delay, storm or no

storm. Yet, may not this necessity have been the need or desire to get clear of me? May it not even have been the case (O, as dear Jessie wept, and ‘whispered’ my name) that she feels pity for me; and both she herself and the aunt fear this might grow insidiously into love: and therefore the feeling must be stamped out by eternal absence?

“The only thing I have to set on the other side is the fact, which Encelade testified, that both ladies seemed most earnestly desirous to see me. Yet, what is this but admitting that they have the commonest instincts of humanity? I know they *do* feel for me to a certain extent; and, *that* was what they exhibited: yet the same is quite compatible with their really preferring to part from me for ever. And then, till the packet actually started, who could tell but I might have come up, when the ladies would have had to talk graciously to me; and thus all the concern and messages and enquiries through Encelade would have had an elegant harmony with their then according me a grand but final adieu?

“True, this imputes something like artifice to them; but, the situation was difficult: and what were they to do? Civilization and decency demanded that they should just manifest some little remembrance of me. And then (though I could feel myself base to think it), how adroit, how ingenious, to put one letter for another, so as to save appearances, and yet to cut me off from all pursuit! This, as I say, may suppose them to have

resorted to a stratagem; yet, as I also say, what else were they to do? They did not like to do nothing; they did not wish to encourage me: so they would just fling me a tacit morsel of goodwill, in the shape of a letter, which was the same as a blank piece of paper, and then leave me to digest my good-bye as best I may?

"Let me," concluded Cyril, "look at the broad facts. They avoid me! they go off in the packet from me! they leave me a mute message by a 'mistake,' which saves their politeness. Surely these facts are more weighty than any hopes which I may try to put in the other scale? Nevertheless, I am determined I will not be thus put off; I will listen, as long as I can, to my wishes and hopes, rather than to my fears and the plain pressure of the like ugly arguments. Whether or not they wish to cut off pursuit, I will pursue them, if I can."

At this point, Teddy entered, bursting into the room, and saying, "You will forgive me, Mr. Cyril, for rushing in on you, in such a hurry; but, by the powers, that extraordinary old Hunks-y-lad (Encelade) is gone: gone clean off: and nobody seems to know whether he is 'gone to France,' or gone mad, or only gone to the devil."

Cyril started up, and took his hat, and told Teddy, "We'll go and see after him." Cyril felt that if the poor sot's memory could only revive the ladies' name, (as he had in fact enabled himself to recollect the name "Cyril,") it would be a great help to him in what the Consul called his perquisitions;

whereas, if Encelade had now really evaporated, there would remain no imaginable clue, on French soil, as an auxiliary to him in his researches.

How strange, that such lovely ladies should have been in the place at least for some few days, and should have been in at least three houses; and yet that they should depart, without their leaving the faintest trace behind, which the most diligent enquiry could elicit, as to who or what they were!

Cyril thought it best to explain a little to Teddy; so, he told him, that this Encelade was one who, he had found out, possessed some information, which he wished to ascertain, about some missing people: and yet the tiresome old hound either really forgot, or was too drunk to remember, or wanted a large bribe to tell, the names and so forth that were required: "and now it would seem he is gone off, either because he wants to nail us to offer publicly a large reward, or else perhaps because he is simply afraid lest we and Floss would mulvadder him to death."

"O," says Teddy, "there is always someone of that sort; and I am glad it is not somebody of the Cabanas kind."

"I was going," said Cyril, "to ask you what it is you allude to?"

Cyril said this, not only because he wished to understand the allusion, but also to keep the keen-eyed Teddy from looking too closely after the exact nature of the information he desired; since Cyril did not want Teddy to perceive (and yet Teddy in his own mind already had guessed) that there was

“a lady in the case.” Teddy had noted that Cyril looked rather careworn and flustered; and Teddy pretty correctly surmised that whensoever a young man looks so, there is always a young woman who has something to do with it. Teddy also, with the acuteness of his country, had noticed that when he had expressed concern to see Cyril’s hand in a sling, Cyril had looked slightly confused, and had merely said it had got burnt a little, without entering into particulars. Nevertheless, Teddy was too polite by nature, and too respectful, to poke into such a point which he was evidently not wanted to inspect.

Cyril therefore led Teddy now away, clear of the subject, on a new track, saying, “I never heard Mr. Thornton mention anything about any Cabanas enemies.”

“That I can well think,” says Teddy, “because there has always been a superstition in the family about ‘Cabanas’; and Mr. George would be sure never to mention it to you, because no doubt he thinks you know all about it: and his parents are known to have charged him never to refer to it. And yet,” adds Teddy, “now that we are going into foreign parts, it is more safe that you, Mr. Cyril, should know the nature of the case.”

The reason for silence having been enjoined, was chiefly the hope that the matter might die out of itself, and be more likely to drop to nothing, if nothing was said about it. This charge had been handed down even from George’s grandmother, who left it

as if a strict hereditary duty on the part of all the Thorntons, to avoid Cabanas, the place, the people, the name, and even the very subject. George's grandfather was in the army, and died young, when he was only a captain; and it was the belief of the family that he was poisoned by one of the Cabanas race. And, often, since, threats and danger had assailed the General, and also George, and all from the same source.

Cyril thought of the ghastly but true saying, that there is a "skeleton" in every house; and surely here was one, of which he had not yet heard, though he had a relationship to the Thorntons: but probably if Cyril Grosvenor's parents had lived till he was older, the dark secret would have been communicated to him.

Teddy told what he knew of it, in his own way; and it seems he had borne a part in baffling some dastardly attempt to blow up the Thornton's house, when Teddy took a lighted candle out of a cask of gunpowder, in which the candle had been set to stand: nor would it have been long ere the powder must have exploded. Teddy was then a tall strippling; and the most valued reward he cared much to accept, was, "to be told the story," giving the good reason (prophetically!), that he might one day defeat such an enemy still more: so he was made acquainted with the main outlines. The only inconvenience to the family was, that he would persist in occasionally adverting to the subject; it was rarely he did so: and then he was always told to

hush, and be silent. He either had not at first been pledged to secrecy, or else he did not now remember that he ever was so pledged; whence he felt no compunction in recounting the matter to so dear a friend of the family as "Mr. Cyril." Irishmen also are always fond of ventilating secrets and discussing family mysteries. Indeed, when Teddy first mentioned the "Cabanas" topic, he had fancied Mr. Cyril must have known all about it; and therefore when he found Cyril was not aware of it, he felt he ought to "insense" him, since there was nothing to forbid him, except the old superstitious prohibition.

The narrative which Teddy rehearsed was substantially to the effect that the General's father was Cyril Thornton, who had been a captain in the army of Sir John Moore, when in 1809 the English troops were sent to help Spain against the French; but the English obtained no support from the spiteful and jealous Spaniards. Hence Sir John Moore had to retreat towards Corunna; and in hurrying down to the sea, the English passed so rapidly through the defiles of the hills that the retreat had almost the aspect of a flight, having been far more precipitate than was needful. So much was this the case, that afterwards when in the Peninsular War the French and English armies happened to be in such close proximity as to allow of the outposts chaffing each other, it was customary for the French to call out, "Were you at Corunna?" as a taunt, so persuaded were many of the French that Corunna

was a triumph of theirs, although really it was a most brilliant British victory. The contrary impression may be accounted for, by the helter-skelter rush to the shore which preceded our glorious battle of Corunna.

While the retreating English were thus hastening towards the coast, over very rough ground, in deep winter, they had to wind along narrow passes where the hill-roads were flanked by rocks and precipices beneath ; and down these steeps much of the English baggage was cast, both to lighten the retreating troops, and also to prevent the things falling into the hands of the pursuing French.

Among the valuables which the British had with them were several casks of silver coin ; some of these "barrels full of money" were designedly thrown down the rocky slopes in order that the French might not obtain the bullion, and also that the country people might in preference pick up the coin, when the snow was over, as they did, for a long while afterwards.

But, before this began to be done on purpose, the company which Captain Thornton commanded, and which brought up the extreme rear of the retreating English army, had among the baggage which they were protecting, two of these casks of silver money. The casks were slung in sacks with a rope passed backwards and forwards across a mule's back. The driver of this mule was a Spanish volunteer, by name Eustaquio de Cabanas ; and when the mule was passing along a steep turn, where there was,

beneath, a deep gully, forming a snug hiding-hole, for treasure, or as Teddy called it, a "pluffoge" (Irish), *i.e.*, a sly store: this rascal of a Cabanas deliberately drew his long knife, cut the rope, and manœuvred the casks down the cliff, thus securing (as he thought) a tidy little fortune for himself, with only the trouble of going for it. The act was the most flagitious faithlessness and perfidy; nor was there even any apparent justification for it at the time, since the French were then not in sight, and the retreat was now comparatively leisurely. It was sheer robbery on his part, and downright treason. Old Cabanas tried to make out that the rope had snapped, and parted of itself. But the audacious transaction had been seen by two others, as well as by Captain Thornton himself, who was a most excellent officer, a man of decision, who knew his own mind; and so, despite the need for haste, a halt was called, the testimony was given, the rope was examined, and the immediate sentence of death was delivered, as Captain Thornton was under the circumstances fully entitled to do: and thus was Eustaquio de Cabanas strung up with his own sliced and now knotted and noosed rope, and hung there and then upon a tough thorn stump, which protruded from the rugged bank above.

The only other burden the mule had carried, consisted of two large wine-skins; these were taken off the mule, and the mule was at once shot: and the wine-skins having been broached, the wine was served out to the men, partly in order to engage

enough time, to make certain that the doom of the traitor was actual and complete. Then, on marched the troops, pressing forward at the double, and leaving Cabanas hanging, dead.

A painful accompaniment of the scene was, that Cabanas had brought with him his little son, looking about twelve years old, though probably older; the son was only a small bottle of his father's iniquity, still it was sad to have to hang up the parent, while the son was clinging to the father, and howling piteously. When Cabanas had found his death was decreed, then, in Hamilcar and Hannibal style, he made his son, by name Alfonso, kneel down, and swear eternal enmity to the English, and specially to Captain Thornton and all his lineage. There had been some nominal interchange of civility between the Captain and Cabanas, and the latter had offered some trifling "hospitality," which perhaps seemed the greater, because of the general coldness if not hostility of the stolid and bigoted Spaniards against the "heretic islanders;" indeed, the wine had been a present from this Cabanas, who pretended, for his own ends, to have felt enlightened friendship for the English, and he had been the more believed because he could speak English quite fluently: probably he had once been a Spanish prisoner in England. This "hospitality" had made Captain Thornton more known by name and so forth to Cabanas; and therefore when the Captain doomed him to death, the rage and the maledictions of Cabanas were personal.

The son was made, most willingly, to swear, with hideous curses, that he would compass Captain Thornton's death, and that of all his line, as long as one of them remained to be attacked, and as long as the Cabanas stock existed !

A curse of this kind, left as a legacy, is more formidable in the case of a Spaniard, than we English people can well conceive ; because of the peculiar dark and as if maniac passions with which the tawny soul of an exasperated Spaniard gets permanently inflamed, seeming to exhibit a mixture of the cunning and malignity of a Jesuit, with the blood-thirsty ferocity of a panther or a jaguar. Such a "curse of blood" is handed down from sire to son, and only expires when the direct line of the execrator becomes extinct. (A similar idea is cherished in some Milesian parts of the south of Ireland.) Old Cabanas had only the one child Alfonso ; and he had afterwards one son, Enrique, who at the time Teddy spoke, was understood to be only a youthful artist. Still thus there were these two bloodhounds, who might at any time be ravening on the track of the Thorntons. And evidently Enrique as well as Alfonso had more than once tried to massacre the family. Nor were the kith and kin of Cabanas so insignificant as might have been supposed from his having acted as muleteer ; he was a sort of small gentleman or mountain squire, with some little wealth, and much more pride. It was believed that the little imp Alfonso de Cabanas had come afterwards and secured for

himself the identical two casks of money, for trying to purloin which, his father had been hanged. Thus young Cabanas might be said to be well off; and before he arrived at man's estate, he set off for England, and improved his knowledge (which was considerable) of the language, in order to carry out the curse which was the main motive of his life.

A very harrowing part of the matter to the Thorntons, was the fact, that eventually Alfonso de Cabanas took up in England the attitude of an injured ally, and tried to represent to the English Government of the day that his father had been illegally and feloniously put to death by Captain Cyril Thornton, against whom the charge was actually fabricated of having "murdered" Cabanas while he was generously assisting the harassed Britons. The ground of his charge was, that many of the money casks had, along with other impediments, been flung down the steep, by Sir John Moore's own orders. These orders were however given a couple of hours after Cabanas had been hanged; and the intentional throwing away of the money on the part of the British was quite independent of the act for which the old scoundrel had been punished. Still the coincidence between Cabanas having been hanged for doing (apparently) the very thing which the English general had the same day authorized, bore a very uncomfortable aspect. Hence the charge of "murder" was broadly made; and there are always vicious hearts ready to en-

dorse any such clap-trap charge. None is more ready than a certain type of Englishman to drive home a foreign false charge against a countryman. Hence also it was a feeling of shame or vexation or as if a desire to hush the dark subject up, which made "Cabanas" an interdicted theme among the Thorntons.

It would appear that Alfonso was ostensibly determined at to first bring Captain Thornton to trial for murder; but in the meantime the captain was suddenly taken ill, and died in great agonies. He was in the habit of taking a certain tonic medicine; and evidently a deadly poison had been substituted, by some one who had obtained access to the old Thornton manor-house of the estate called Pinwell, in Wiltshire: the murderer was supposed to have been Alfonso in female attire. The victim had taken the usual medicinal preparation out of the same phial for two days before, and yet after his death the bottle was found to contain poison enough to kill ten men. Thus it was plain the poison had been introduced by someone in the house; and, as a masculine-looking woman servant, who had been lately hired, disappeared at the time, the mode of destruction was obvious. Notwithstanding, by some inscrutable means or other, the frightful report got abroad that the Captain had committed suicide, to avoid exposure on the trial for murder! Doubtless the same hand that had poisoned him, managed to spread this cruel rumor. It would almost appear as if the

threatened trial had chiefly been a blind to hide the attempt to poison ; yet possibly the poison was resorted to, when some English lawyer apprised Alfonso, that, as the two witnesses of old Cabanas' crime were producible, the accusation of murder would be scouted by any English civil or military court : so the trial could only wreak annoyance, and no more. Hence Alfonso flew to poison ! There was indeed no proof that *he* had done it, more than this, that there was no *other* known enemy ; and he *was* a deadly (and otherwise baffled ?) foe. Alfonso de Cabanas left England immediately after ; and, while leaving, he, with much exultation, said openly, "Thus, *he*, who took my father's life, has had to take his own life, to escape the retributive degradation of the scaffold !"

The horror which all these events caused, especially in the minds of the ladies of the family, broke up the Thornton household, and made Pinwell be deserted for a long time ; and the captain's widow, charging her relatives above all things to observe "silence" on the subject, died not long after her husband, of a broken heart, giving birth to a posthumous child, stillborn. The Thorntons thus left only one child, a son, (who was now the General Sir William) ; and it was through this terrible break-up of the Thornton family, that Cyril's own late father, and the General, had spent their youth together (as we saw) in the same halls.

It was supposed that the willingness of General Sir William Thornton to move about to different

and distant parts of the world, was prompted by a desire to avoid the dark spectre which beset his house, and chiefly by his wife's fear lest the "avenger" of blood was on his path.

In one of these journeys, it was, that the General had picked up the child Teddy, who had been saved from a wreck by some foreign sailors, whom the General came across at Marseilles, when he was returning from Malta. The General pitied the "English" child in the hands of strangers, and actually paid money for his release, as if he were a slave. The child knew no more about himself than that he came from the north of Ireland, and that his name was "Teddy." The General kindly had the child taken care of, by a very faithful and excellent Irish-woman, who had been nurse to George; and thus Teddy accounted himself a sort of foster-brother of "Mr. George." The woman was herself from the "black North," and she might Hibernically describe herself as an *Orangeman*; she had a fellow feeling for Teddy, who (she always insisted) was "gentry," because of the fineness of the material of the clothes he had on. Doubtless she was right; since there was always an unmistakable air of gentility about Teddy. A surname had never been invented for Teddy, in hopes that his real appellation might some day turn up.

Well was the General repaid for his humanity towards the Irish quasi-foundling, when Teddy, though then only a big boy, saved the life of the General himself and of the whole family in the

gunpowder affair, in which Teddy's Irish dauntlessness was most conspicuous. The gunpowder had not been set in Guy Fawkes fashion in any cellar, but merely in a cupboard place under some stairs (in the house at Limelands in Herts), and close at the back of the room where the family were all assembled. The merry Teddy, always roving and singing about, had opened the door of the place, and looked in, as if to keep count of the jam-pots ; but he was surprised to see a light burning in so small a place, and in a broad summer afternoon : so he went up, bent over it, and saw that the cask was full of loose gunpowder, and that the candle was guttering down close to the powder. At once, brave Teddy, putting his two hands together, one on each side of the candle, closed them flat, gently, one on the other, and thus put out the flame and every spark ; and then Teddy ran round into the room, laughing, and showed the family the candle, still smoking, just as he had pressed it in his resolute hands. For this act, the General allowed him two hundred pounds a year for himself, with entire liberty of action, which freedom Teddy claimed at once in the shape of being told the story and not being expected to acquire any more "larning."

There was no trace, nor even suspicion, as to the mode whereby the powder had been brought ; it was an English cask, of English blasting powder : yet the name of the Spaniard "Cabanas" was at once whispered to one another by the Thorntons, as if fully explanatory of any such outrage. Possibly

Cabanas in a workman's dress had boldly walked into the house, on the sleepy summer afternoon, without notice, and walked out again, after depositing the cask (as a "barrel of oysters") where his previous brief residence in woman's shape in this mansion, as well as at Pinwell, had taught him it would be most effectual, to destroy. Yet this was supposed, only because nothing else could be thought of; and there was no one else but "Cabanas" who would do such a deed.

There was also good reason for the family's continuing to be alarmed, since, besides the gunpowder attempt, there were other incidents, more or less menacing, occurring one after another, and showing that the enmity was as fell and frantic as ever. There was a grenade which came down a chimney, and exploded with awful effect, but in a wrong room, where the family were not; the mistake seemed to have been owing to some intricacy of the flues: evidently the missile had otherwise been only too well directed. Again, a bullet was fired from a gun or pistol at George, nor could even any foot-mark of the would-be assassin be discerned. Three lovely little girls seemed to have been poisoned, one after the other.

But, the favourite mode of attack seemed to be *fire*. Several times were attempts made to burn Limelands. Such assaults, spread over many years, must have become dreadful, like a constant oppressive weight on the brain.

One of the latest endeavors was the most deli-

berate. A large fierce dog was wont to be let loose at night, in the courtyard; Cabanas approached the wall so noiselessly, the dog only came growling to listen. Cabanas softly threw over a piece of bread; the dog devoured it: he then tossed over the wall another crust, sopped a little in opium: the dog actually enjoyed the taste! Let me ask you whether you have noticed how your hunter likes raw beef, or a cup of blood? how your retriever gladly laps up brandy and water? or how even a tame rabbit delights in a drop of beer? (Mem. such is the bestial side of human nature). Thus did this dog relish the laudanum sippet. Cabanas gave it enough just to make it sleepy or groggy. Then, as the clippings of the forests around had been stacked in large piles not far from the house, Cabanas heaped quantities of this dry wood against the three doors of the house. It is true, persons might have escaped out of the windows; but even the lower windows were mostly high from the ground, with heavy iron shutters, which required a person outside as well as inside, to open them. Thus the blocking up of the doors was a very formidable expedient. There was supposed to be a night-watcher, but he was of course asleep, possibly because Cabanas had managed to leave a flask of spirits, perhaps drugged, in his way. It was also long enough since the last attempt, for fears to have got lulled. Then, as there was a low part of the buildings, leading quite easily up to the roof, Cabanas, with probably Enrique to help him, in

about an hour and a half of a dark and gusty night, carried up an immense quantity of the dry wood, and stacked it on the top, between two old-fashioned ridges of the roof. The quantity was wonderful, and might have been thought to have been the work of many hands, or as if actual demons were aiding; the object was, to create a mass of fire above, which should crush all, downwards, with it. Cabanas set fire to this heap, and then went and ignited the three barricades at the doors. The fire was only discovered by a night keeper, who, a long way off in the park, observed a light on the top of the house. Probably the mansion with its inmates would have been all consumed, only for a deluging thunderstorm which came on and extinguished the conflagration.

Besides such desperate attempts, a *dark figure* was repeatedly seen, both in the house and grounds, and never could be arrested, though keenly sought for, by keepers and servants, and even by Teddy himself, who was singularly acute and alert. No professional detective was employed, because of the Thornton superstitious avoidance of publicity. When a search was made, the enemy disappeared for a while, but still there were sure to be signs of him afterwards.

Thus the case was like that of a house being "haunted;" only, here, the phantom was an English-speaking Spaniard, armed with poison, petards, balls, and fire, all directed by undying malice, with the rage of madness and the vindictiveness of a fiend.

The General himself, though constitutionally brave, was unable to overcome a qualm or spasm of alarm or uneasiness, at a persecution, so mysterious, so undiscoverable, so persistent, and so implacable. It was therefore not unnatural that the General now and then in an irrepressible fit of moody despair, would give expression to the dark conviction, that the doom of ruin was hanging over himself and his wife, as well as over George; in his own words,—

“The black banner of death is waving over us three.”

If the assassin could only be caught, there would be no doubt as to his identity; for, on his left arm, tattooed in large letters, was the name,—

ALFONSO DE CABANAS.

CHAPTER IV.

ENCELADE.

“ Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious Reason tunes
The passions into peace.
To temper’d wishes, just desires,
Is Happiness confined ;
And, deaf to Folly’s call, attends
The music of the mind.”

CARTER.

WE are of course not to think that all the circumstances, with reference to the Cabanas mystery, which we have just recounted, were detailed on the present occasion ; we record them here, for the unity of the story : but several of the touches were subsequently filled in, as regards Cyril’s entire perception of the events.

Very often it is with an apparently~random daub, that the really artistic hand of old Time completes the sketch of each individual’s history. It was thus that once the great painter, Turner, after having to all appearance finished a magnificent marine picture, stood opposite to it for a good while, looking rather dissatisfied ; when, all of a sudden, he seized a

brush, dipped it in bright red paint, and hurrying up to the painting, as if to destroy it or cancel it, he made a lunge at it, leaving a large staring vermilion patch, at the very spot where the waves were in their most exquisite play. Everyone who was looking on, thought this a sad pity; but afterwards they changed their opinion, when they found that Turner had tricked out the red blot into a fine bouncing buoy, which quite set off and relieved a part of the picture which, though lovely, was otherwise perhaps a little monotonous or cold. In like manner often old Gaffer Time makes us wait till at length the full touch is blurted on, by his summary and unerring hand.

There were not many minutes for colloquy between such lightfooted infantry as Cyril and Teddy, who soon reached the house where Encelade had been. It was an obscure house, in a small street called the Rue de St. Pol. The name happily remains unaltered for the present, till the next mayor of Boulogne changes it to l'amiral somebody or other, or even to the Flotilla itself, St. Flotilla, *ora pro nobis*; there is a town and district called "St. Pol" up the country towards Arras: and a count de St. Pol figures badly in the reign of our Richard the Second: and I see in the Romish calendar, the 12th of March is dedicated to "s. Pol, év.": so anyone who feels interested in the Pol bishop question, can prosecute his researches if he likes, till he is tired.

There was no woman in the Pol house, which was perhaps why Encelade had chosen it; but this

might now be unfortunate, as thus there had been *less talking*, less gossiping knowledge of any ins and outs of the old fellow's elopement. The man of the house was a widower, with some children; the quarter is an abandoned one: but he was a sensible and civil small citizen, and as Cyril spoke French fluently, every feature of the occurrence was soon elicited.

The man said, his lodger Encelade was undoubtedly gone, gone for ever; and he had stated that he should never return. The man showed Cyril an English sovereign, being no doubt the same one which Cyril had given to Encelade, and which the poor poet had honestly left, to pay whatever was owing from him; though it seems his debts and liabilities amounted to a much smaller figure. The man wanted to know what he was to do with the sovereign, or whether he was to give some of it up to Cyril? But as Cyril had bestowed it all on Encelade, and the old boy himself had left it unreservedly with the man of the house as payment, Cyril told him he had best keep it and make use of it as his own; because the most that could be done, would be, to consider the difference as if in trust for Encelade, should he ever reappear, but it would be useless to anticipate this, since he had protested he should never be heard of more. Cyril, in order to help the man the better out of this little case of conscience, gave him something over for himself; with a view also to induce him to be as communicative as possible.

Cyril was accordingly shown Encelade's gaunt-looking room or cell, where there was nothing left but a wisp of greasy books, which the fugitive had made over to his host, who seemed to value them at about a shrug. Encelade had been seen by the man of the house to be kneeling, which he could not understand, having never found him so engaged before; and he thought he must have gone mad, for Encelade (quoth he) appeared to be raving about a sale, and a letter, and a dog, and a name, and "Mussoos' grip," which he "repeated many times." But, in the small citizen's estimation, the greatest proof of impending insanity was Encelade's being so absurd as to say prayers, in that way, so bizarre, which no one in that part of the town had been known to do.

It seems Encelade would not tell where he was going to; yet the man thought it was probable his ultimate destination would be Paris, as he had lately been talking much about Paris, and how much he wished he was there: so, probably, now that his late employer was sold up, his object would be to get some new situation, perhaps about one of the smaller theatres, or in some Café Chantant, where his oddities might have a market value.

It was also supposed he would probably walk all the way to Paris, going from one religious house to another, and sleeping in one or other priest's barn. For, it was understood that Encelade had once in his youth been employed in some inferior ecclesiastical capacity, such as subdeacon, or whatever they

call it ; and he had been cashiered in consequence of his falling in love. A pretty woman was the key to his poor little story. He had often met, and he desperately admired, a fine handsome though rather giddy and coquettish young woman, the daughter of a small farmer ; he fancied she returned his passion, despite his broad-brimmed hat : but she had been only amusing herself. However, he determined to commit some heinous fault, on purpose that he might be relieved from his celibate ecclesiastical position. The idea did not then seem to be entertained, that all priests and friars can marry, because luckily there is nothing in the French code to prevent them. Encelade's mode of proceeding was very lumbering ; he asked himself, what evil had he best do, to gain his goal ? He was not at the time addicted to drunkenness, which indeed would not have been a sufficiently serious crime for his purpose. So he did what was more effective than all the vices ; he stole some of his priestly superior's cash, and let himself be found out, garnishing his delinquency with other offences like larks around a turkey, so that the money matter might not stand too much alone : all of which had the culminating enormity of being public : whence he was treated as an incorrigible black sheep, and degraded or kicked out of his condition.

He hoped he could thus be free to marry ; and so he was : but, how can he marry without a wife ? The girl had never cared for him ; nor did she now like him any the better for his "bad character .

so she, cruel puss, put out her tongue at him, and told him, she was not likely to put up with a thief and a fool.

Thus the poor victim of love had his head somewhat turned ; indeed, the blow might have addled a better brain. And as he found no means of gaining a livelihood, so blocked up was everything against him ; he had to settle down into the mere "poor devil," as a touter for small taverns and lodging-houses, and as a second-rate cicerone, or unaccredited commissioner (or errand-man). His having received some little priestly education, explained his being able to exhibit his scanty acquirements in the shape of reciting snatches of poetry. And on the whole, he was considered a poor harmless inoffensive little scaramouch, very timid and cowering, a very tiny Titan, and "nobody's enemy but his own." The creature in fact was a type of a singular class of beings, of whom there are sundry samples in all large French towns.

Cyril felt much regret that he had given him that unlucky shake, which evidently had frightened the "miserable" bard out of his small stock of sense, and had precipitated his scudding off to look for a new post ; and it was with much concern that Cyril heard the man of the house averring he believed Encelade would go downright raving : nor did Cyril like the idea of the poor craven little curmudgeon being doomed to shout the French for "Mussoo's grip" as well as to scream perhaps the actual missing name, yes, Jessie's name, in the

lunatic ward of a French Hospital, to the end of what Teddy would call his born days.

The judicious reader will here descry the pregnant moral, that there are more ways than one of killing the golden goose; and that a hasty word, a rough shake or blow, or an incautious bit of impatience, *as an offence against love*, may have the effect of depriving oneself of the comforts of a life. Often indeed is a modification of this very fact, developed, between young married couples, whose marriages have not been caused by genuine love; and as they had but little "love" to begin with, their first quarrel rubs off all the gilding of the situation, nor can the charm, such as it was, ever be restored: and thus does the disagreement, only about some trifle, doom them gratuitously to livelong discomfort.

"But," asked Cyril, "did Encelade not leave any sort of message behind him?"

"No."

But then, thought Cyril, this is strange, because the very act of the creature's hastening away, as if in fear, is tantamount to his expecting that he should be followed; like as he knew Teddy had been set to track him to his home. Cyril said something of this sort to the man, who replied, that all Encelade said, was, he "ought to remember a name," but he could not contrive to bethink himself of it, nor did he believe he should ever remember it, and Monsieur would then be terribly wroth with him, and choke him, since his "miserable"

memory had only been able to manage to recollect or as if to recover a part of it, the second part, he said, and not the whole, or the original; and he said, of course milord would not be content with this, which could (he presumed) be of no service, as it was not English, but French.

Cyril thought with a thrill, "Why, it is Jessie's own name!!" So with eagerness he enquired of the man, "Did you happen to hear him express what was the part of the name which he thought he did know?"

"No; he kept muttering something to himself, and he seemed to write down on a piece of paper the part which he remembered; though he said it could be of no use."

"But, believe me, it might be of the very greatest use. What became of that piece of paper?"

"O, he had it, and he is not likely to have left it anywhere about here."

Cyril at once proposed that Encelade's room should be overhauled; so it was, soon, and thoroughly, but nothing was discovered. He then suggested that the man's children should be examined; and "sure enough," the eldest girl, a keen little lass, though in bed in the back room, sang out that she saw Encelade take the paper on which he was writing, and fold it up in the cloth he had round his neck.

Cyril felt this was evidently correct; and Cyril handed the father a copy of the "Illustrated London News" which he had in his pocket, to give to

the good little girl: and no end of a treasure was it to her missyship. Nothing more was to be gleaned in the Pol dominions, so Cyril had only to retire. As he did so, he gave utterance (in English) to his deep disappointment, observing, "O, if that silly Encelade had only left behind him the merest memorandum of what he knew, however little it might be! O, if I could but have that scrap of paper (which he put inside his neckcloth) and on which he had scored the very name I want!"

Teddy heard this, and Cyril talked a little about it to Teddy, but Teddy said nothing; and they returned home in silence. In the hall, Teddy handed to him the letter which George Thornton had entrusted to him; and while Cyril proceeded to peruse it, Teddy remained in the hall of the hotel, where he was, full of thought, and planning what he could do.

The letter of George was very interesting to Cyril, as it not only told him that the yacht was coming from Plymouth to Newhaven, and would "soon" be at Boulogne; but also that George intended to try to put himself out of pain as regards "Edith." George said, he would go, and see her, if possible, and endeavor to persuade her not to decide against him, but to leave the matter open, for a couple of years, if she wished; or, if she would not agree to this, as he feared she would not, he would break off from her for ever.

This lady, Edith, was George's latest flame; and it is remarkable how little prosperity or "luck"

George had experienced in his matrimonial overtures. Twice already had he been formally refused ; and this was strange, since George was eminently handsome, very amiable and good-tempered, clever and lively, highly polished and refined, heir to his mother's title, and very wealthy. But in those two previous cases he had unfortunately paid court to beautiful girls who were already engaged. He had fretted very much over both rejections ; and yet now he was entangled still more inauspiciously in the meshes of devotion to a third lady, who did not appreciate him. It was when George Thornton had once been at Cyril Grosvenor's place in Sussex, Grantley Court, on a brief shooting excursion, that he met this lady, Miss Edith Ethelridge, at a county ball. She was fully three or four years older than George, and of the two she was nearer twenty-seven than twenty-six ; but she was most emphatically what is called a fine woman, tall, full-formed, fine-featured, commanding, "queenly," not coarse (*as yet*, though two more years would make her so,) yet even now she was much too "big" for Cyril's taste. Still she would decidedly be called, a very splendid young woman. She also showed to much more advantage in balls and large parties or at archery breakfasts, or wherever she was encircled with admirers, than in domestic or private life.

In public, she affected delicacy of habits, and even abstemiousness ; an ice and a macaroon would be about as much as she could be prevailed on to partake of : to sip half a glass of wine was the extent

of her potations. Even at heavy dinner-parties of the solid old-fashioned order, she was very moderate, if she felt she was surrounded by strangers.

No one who saw her thus, could guess to what an extent "victuals and drink were the chief of her diet." Edith was a large woman; she had large eyes, and a large fortune: but the largest thing about her was her appetite. It was not ravenous; it was too steady for that. She did not snap at her food, like one who had been starved; there was no stuffing or cramming or gorging: it was the down-right steady continuity of her eating, that was so wonderful. It was like the Nile, all one unbroken flow. All the while, she made out that she, who was merely lazy, was weak, and easily "exhausted," and that she "must keep up her strength;" so, she must just take something small: so she did: but, there was no end to the *other* small things which "just" followed, in due succession.

This sort of female gulosity is not uncommon in Bavaria, but is unusual in England. When it occurs amongst us, it mostly is a lesson which we may say was taught "at school," where some rapacious seminary-keeper stints the girls on the score that a proper appetite in a growing lass is vulgar and "ungenteel;" and thus is the science of voracity inculcated, to be (unlike the piano and other accomplishments) remembered and practised all the life. But Edith's eating was not to be so explained; she had never been on short commons at any time or place: her greediness was an indigenous

defect in her fine big beautiful body, for, as to a soul, she positively had none.

See her finishing one mutton-chop; there is no gobbling at it: we see mere placid eating: but, when one is done, another is quietly begun, and tidily consumed: another follows, and another! yes, a stream of mutton-chops deploying "in perfect order," down into her softly-insatiable maw. It was worth seeing, to behold how scientifically she dissected a bloater, so as to be the least bothered by the bones; you ought also to see how she managed a chicken, so as to make the most flesh be obtainable with the least effort. She really had a sort of stolid cleverness in this direction. Whether it was emptying an egg or picking a partridge, there was the same omnivorous ingenuity. This was what went on amid the comparative huggermuggery of her highly respectable home, or among known and safe cronies. It was for this well-sustained eating, she lived; for this sort of thing she existed: she cared really for nothing else. Not but that she liked titbits; her palate could relish nice little cates and confections: but broad beef, and substantial pudding, and ale and porter, bottled porter, Guinness' (or at least draught stout), these were her real secret joy. She could like money, much! but chiefly as leading to good food. She could enjoy fine clothes, and a grand carriage, and comforts generally, with jewellery (she was a judge of cameos); she liked opera-boxes, and loves of bonnets, and ponies: she also would like a hand-

some and attentive husband, if she could get one. All these things were very sweet and nice in their way; but the supreme affections of her inmost heart (or rather gizzard) were reserved for such a bit of bliss as an unwatched corner where a tankard of strong ale could stand beside an again and again replenished platter of solid eatables.

Hence the fine fleshy Miss Edith did not very much care for George Thornton, because she perceived by instinct that though he might be reasonably fond of good living, he was far from being a slave to his appetite; in fact he thought or cared very little about what he took. Thus he was far too spiritual and romantic for her. She contrasted with him, the claims of a neighbouring Sussex baronet, of large estate, Sir Toby Lumper; he was much older than George, and not to be compared with him in looks. But, Edith felt, if she was Lady Lumper, she should have one who would eat with her, yes, eat, aye, EAT, as the one grand business of life. Toby was a male Edith, and Edith was a female Toby. She also felt intuitively, that as George knew nothing about her home habits, he would be disgusted at once; and she was, like all other great eaters, too selfish, and too self-centring, to give up her viands for all the Georges that ever existed: in good sooth, it is doubtful whether (not to speak of compulsory starvation) she *could* have brought herself to eat less, even if she had tried. But, she had no notion of trying anything of the sort. Eat, she would, George or no George, hus-

band or no husband. So, though George's manly beauty was felt to be superlative, she was swayed by a superior consideration, which was, that if she was George's wife, she must as it were fight for her knife and fork, which would be to her the worst of all trials.

Edith may also explain for us what often seems so strange, that while strong men, who are almost famished before a late dinner, scarce know how to control their craving; some of the ladies, especially any young matron who has a baby, can seem comparatively unconcerned and at ease. But the reason is, the gentlemen have had nothing since an early breakfast; whereas some of the dames have had two lunches since: one, a solid feed, equivalent to a dinner, at two o'clock: and the other, "only just" a glass of strong pale ale (because of the infant), and a "crust" of bread and butter, or a sandwich, again, in the interval: hence the ladies can await the summons to a seven o'clock dinner with tolerable composure.

Thus was it with Edith; she always kept friends with the cook: and many was the heavy gift and rich subsidy each cook got from her large white hand. Hence Édith had nice little cutlets, and racy kidneys, and grills, and devilled drumsticks, and mushroom patties, and sausages, sent up to her, "only a trifle," so nicely, on little hot tin dishes or hot-water plates; and these extra dainties, being all *besides* her mighty meals, were by her discussed in snug corners, with thorough zest, as otherwise

she felt "such a sinking." Now, she perceived she should have to hide all this from George, more or less; but, Sir Toby would join her, or, still better, would have his own goings-on of the same sort in his own "library," which was all the study he ever carried on there.

The worst of it was, Sir Toby, though having the decided guise of making love, nevertheless did not propose, and might never do so; wherefore the serious question would be, was old Toby not too wedded to his "wittels," ever to be got to bring her to the "ask papa" point? Were not Toby and Edith merely two joints of meat, which should never be hashed into one dish?

It is wonderful how a young man of so sensitive and fastidious a taste as George Thornton, could ever have come to love such a beautiful great white soft selfish mass of womanhood as Edith. But, thus it is with men; there is no accounting for how their love goes. We can only explain it on the ground that when George first saw her at the ball, his heart was sore from his last rejection; and he noticed that the magnificent Junonian Miss Edith's grand and luscious eyes were fixed on his face. She however was only so far conscious that she was contemplating a man's beauty, as to be thereby led dreamily to the sweeter subject of meditation, whether a rich juicy cut of a prime saddle of mutton, was not after all really preferable to any slice that could be carved from the best haunch of venison that ever was cooked? But George thought she

felt sympathy with him; and thus his heart, raw with rejection, and tender at all times, gave itself up too readily to the ample Edith's massive charms.

Cyril loved his friend George so much, he fervently hoped she would somehow alienate him finally; because Cyril knew George never could be happy with such an unintellectual sensuality of a woman for a wife. And Cyril was glad, that, as the letter told him, George was now going to bring the matter to a point, one way or the other.

By this time it was getting late; and, as Cyril looked after his dog himself every night, he remembered that this little duty had yet to be done. He also thought he would have a "bit of a chat" with Teddy, and see that Teddy was comfortably attended to. But on Cyril's proceeding to look after his dog and his Paddy, he learned to his surprise that "Mr. Teddy" had gone out some time ago, and had taken Monsieur the Dog with him.

Cyril therefore had to console himself by moralizing on the disappearance of Encelade. And when he thought how strange it was that such a trembling little insect as Encelade should thus take courage to suddenly go off on his travels, where he could not be pursued, either by the eye, or even by fancy, it made Cyril think of a butterfly adventure which he had witnessed, when he was passing through this very town of Boulogne in the June of a previous year. He was standing for a moment on the high hill, looking over the Jardins, which spread below the beginning of the Route de Calais, and he li

pened to observe near him a common large white butterfly; it was opening and shutting its wings (as Rogers says) "in silent ecstasy." Suddenly, it started off, but its track was upward; yes, upward, and upward was its aim, at about an angle of forty-five degrees, which is the right elevation for the longest *flight* of a projectile. The day was calm, and so the little creature's course was not altered by any envious blast; and though its wings in their career had the usual lopping and zigzag motion of its species, still, as a whole, the progress was quite in a straight line, and this was in the very direction of England! It was evident that the insect was mounting to clear the sea, and meant to cross to Britain. This was more wonderful than when sometimes butterflies are seen to be borne by the wind across the highest snows of the Alps. The sun was shining on our little voyager's white wings, and Cyril's eyes were bright and keen; and he watched it with surprise, till it grew to be a mere mote, and at last it absolutely vanished from sight in the sheer distance, when the altitude it had attained must have been really considerable. How it could have had the sense and courage to start off thus, is not easy to divine. Still, as I love Natural History, I beg to describe the fact, as a good illustration of the way in which courage can be given to little aspirants (from Elizabeth of Siberia down to our Encelade) to set off on the very excursions which they would have been deemed the most unfitted to undertake.

Cyril was reflecting on these things, and "walking the deck" up and down his room, when suddenly he heard a light step, and then a smart tap at his door, and before he could answer, who should bound in but Floss, along with Teddy, who, waving a note as if in triumph, said,—

"Pardon me, your honor, but it is the partridge season, and so I and the dog have been after that sly gamy old Hunksylad, till we nosed him to his hiding-place; and here is a letter from the priest, with the old spalpeen's confessions."

"From a priest?" thought Cyril; "that's queer. How can that be?"

Breaking open the envelope, Cyril saw there was within, a folded scrap of paper, with some writing on it. Cyril felt shy about scrutinizing this before Teddy; and since probably nobody could make it either better or worse as a vehicle of information, he would reserve it for future examination: so he thanked Teddy with marked warmth, saying,—

"All's right; capital!" with a loud thump of his hand on the table: which token of glad success mightily pleased the good-hearted Teddy, and Floss evidently shared in the glee that prevailed, if an ornamental gambol may be so interpreted.

Cyril saw that beside the written paper there was a card, which he drew out, and examined, with much amusement. Perhaps the reader may not have seen a visiting card of an old-fashioned French priest; so, here it is. The card has gilt edges. It is larger than an English gentleman's card, but not

so large as a lady's. The name in the middle is, "L'abbé Rémort;" this is printed in blue letters. The words are not in a straight line, but are curved, with the middle of the legend bending downwards, and surrounded by an oval ring, so that thus the name forms a large lozenge in the centre of the card; and above the name, within the ring, is a small Latin cross, with a glory round the top of it. The ring and the cross and the name are all in blue (the blue Woad of druidism), because blue is considered to be "Mary's color;" for thus the blue druidic heathenish Mariolatry of Popery is carried out even on the priests' cards.

"This is first-rate," cried Cyril; "now tell us all about how you got on: how did you ever manage to get hold of all this so well?"

Teddy was quite proud of his achievement, as well as delighted at Cyril's praises. So he went on to describe, that he had often been accustomed to act as an amateur keeper about Limelands, to the great discomfiture of the poachers; hence (he said) he was used to track animals and badgers and other human beings with dogs. And as he felt very eager to catch the old fox Encelade, since Mr. Cyril had said he wished it so much; Teddy had thought at once of the fine nose of Floss. The dog and Teddy had already, short as was their intimacy, sworn eternal friendship; so Teddy easily got the dog to accompany him again to the street de St. Poll Parrott (as Teddy called it). The man was out, having probably gone to treat himself to a drink or a gossip else-

where than in the disreputable neighbourhood. It was clear bright moonlight, the moon being past the first quarter; and Teddy groped his way into Encelade's room, making Floss smell the books, and take olfactory cognizance of the floor, and especially of the solitary chair, over which Floss snuffed at a great rate, actually as if he remembered the scent which had greeted him when his snout had been, a few hours ago, poking and growling about the flying Encelade's skirts. Teddy, perceiving that the dog had got the scent, took him out to the street, where evidently very few persons were likely to have been stirring, as the street (with a steep approach) was almost at the outside of everybody, being on the outskirts of the fishing-town. Floss kept his nose to the ground, and followed up the slot, with the gusto of a bloodhound. Floss seemed to lose the scent at some points, but caught it up at others; and he led Teddy round, not to the Paris route, but by a circuit to the north-east of the town, round by the Canal des Tintelleries, and by the streets Paix and Campagne, on to the St. Omer Road. How far in this direction Teddy proceeded there was no knowing; it must, however, have been a considerable distance, since the prime pedestrian Teddy described it as "a good step."

As well as Cyril could make out, Teddy was conducted by Floss to a small parish or village, where there was a church, and not far from it a house, which turned out to be the priest's house. Here Floss made a dead stop; and as there was a light

burning in a bedroom window, Teddy knocked at the door, when the casement was pulled open, and a head protruded, asking in French, "Who goes there?" Teddy answered in 'English,' saying, "*I want to spake to Hunksy-lad.*"

Luckily, the priest who was at the window, was an elderly gentleman, not of the low town-priest stamp, but of the much more polished and courteous old-fashioned style; he was benign in his way, and conversant with English and some other tongues. He descended, and asked Monsieur to walk in, with much politeness. The interview must have been an unique one. Teddy, having great faith in Floss's nasal organs, broke ground by asserting pointblank, that Encelade was in the house. The priest did not deny this, but dealt Teddy back quite as much as he gave, in the shape of asking, "By what right did Monsieur follow a French subject thus, pursuing him in the night-time, as if he were a criminal?" Feeling how fair and reasonable this was, Teddy took a lower tone, and became very conciliatory, protesting, he did not come as an accuser, nor in any hostile guise, but merely on the strength of persuasion and goodwill. Teddy added, that he came from an English gentleman, of great importance, in Boulogne; and that in fact Encelade had been hired to deliver some intelligence, and yet he withheld part of it, which he had really no right to do.

By conversing further with Teddy, the priest seemed to gather, that Encelade forgot part of a message, and was afraid to produce the remainder,

lest it might be angrily pronounced useless, though it might be very acceptable, and certainly Encelade was not the one to decide on its value. Teddy also said the memorandum would be found to have been deposited by Encelade in his neck-gear. The priest promised that he would go and talk with Encelade, who was gone to bed, and see what he had to say. So he left the room, handing Teddy a book to amuse himself with, being perhaps the only diverting book he had; it was a volume exhibiting the costumes of all Romish ecclesiastics.

After a short while, the priest returned, and told Teddy that Encelade would give up the paper, in case it was distinctly promised, that all enquiry should then and there cease, and that Encelade should henceforth be let alone, "entirely." The priest, with a touch of dignity, added, "on this stipulation I must myself insist, inasmuch as the poor creature is very weak, and I mean to retain him as a sort of servitor of my own." Teddy passed his word, that Encelade should not be subjected to any more botheration. Hereon the priest went out again, and soon returned with the paper; and as he understood that Teddy was merely representing a superior, the priest put the paper, with his own card, in an envelope, sealed it up, and handed it politely to Teddy, to be delivered to the gentleman at Boulogne.

Teddy now remembered that Encelade had not done justice to himself about the sovereign; wherefore he took out another sovereign, as he had always

about him lots of money, consisting, as he would say, of gold silver and copper caps : he gave it, as he knew Mr. Cyril would approve of his doing so : and the priest accepted it for Encelade.

Thus, with many bows and compliments, this strange interview ended ; and Teddy and Floss scampered away home, more rapidly perhaps than the St. Omer road had ever before been traversed by (as Teddy said) "two four-footed creatures."

Cyril at once wrote (as well as his hand would let him) a line to the priest, thanking him for the trouble he had taken, and enclosing a cheque for a hundred francs for the poor of his parish. This by the way may show that though Cyril was intensely Protestant, there was nothing illiberal or bigoted in his principles ; he could love a Roman Catholic, though he lamented his delusions.

Cyril now dismissed Teddy, asking him to order the letter to the priest to be put in the post ; and he charged Teddy to be determined to treat himself to a frstrate supper, and to be sure to sleep at both sides of his head.

Cyril was now left alone with the priest's enclosure, which he was half afraid to examine, lest it should only prove to be another disappointment. He found it was a soiled scrap of paper, apparently torn out of an old book. The writing on the paper was red, clearly blood. The handwriting was large, uncial, and legible ; and what was written, was simply and solely as follows,

"*MADemoiselle EPINEVILLE.*"

CHAPTER V.

MRS. FITZHERBERT.

“Along the strand my pathway led, the salt sea-shore beside,
Where from his throne the sun look'd down, and lit the golden
tide ;
And as the billows danced and shone beneath his sparkling
rays,
They seem'd to clap their hands for joy, and shout the Maker's
praise.”

BISHOP MANT.

HAVING mused on it, and slept on it, Cyril woke next morning with the full conviction, that the testimony of Encelade, gained with so much difficulty, was correct, and that Epineville was really Jessie's name. What chiefly convinced Cyril was, the agreement of Epineville with the letter E, which he had seen on Jessie's handkerchief. True ; the name is French : and she is evidently English : still, may she not have had an English mother, and a French father ? thus her name would be French : and still it is not more so than Espinasse and Laprimaudaye and Villeneuve and other French names which are now quite domesticated in England.

And yet, said Cyril, my knowing *her* name, may be very little help to me in tracing her; because obviously the other name which Encelade has irrecoverably forgotten, was the aunt's name, and of course quite different, and no doubt it was a thorough English name like Brown or Wilkins, which would be the reason of *his* forgetting it. This indeed shows that the ladies *are* aunt and niece. Hence it is quite probable, that, in their general travels, the name Epineville would be altogether quiescent, and the only name used would be the aunt's, which is known no more than ever!

Cyril, though intending to start for England by the 11.15 packet, thought he would make one more effort at the French side of the water, to gain some better trace. This he imagined might possibly be attained at the Post-office. He went there, and saw one of the authorities, who told him, probably with truth, that if he came there, to prosecute a complaint, or to make due researches in the interest of law and order, every facility would then be afforded him; but, if he merely desired to satisfy his own private concernment in the movements of private persons, then the Post-office (to put it mildly) could not take time to subserve such purely personal aspirations: and therefore even if the ladies, who moved on Tuesday into the Hotel where the fire was, had left instructions for their letters to be forwarded thither, so that thus their names would be extant among the archives of the Post-office, nevertheless such information could only be yielded up

to a stranger, in obedience to a regular legal process.

Cyril never felt more humbled than on hearing this edict, which was all the more crushing because of the suavity and portentous courtesy with which it was propounded. The rebuff made poor Cyril go off, hanging his head, and as crestfallen as a dog with its tail between its legs. He felt that if once he had been making Jessie laugh at the Vieillards Post-office, now the *old man* had paid him off pretty handsomely; and the worst of it, was, the rebuke was perhaps deserved. The fact indeed of his having acted as a friend of the ladies, and his having saved Jessie from the fire, and above all, the unfortunate "mistake" about the milliner's circular; might seem to entitle him to make such enquiries. Still, for him to try to pull little back wires, and to seek to peer into small corners, was a course quite hateful to Cyril, and judged by him to be only worthy of that meanest and vilest of mankind, a private "Detective," a man of Judas holes, who is all the more loathsome when he is "in plain clothes," for instance, as a bookseller.

Cyril could only try to console himself on the score that at all events Epineville was better than Edwards. He had not much time left, when, who should meet him, as he was going towards the packet, but the Fitzherberts. They turned to walk with him, and told him that they also were going to England, but by the afternoon steamer, and should bid good-bye to him and to Boulogne.

The Fitzherberts were as merry as ever, and a good specimen of honeymoon lovers; they seemed likely to be entranced with one another all their lives. Before Cyril came up to them, they had been discussing, which loved the other most? the Major contended, *he* did, because he was bigger, and there was more of him, and therefore as he loved her all over, his love must be greater than hers. To this, with woman's wit, she responded, that such an argument only showed what a precious booby of a husband she had got; because, as she *was* smaller than he was, his love was less than himself, being contracted, as exercised on a minuter object: whereas, her love, operating from her whole self, on such a big "ugly" fellow, was expansive, and greater than herself, and was the greater love, by just as much as he was larger than she was. The Major was somewhat posed at this; which his fond wife was immensely pleased to see, and laughing rapturously she told him, "My dear, you ought to have found out, before now, that you always get the worst of it, when you try against me: he, he, he: O, la!"

Cyril now joined them; when the Major told Cyril he wanted seriously to consult him, whether he knew a good doctor, who would be likely to do his poor wife Adela some good, as she had got that sad disease the giggles.

"Yes, but, Mr. Grosvenor," said she, "the most needed medicine is one to cure husbands of giving their wives cause to titter at them till one's tired."

Cyril would take part with neither, since he knew by experience that if he took the part of one, he should have both against him; so he declared gaily, he was the worst one to appeal to on the subject, since he was a hapless old bachelor whom no nice girl would ever take compassion on.

"O, but," says the Major, "we have been making the acquaintance of an extraordinary retainer or genteel serf of yours, whom we accosted because we saw you had left your noble dog with him."

Here however Teddy himself came up, and reported, that the steamer was just starting, and it would be necessary to "run for it." So Cyril bade good-bye to the Fitzherberts, and hastened off, telling Teddy he should be "back immediately," and that he should be much obliged if he would take great care of Floss. The dog wanted to accompany his master into the vessel, but a word from Cyril made Floss take his place beside Teddy. When however the packet started, Floss ran away of his own accord, with Teddy after him, to the end of the pier, where Floss got up on the seat, and barked loudly at Cyril, just as he had done at the last glimpse of the ladies, as if he wanted to remind Cyril of his final view of Jessie.

When Cyril reached Folkestone, he enquired about the other packet which had come from Boulogne yesterday morning; and, as if everything was fated to cross him, he found the steamer now was not at Folkestone, but at Dover, because of the tide serving better there, as is occasionally the case.

It was supposed to be starting *soon*. Could he catch it? "Perhaps so." All he could do was to take the train to Dover; and when he got there, the steamer had not left, but would go out in "ten minutes." He entered it, and though he did not meet the captain, he saw the steward and stewardess, who were as civil as nature and money could make them.

"Do you remember the two ladies who came in, to sleep, on Tuesday night; and crossed with you on Wednesday morning?"

"O, yes, sir, quite well."

"Do you know their name?"

"*No, sir.*"

Poor Cyril! he soon learned that in the Folkestone packets the names of passengers were not taken, (they are, in the London boats, to secure berths), nor were any registers kept; so that, like as, for France, passports are (by a myth) no longer examined or required, nothing could be discovered, because really nothing had ever been known. He asked whether the captain was likely to know any more? but it was thought that he "was sure not" to do so, as he was engaged with his own department of navigating the vessel through the storm. Cyril asked every question, he could think of, and of which the brief time admitted, whether the servants of the ladies had not been heard using some name, or whether some address had not been noticed on their general luggage, or on their things in the cabin? But, to every query, the reply was in

the negative.—The name Epineville was not known.

There was much bustle and confusion ; amid which the warning-bell was rung, for all non-passengers to leave the vessel. Cyril was undecided, whether he should stay where he was, and cross back to Boulogne, in order to try and elicit something more from the stewardess or the captain, when there would be more leisure for conferring ? But then, on the other hand, he should lose a whole day and be prevented making enquiries now at the railway and so on, where now there *might* be some faint trace, which one more day would quite obliterate. And, here were these packet people assuring him, they knew nothing, nor had they ever known anything, nor was anyone likely to have done so ! The strain of the stewardess was, " They were very nice ladies, and they seemed in some trouble, and they paid handsomely ; but we never asked, nor heard, nor cared to know who they were, or where they were going to." The last thing said to him by the steward, was, " I am sorry we can throw no light on the matter for you, sir ; but when you learn that there were ninety-one passengers, you can well believe, we should not be apt to stop to take note of people, when we are not bound to do so."

This decided Cyril, that he must give up all hope of deriving any intelligence even from the people of the very vessel in which Jessie had slept and crossed. It struck him that it is no wonder that many points in ancient history should be conflicting

and confused, when it is sometimes so difficult to arrive at any certainty respecting current and contemporary events.

It was well on for four o'clock, before he could get to the steamer, which started as soon as he sprang out of it; and it was near six when he had rattled back to Folkestone. Here he was met again by much the same difficulties which had confronted him in Boulogne. He did not in the least know which way the ladies turned, when they left the vessel; they might have gone to a hotel for a time, or they might have gone straight off to London, or, they might have gone anywhere else! How was he to begin such a quest? He soon made up his mind that his sole chance was at the railway.

He thought he had best assume that the ladies who went in such a hurry through the storm, did not wait at all in Folkestone, but went on at once to London. On this score he scraped acquaintance with the railway porters; but the description of "two ladies and two servants" seemed to apply to more than one party of those who went by yesterday's 2.20 up train. He was at once assailed by the question, "Was there a carriage?" O, how he felt now, that he ought to have ascertained this, in the packet they came in; surely it must have been known?

There had been two private carriages by the steamer, but only one carriage went on by rail. Cyril felt forced to assume that such ladies of course had a carriage; and he would first try the carriage

that did not go by rail : though this was contrary to his own " gone to London " hypothesis. And, on enquiring, he found this carriage had been tenanted by just such a party as he sought, " two ladies, and a man and a maid " ; so he seemed to be compelled to swerve a little from his intended plan. He found out where this carriage had got horses, and it seems it drove a few miles on the Hythe side ; and Cyril also got hold of the very man who had acted as postillion : so he ordered a post-chaise to take him to the very place.

While the vehicle was getting ready, he thought he had best, before impressions became effaced, make an enquiry or two at the ticket office. The young man who was then officiating, was of the impudent order ; he appeared to think he could get some fun out of the affair, speaking in this style, " O, there was a pretty girl, I suppose : and you want to hunt her up ? " He seemed to think Cyril would chuckle with him, or offer him a cigar, as if he were a slap-up cove ; but, when Cyril evidently resented his familiarity, the lout grew sulky and then saucy, in fact, quite insolent, so that Cyril got rather out of patience, and told him he ought to have his head punched : to which the other retorted, that he " should like to see him do it. " The fellow seemed to feel confidence in his wooden partitions and other household gods about him. Cyril would really have enjoyed giving him a " hiding, " but desisted, not so much on account of his disabled hand, as in obedience to the old adage that it is best not to rub

against a sweep. So Cyril, without saying another word, turned on his heel, and walked out of the "horfice," followed by the insulting and defiant laugh of the caddish cur.

Cyril felt, the wretch might grin "like a Cheshire cat," for all he cared; he had ascertained enough, for it was evident this fellow knew nothing and had noticed nothing, as indeed was likely, where there were so many people on their travels. There seemed every reason to fear that the ladies, just because they were gentle sensible and refined, had passed on, utterly unobserved, and leaving not the least trace behind them; nothing having noisily singled them out from the general mass of peregrinators. Cyril felt he was getting very near the end of all his possibilities of discovery; because, as to "the ruck" of gentry, going by rail first class with servants without carriages, they were far too numerous for there to be the slightest hope of *his* ladies being now remembered and distinguished from others. His sole chance therefore lay in the case of one or other of the two carriages, on whose trail he was now proceeding.

With this disheartening preface, he set out in the post-chaise, on what he felt was a wild goose chase; and yet he could not rest satisfied till he could say he had exhausted every imaginable effort. As he drove along, he took a comprehensive survey of the whole state of the case; and realizing how such angelic ladies could pass through houses in Boulogne, through the steamer, through offices and platforms,

and through the train, without any human eye or breast having seemed to note them or remember them in the least: he felt deeply how wondrous is an Omniscient Providence, who cares for each individual, and follows each through all the crowded intricacies of life, presiding over all with power and love. It is to bring the reader to a sense of *this*, that the minute parts of the incidents of this history have been detailed. Let us know, that where man cannot track, God is watching over all. Indeed, perhaps, we nowhere can better feel the truth, the benefit, aye, the necessity of there being a God, than amid the struggling surges of some thronged Cheapside, where none but a God of Love can superintend each unit's interests. This very consciousness carries with it also the comfort, that, however dark and forbidding matters may appear, Love is now making all things work together for good.

Cheered by this thought, though otherwise without hope for the present, Cyril found the post-chaise had passed through some handsome lodge gates, and was rolling up the avenue to a large and elegant house. What should he do or say? How awkward for him to obtrude himself on a respectable family, at that late hour, and with such a disjointed tale as that which was all he had to tell! Is he to ask to have the ladies all paraded before him, as if in a slave bazaar? And, if not, how is he to ask for ladies, whom he cannot even describe by name? And if he does not know who they are, what business has he to be coming after them?

Cyril therefore told the driver when he rang, to ask if he could see the housekeeper? With Cyril's usual fatality, the answer was, "There is none;" for, either that useful functionary was not kept, or was away, or a new one was coming: however it was, there is none now.—What is he to ask for next? In despair, Cyril got out, and speaking to a decent old servant, who looked like a butler of the old school, who had answered the door, Cyril told him it would be a very great favor if he could be allowed to speak for a moment with any lady of the family.

There was evident reluctance about complying; possibly the memory of the "Frimley murder" still hung about all those regions: and who knows but this gentleman may be an assassin, burglar, or so on? However, the butler plainly saw that Cyril looked desperately like a real gentleman; there was also the comparative respectability of the post-chaise: the driver also was recognized. So the butler went off, and returned with a request for Cyril to walk in. He was shown into a cozy study, where was a middle-aged gentleman, with two ladies.

Cyril described himself as Mr. Grosvenor, of Curzon Street, his town house; as he shrank from mentioning his seat, Grantley Court, which was not so far off but he might be identified, which he did not care to be. The gentleman in reply announced himself as Mr. Dobbs, a magistrate; he was of the heavy vulgar rich good-natured type: and he politely asked what was Mr. Grosvenor's pleasure?

Cyril, making a gulp at the case, went on to say, he feared he must appear very intrusive and ridiculous; but really he was most painfully circumstanced, more strangely than perhaps anyone ever was before, since the simple fact was, he had formed a partial acquaintance with some most estimable ladies on the Continent, but through an accidental informality in the opportunities of introduction, the name had not been stated on either side. And then, added Cyril, it has happened that through some pressure of events, the ladies had to hurry away, which he only knew when it was too late for him to accompany them. And thus, though he had accomplished the most diligent search, he had lost all clue to them, "which," said poor Cyril, with rueful emotion, "will be a worse blow to me than if I lost all my property, or even if I was deprived of life itself!"

His hearers seemed much interested; and learning from him that the ladies he sought, had crossed in the yesterday morning's boat from Boulogne: one lady asked, "What were they like?" Cyril described that the younger one was superlatively beautiful; and the other, who was also eminently handsome, wore an aigrette.

Neither of them had been remarked by his lady auditors; and Mr. Dobbs introduced one lady as his sister (fat) Miss Diana Dobbs, and the other as (lean) Miss Sophronisba Dobbs, of this here mansion, Dobbsville, and also of Finsbury Square. The sisters were plain, yet they seemed to be in doubt

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whether they themselves were not the beauties about whom this magnificent young man was so distracted; since, as Mr. Dobbs told him, *they* had come across in the identical vessel, and at the precise time he described! One of them also wore a gold-edged comb, above the forehead, to hide some incipient baldness, which she affected to consider as a Dobbs diadem, or “aigrette.”

Indeed, among the numberless times when this whole incident was afterwards discussed between the sisters, it was generally agreed that the beautiful Mr. Grosvenor came after one or other of themselves, but that he was rather repelled, because they had only their “house” bedizenments on. “You know, Diana, you had only that snuffy old taffeta on.”—“Yes, and you know, Sophronisba, you wore that awful old bombazine, which was enough to frighten him away from either of us.” And so they got into a quarrel, till they had a good cry over it, and comforted themselves with a nice hot cordial. Each of them had the sweet persuasion that no one *now* could say she had to go down to her grave without having had a regular beauty of a man for a lover.

With true English hospitality, Cyril was offered a bed; and when he declined this with thanks, he was pressed to take supper, “a pair of ducks, with partridges, and pork chops”: but Cyril pleaded the late hour, and withdrew, with some pretty little speeches, and at last got away in the post-chaise.

“Two old maids, living with their old bachelor

brother the *Dobbses* ! Well ; this is a sample of what I might expect, in looking for a needle in a bundle of straw."

Cyril would have gone on to-night, to see after his sole remaining hope, the other "carriage," only there was now no train that served ; he was also almost starved, as well as utterly fagged. Sleep he must ; and sleep he did : "bless him !"

The first train next morning found him bowling away, a long distance, towards Reigate, where he ascertained that the carriage in question had been conveyed by rail. Here he got out and learned that no horses had been hired, but horses had been sent from a lordly mansion a good dozen miles up the country. So he must post across the land, to this stately house.

Arrived there, the footman who answered his summons at the bell, was asked, whether Miss Epineville was here ? The blunt reply was, "Do you mean the governess ?"

Cyril did not know ! The man therefore thought he was a sham or a simpleton ; nor was the aspect of matters mended, when a haughty young man, who seemed to be looking at his gun in the hall, came forward, and said with rather an abrupt manner, "What's all this, James ?"

James replied, with a grin, that this "party" was asking something about some 'ooman, *he didn't know who !*

The young man, then, with that overbearing attitude which some few modern aristocrats can let

themselves degenerate into, asked Cyril, slightly, "Perhaps it is your nurse you want?"

"No," said Cyril, calmly, "I thought there might be a lady of the name of Epineville here; but I see it is not likely that there are *any* ladies in *this* neighbourhood!"

This provoked an angry reply, followed by a still more incensed rejoinder.

How the feud would have ended, it would be hard to say, had not a lady, recognizing the voice, and coming out, half laughing, half surprised, said, "Is that you, Mr. Grosvenor?"

The speaker proved to be none other than the brilliant bride, Adela, the Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert; the Major was out shooting, and he had come across with her to this, a friend's house, yesterday afternoon: whereas a certain Dowager Marchioness had started from Boulogne the day before, attended by her young lady-companion, and a man and maid: and it was the Dowager's carriage which Cyril had been following—as bad as the Dobbs'!

"Now, you go off, Jack," she said to the rude young man, who was Lord somebody or other, and a cousin of hers; he muttered some apology and went a little way off, and Mrs. Fitzherbert tried to make all smooth. Yet Cyril was intensely vexed and chagrined; it seemed so queer that he, who had just been with the Fitzherberts at Boulogne, should follow them, and be having an altercation at the door of a strange house, about some "Miss," whose name sounded rather like that of the late French

governess. And, this was the same Mr. Grosvenor who had just been protesting to the Fitzherberts that no pretty girl was likely (or wanted) to smile upon him. Was he after some mischief? How funny!

Cyril tried to stammer out some explanation, that he was desirous to follow some friends, and had come to the wrong house. But he saw it was no use; a comical twinkle in Mrs. Fitzherbert's fearless eyes, told plainly enough, that she did not believe a word of it. He felt that she considered she had "just caught" him, and did not mean to let him off. Hence she pressed him to come in and stop, (she was one of those who rules wherever she goes), and she would introduce him to everybody, the Dowager, and all; or he could go out and shoot with "Jack," who was "not a bad fellow, though rather a brute" (he was still within hearing). But Cyril, being put on his mettle, got up a facetious parry or two, and asked her how did she know whether there might not be some fair damsel waiting for him? and as he had lost so much time in following the Marchioness, he must now decamp, all the quicker.

Rather lamely, and awkwardly, he backed off into his fly; and no sooner was he there, than he felt assured that Mrs. Fitzherbert was, at that identical moment, laughing herself into fits at his expense, with that merry "he, he, he," of hers, and that pretty little "O, la! *those men!*"—Cyril protested to himself he didn't mind; not he! And yet, he *did* mind, and was acutely vexed and

annoyed. "Yes, that laughter-loving Venus will have no end of cachinnation about me," said Cyril; "nor should I wonder if she were to go and give in the banns of lawful marriage, between me and the Dowager, to be asked in church next Sunday."

Such mortifying reflections lasted him the whole way to Folkestone; and it was only when he got afloat, and was steaming back to Boulogne, that it struck him he had perhaps mismanaged the matter after all. For, would it not have been better for him to have braved Mrs. Fitzherbert's not ill-natured giggles, and to have gone in, and seen the Marchioness? The Dowager *had* undoubtedly crossed with Jessie, and they might have spoken to each other? Certainly, the Fitzherberts did not know the aunt or Jessie, as was shown at the concert; nevertheless, the Dowager might have known or noticed much.

Shall he then dare and defy all smiles and all misconstructions, and go back to this last mansion, and, making a "clean breast of it" to Mrs. Fitzherbert (not a bad plan) so as to appeal to her pity, and "lay the demon" of her fun, by securing her woman's compassion, shall he beg her to aid him, with her clear head and kind heart, to unravel the tangle of his love and of his sorrow?

But then, the only real good of this would be, as regards the mere possible reminiscences of the Dowager; and Cyril had an impression that she was old and rheumy: and, an "old dust" of that sort would have been all the less likely to have observed or accosted any fellow passenger, amid

all the liveliness of the storm which had then raged.

Moreover, Cyril, with a numbed and stunned feeling at his heart, came back more and more to the conviction against which he had sought to battle, saying to himself, "Where is the use of doing anything after all? What can be more plain than the broad fact, that I am left, and avoided, by Jessie?"

As soon as he landed at Boulogne, it also occurred to him, he perhaps had made a complete mistake in his last investigations. For, he had been enquiring at Folkestone station, and so on; because he had hitherto been acting on the assumption which naturally enough he had formed, that when he saw the "Folkestone packet" leave Boulogne with the ladies, they had got out at Folkestone. And he had also taken for granted that if indeed subsequently the steamer sailed back from Dover, this was merely because it had dropped down from Folkestone to Dover, owing to the Dover tide serving better for some particular railway train. Thus he had tacitly presumed that the "Folkestone" passengers had all disembarked at Folkestone, and that there were no passengers in the steamer which had coasted along from Folkestone to Dover. But, was it so certain that the ladies had landed at Folkestone? The telegram which he had received, only said that "most of the" people had got out there. How did he know but the ladies might have gone in the packet from Folkestone to Dover, their destination perhaps being near Dover? And thus, after

all, possibly Dover was the place where his enquiries ought to have been made?

Shall he then go off and try to take up the clue, at Dover, after all this deadening lapse of precious hours?—*No use ; no use !*

Still, Cyril thought he would at least ask someone whether the steamer's bourn for passengers had solely been Folkestone, or Dover as well? But, strange to say, nobody seemed to know, or to care to tell him ; probably, this was because he did not come across the right person who could have enlightened him. The day (Friday) had now far worn away ; and as to the steamer itself, it had already gone back again to one or the other place, with one of our Royal little princes : and everybody seemed to think only about how Prince so-and-so looked. As to finding out even whether such and such an one of the ever recrossing steamers had on such and such an occasion disgorged its captives all at Folkestone, or part also at Dover ; the information appeared to be, though the matter was so recent, utterly beyond reach. One man told Cyril there had been such an off-start to Dover ; another affirmed there always was an entire clearance at Folkestone : which of the two was right ? The intelligent reader will remember cases within his own experience, when any accuracy about small facts, in which he may be interested, seems to be undiscoverable, even close after the time when they occurred, and at the very place where all might be supposed to be known. Indeed, it is an odd thought, for a man to look

around him, and reflect, that not one of the little occurrences transpiring about him, could be proved to-morrow, if required.

As regards railway officials, the usual reply to troublesome percontators, is, to answer "Yes, sir," to everything. Does this train go through to Birmingham? *Yes, sir.* Yet, you find it ends at Rugby; and you wish blessings on the curly head of the green corduroy-jacketed rascal who only said "Yes, sir," to get rid of you. Or again, Does this train stop at Little Botherington? *Yes, sir.* Yet when you see you are coming near it, and that *there* is its spire, and here is its cutting, and there is Farmer Noodle's, you perceive there is a whistle, but there is no retardation of speed, and you are whisked by the station at what appears a hundred thousand miles an hour, while you thrust your head out, and your hat comes off, and you can only see your "missus" is on the platform, while the man with your phaeton is on the road outside, waiting for you to come by the next train, ten minutes later; but you are whirled twelve miles further on, and you have to take a post-chaise and four home, though you meet your strong-minded spouse half-way with the phaeton and your hat, whereas you have purchased a cap, and she is "riled" ("so stupid men always are!") and you are cross: and you have to bring an action against the Company, at the loss of a hundred pounds worth of time, and five hundred pounds worth of temper: and all because that easy-going well-fed railway porter must fob you off with his invariable bore-ifuge of "Yes, sir."

But the tone of the Boulogne packet offices was no such "universal affirmative" as logicians call it. On the contrary, all was gruff and savage in the "Don't know" and "Don't bother me" style. Cyril inadvertently asked also at the wrong or rival place, the "London" steamer office; and some fellow (of small size, and pink complexion, with a wonderfully shorn and shaven aspect, a middle-aged old boy, who looked for all the world like a clipt game chicken), who was there at the time, thought he must make merry with him. So when Cyril asked whether the steamer which had come with passengers from Dover, had also gone thither? (meaning, with passengers :) all the answer he got was some cockeddy repartee, which probably was thought smart, to this effect, "boats usually go to a port before they leave it."

Cyril went off, sadly; feeling that now indeed it was high time for him to give up such researches, when they brought him, like a dying lion, so low, as to be within kicking reach of such a donkey.

CHAPTER VI.

DESPAIR.

“O'er ruin'd shrines and silent tombs
The weeping cypress spreads its glooms,
In immortality of woe;
Whilst other shrubs in gladness blow,
And fling upon the passing wind
Their liberal treasures unconfined.
And well its dark and drooping leaf
May image forth the gloom and grief,
Which, when we parted, gave reply,
From heaving heart and dewy eye;
Then, lady, wear this wreath for me,
Pluckt from the faithful cypress tree.”

WIFFEN.

ON his getting home tired and fagged (Teddy and Floss were out), Cyril took a review of his late proceedings; and it seemed to him that his whole effort was one entire failure. In this however he was partially mistaken.

It appeared to him that there was *nothing* propitious, except solely the fact which now he was conscious of, that his right hand had suddenly become much better than he could have expected. He had indeed used it, with indifferent execution, to write one or two things, unslinging it for the pur-

pose. But now it was so much more *handy* and supple, that he resolved to take off all bandages, and let the hand shift for itself, as best it might. Possibly it was the circumstance of his mind having been engaged in a succession of unwonted thoughts that had accelerated the hand's recovery; for, I believe, it often is the mind's fretting and fuming over hurts and bruises, which irritates them, and makes them worse, like as by thinking about a tooth-ache you aggravate it most fiercely: so great is the influence which that inscrutable essence the mind exerts over the body.

But now Cyril's dog and his Irishman came in, and it was delicious to witness the raptures of honest Floss at seeing his master again. Not much less demonstrative was the welcome of what Teddy would call the "other baste," namely himself.

Teddy had no news to report to Cyril, except that a thick letter had come for him; and from the writing he perceived that it was from his old guardians: so he laid it aside for a while. Grieved, and disconcerted as Cyril was, he did not think it beneath him, or foreign to his duty, to have a little cheery talk with Teddy; and in fact the effort of doing so had a compensatory effect in rousing Cyril to some degree of cheerfulness. So they talked about when the 'Amaranth' would come; and when Cyril tried to find out how Teddy had managed to amuse himself during his absence, it appeared, by Teddy's rather unwilling confession, that, of all places, he had contrived to get admitted into the

Boulogne prison, which, by a grim joke, is called the Hotel d'Angleterre, where he asked if there were any English? and there proved to be two. Both Englishmen, as Teddy anticipated, turned out to be Irishmen; they were both gentlemen, and by their account they had been treated very harshly. One of them had rather too port-wine looking a face, raw with the blotchy leprosy of lust, for Teddy to be able to believe much of his ditty. But in the case of the other, who was an officer, there could be no doubt about the inhumanity of the usage he had experienced. The officer was of a good family, and was really a well-meaning honest man; he had been waiting for remittances from Ireland, which were to come "soon": but the soon was of the old Irish sort: and as he was living at a lodging-house, the "English" landlady, a fat woman with gold spectacles, popped him into prison, very relentlessly, besides selling off all his little choice heirlooms of furniture, books, and so on.

Teddy insisted, with more truth than is perhaps quite palatable in a "commercial" country, that such rapacious and inexorable creditors will have much difficulty in squaring their own account at a certain awful day which is coming. Curiously, the lodging-house keeper lay in her grave before her victim had lain a week in prison. People of her sort, who are always so ready to pounce on the hapless debtor, can inveigh very loftily against the poor fellow's morality; and yet they themselves are

conspicuous for what might be called "Boulogne tricks," such as making new lodgers pay, over and over, for the same cracked china. One landlady was neatly served out, for when the damaged crockery was all ranged on a tray to be paid for by the outgoing tenant, the lady's maid, as soon as they *were* paid for, took up the tray and shot "the things" into a corner of the kitchen, with a total smash; and thus the landlady could not make any *more* inmates pay for the *same* rattletraps. A notable "Boulogne trick" was the Lehocq artifice, whereby, when of old the duty on watches imported into England was high, a gold watch was cleverly inserted by "Baron Talon" in the *heel* of each boot, and thus roaring profits were made, till the whole thing was found out. As knavish as this old scheme, are the daily doings of those, who, when a person gets cheated by third parties, and cannot pay, must declaim about dishonesty, as if their own consciences were as lustrous as the envelope of the sun.

Both these Irish gentlemen had been incarcerated for very insignificant sums; although by a merciful and just provision of the French law, the creditor has to supply twenty-five francs every month for the benefit of the prisoner.

Teddy maintained, it was so hard, to be down on a body, when he was not in his own country with all his own cocks and hens and other bull-dogs about him; especially if the "furriners" were English men or women like himself. So, Teddy paid off the

two Irishmen's debts; the united amounts were under twenty pounds: the sum was small for two gentlemen to be in prison for: notwithstanding, it was not the less generous for Teddy to liberate them, and he gave them "a trifle" besides, "just to help them along a bit." Teddy seemed quite reluctant to admit that he had thus been doing good by stealth. The genuineness of this diffidence on his part was remarkably evidenced by the fact, that Teddy (it seems) never represented his bounty as coming from himself, but always quoted General Thornton; "because," argued Teddy, "if there had never been any other giniral but myself, it is pretty sartin that the poor cratur's would have had to do without us."

Certainly, Teddy had (which is unusual for an Irishman) more money than he knew what to do with; yet, how few, circumstanced as he was, would make use of wealth in such a charitable manner. There was also some adventure about a widow woman, and her blind boy, in which Teddy had been acting as a benefactor; he may also have been employing himself in other such cases: but as, very plainly, he did not like his good deeds being noticed, Cyril would not annoy him by searching into them further. Cyril only felt, that Teddy was vastly more a Christian, than droves of those who have too high an opinion of their own piety. And as Cyril looked at him, he did so with rather a wistful glance, as if the singular youth Teddy was in some things too good

for earth, and as if *the aureole of early doom was glittering around his youthful brow.*

Teddy turned the topic to the strange sounds which Frenchmen use to their horses. A Gallic carter does not say anything like "gee-ho;" it is more like "jeep," or, gutturally, "gu-ugh!" It is not loud, but low and "concentrated," and has more affinity to a tiger's yawn than anything else. When a Frenchman is angry or in earnest, his voice always seems to come from his stomach, which doubtless is where his heart is. Teddy also said he was much amused to observe how little idea the Frenchmen have of tune; he protested that he had heard several Frenchmen "singing," some loudly, and some in a subdued key: and one of them who was a woman, he said he had listened to, for a long time, trying to make out any tune: [Teddy had a good voice, and a good ear]: but in no case could he discover any semblance of a tune: it was all as much mere noise, as the boo-oo-oo of a boy when getting "laced." Teddy said he was ready to admit that no one could expect "furriners" to have such airs as "Patrick's Day," or "The Last Rose of Summer;" "but still," said he, "why need they pretend to sing, when they have nothing human in the song, except a mere ass's bray or bull's bellow? Now do you know, your honor," quoth Teddy, "that all the cows' milk in Boulogne is got from goats, and the rest from jackasses, as you can quit smell the goatish taste, and everyone knows how good asses' milk is for those who have died of con-

sumption, especially girls, since you get fat on it in no time, and even if you die after all, still it saves you from an untimely grave, which makes you not mind it so much in your own case, unless it is another person such as a sweetheart, whom you don't want to lose anyhow."

Teddy was also immensely edified by having observed in the shops how largely and choicely the "nuns" made purchases. If it is a fruit or vegetable shop, a great fat nun comes in, with a huge round white face, white of a chalky-white fat style, telling of endless eating and idleness; perhaps she comes to beg, "for the Hospitals," of course: and any odds and ends she gets, she carries to a small cart which is actually in waiting, round the corner, for the mendicant nuns to carry off the wholesale screwery, the cart being kept a little in the background as if there was some little shame about it. But, if it be not a begging expedition, then, the nun's purchases, out of a well-filled purse, may be seen to be, every delicacy that can be procured; the best pears, at high terms, and the costliest peaches, the dearest pineapples, and every sort of exotic or hothouse produce: these are the luxuries which our ascetic and self-denying sister exclusively provides herself with. Perhaps it will be said, that the sister is merely catering for one of those convents where rich young English ladies "go to school" and are made papists of, to order; but this may be told "to the marines": you have only to watch what the "Wreath of Roses" song calls "the expression of

her features," to satisfy yourself that the nun and her "sisters" are to have to do with the actual mastication of the good things in question: "I eat all you," is plainly written all round her great white flabby chops. Go into another shop, where ham is sold (the French ham is, Teddy conceived, greatly superior to the English); the smoked ham is also dearer than the plain: and if a nun comes in to buy, it is the daintiest smoked ham she invests her money in, and she is most particular about getting the prime cut, if she buys slices. When there are two sorts of butter, the nun buys the dearest and best. Salmon is always a costly luxury, which the French think more of than anything else almost; whether it be out of season, or not, is all the same to a French person: salmon is salmon: and when salmon is scarcest and dearest, the nuns buy it up. It is certainly funny to see the supposed votaries of abstemiousness, purchasing partridges woodcocks and pheasants at an extravagantly high figure. "Do you know what," said Teddy, "I saw in the fish-market? A decent woman offered four francs for a pair of soles, and it was more than they were worth, except that there were no other soles as large to be had, the rest being only eels and plaice-sprats; however, before the fishwoman could reply, a nun who came up, popped down her six francs, and bore off the booty, with exultation pervading all her massive BODY, which certainly was a good sample of 'the flesh.'"

Most of the nuns, indeed, once they enter a

convent, never come out of it, even to be buried ; and some of the marketing "nuns" are merely the convent cooks or refectioresses, "*only servants*" or agents for the nuns, in nunnish costume. Still, *none* the less, the good things are procured ; that the internal economy of the priestesses of maceration may be with many a fine fat capon "*lined*." At one of the convents, the nuns, when new comers, are brought in by night ; and they are supposed not even to know what town they are in. What an abduction or harem idea it all is ! Each nun digs every day a little of her own grave with her nails, and sleeps every night in her coffin. O what a hideous system ! and, what is the good of it all ? What a revolting unchristian abomination is the whole affair of stalling up morbid women for the fictitious love of saints.

Cyril was much entertained to find how accurately Teddy had gauged the equality doctrines of the republican shop-keepers. Many men under the Imperial *regime* are "Liberty Fraternity and Equality" democrats, at heart. Say, you go into a butcher's, of this kidney ; he sees you are a gentleman, and that you are sure to give him a large order : but he affects not to see you, because a poor woman has been before you, and is buying a very small shred of meat : another person, who only wants some bones for soup, having come before you, is served before you : if you come in last, you are attended to last. This is republican equality in action ; yet, though ostensibly fair and proper, it is

all unreal, as there is an ostentation about it, and a sidelong eyeing of the gentlemanly customer in abeyance, which shows what up-hill and unnatural work it is, to try to ignore the realities of rank and wealth. The effort proves the sham ; for, the very vehemence or pettishness with which a man may assert that all men are equal, shows he knows his doctrine is not true.

Teddy also expressed it as his particular conviction, that Boulogne is the special pandemonium of carts. You may look down an empty street, and see it full of seven or eight carts, of particularly ugly shape, barbarously uncouth, dirty, and unpainted, all groaning under a load of stones, iron pipes, timber, herrings, or other vegetables ; whereas you do not see a single gentleman's carriage, except it be two or three donkey tandems and a sedan. All carts ; nothing but carts : it would not be a bad plan if they carted each other away.

But here the current of Teddy's observations on French affairs, was suddenly cut short, by Cyril's reception of a telegram from George, in these words (dated Friday afternoon) : " I sail for Boulogne very early to-morrow morning."

It was with a cruel choking sensation that Cyril received the tidings ; because therein he recognized the final severance of all chance of his ever seeing Jessie again.

He had known indeed that this very message must come, about this time, and he had been even waiting for it ; notwithstanding, when it actually

arrived, he felt as if something was literally throttling him, or as if an icy current was replacing the marrow through every limb.

O how bitter is the anguish of such a sensation, when the desolation is none the less dire, for being acknowledged to be inevitable; however much the thought of it may have been staved off before, as if it was stored up, to make the torture more agonizing at the last.

Never perhaps was a young man more pitiaibly torn to pieces on the rack of different and antagonistic influences, than was Cyril at this crisis. As for his very heartstrings, they were irrevocably attached to Jessie. Yet she was snatched away from him for ever! And he was now to go and roam over torrid plains and oriental crags, in accordance with his own long cherished design, and in company with his chosen dearest friend. But, is Cyril not free to break through that arrangement? Yes, but if he were now to think of vacating his post and relinquishing all that expedition, as if in obedience to some secret hope that possibly he might yet recover her or be readmitted to her presence; he was forced to admit to himself, with a famishing and crushing collapse of the heart, that his late investigations had amply demonstrated that nothing could be more futile than to cling to, or loiter for, any such anticipation.

It is sad, when a young fond noble heart has to be wrung with the throes of such absolute Despair.

Feeling that he had best battle with his anguish,

like a man, and act one way or the other with resolution; he began to take all steps to enable him to go on board the yacht at once, on its arrival, without detaining George Thornton in the least. Cyril's luggage being proverbially moderate, and Teddy apparently having nothing with him but money, there was not much to prepare; still, this was done, and all was got ready: all due amounts and gratuities were paid up, and Teddy was despatched to "get a mouthful of sleep," to fortify him for the duties of the morrow.

Cyril was now left alone; and as if in order to try to keep off as long as he could all harrowing thoughts, which seemed closing in on him from all sides, like the walls and roof in the terrific tale of "The Iron Shroud": he recurred to his guardians' letter, which enclosed one that had been sent to be forwarded to him, apprising him of an intention on the part of some of his friends, to put forward his name on the approaching vacancy for the county: and it was expected that he would be unopposed. Thus his standing ambition to enter the House of Commons, seemed likely to be accomplished sooner than he desired; now, he felt he cared little about that or anything else of an ambitious kind: the act also appeared to him to be premature and officious, so that (only for the dictates of courtesy) he would have been inclined not even to answer the application, but let his friends suppose he had not received it, if they liked.

The letter itself in which this Parliamentary

project was enclosed, brought Cyril the information from his guardians, that the Earl of Evelyn's libertine son had already died; so that now Cyril was the very next in succession to the aged Earl, who was said to be much shaken at the failure of his own line. However, the generous-hearted old man sent "Mr. Cyril Grosvenor" the kind and pathetic message, that he considered him as his "only surviving son." Cyril felt that though the excellent old nobleman might be fast tottering into eternity, his heart was fresh and sound as ever, and full of Christian love; so Cyril wrote him a few feeling lines, full of such sentiments as did honor to both the head and the heart of the writer.

Cyril also wrote briefly to his old guardians, telling them that their next communication had best be addressed to him at the Cape of Good Hope, as he expected to call there on his outward travels.

There was now nothing with which Cyril could any longer pretend to employ himself, so as to keep himself from thinking of the dreadful decision to which he stood committed. Shall he go, *or not*? Is there any use in pausing? Can time bring any change for the better? Is his fate to be this, *no Jessie*, for ever and ever?

Is there anything suicidal to his hopes, in his setting out at once on a course of those distant explorations, for which he now feels little heart? Is there anything precipitate in his thus shutting the door of hope, with his own hand, as regards *Jessie*; and starting off on such a vast indefinite

voyage? The sole reply which he had to render to himself was the ruthless negative, which made him shudder with the presentiment of many a future pang.

Cyril saw and felt that if for instance he were to go back to such a question as the one which it would have been better for him to have known at the time, whether the ladies had brought a carriage with them; this might very probably be still solved by a second enquiry at the steamer: but, this would be purposeless, since he already had practically exhausted the very problem, by his having hunted down the only two carriages which went, neither of which was what he sought. This then would make the ladies have certainly gone like the mass of private passengers; and he had abundantly settled the point that such rovers left no trace behind them. To go over the same ground again, would indeed be "Love's Labour Lost." Equally, the doubt whether the packet had taken Jessie on to Dover, might no doubt still be rectified; yet, the point, when ascertained, could only be brought to bear, at Dover, on the very scrutiny which he had just seen must be as abortive everywhere else as it was at Folkestone. And there would now be the additional interval of time, to make any slight remembrance be utterly effaced. There was also the Captain of the steamer, who might be interrogated; but, Cyril had been positively told that the Captain could not possibly know anything: and the violence of the storm would have kept him too busy to be inquisitive about "women-

passengers." There was also the station-master, at Dover or Folkestone or both; but such "responsible" personages are generally much too ridiculously pompous to be supposed capable of interesting themselves about any attributes of quiet-going individuals. Or, might not Cyril, by dint of hammering at the point, light on some clue which had not yet been thought of? There was the London terminus. There was——

But, after all, what probability was there, of the least ray of light appearing anywhere? And, alas! and again alas! what object would there be, in following the trembling Jessie, who had designedly fled from him? Her flight was not like that of Virgil's nymph ("fugit ad salices") who scuds to the willows, and wishes herself first to be seen; this retreat is as deliberate as it is impenetrable.

Perhaps indeed Cyril might have been induced to embark on one more attempt, as a final effort, to discover Jessie, only for the advertisements which (we know) he had caused to be inserted, and which he imagined might eventually bring him some intelligence; we have seen, this was not to be the case: but the general consciousness of his having taken such a precaution as to make his public appeal to the ladies, left on his mind the deadening conviction that he *had done* all that could be done.

Nothing seemed more decisive to him, than the mere length of time which had elapsed. The fire occurred on Tuesday night last; next morning the ladies departed: whereas here was now almost

Saturday morning, without any word or endeavor to revive matters with him. Why could he not trace *them*? Because they had withdrawn so noiselessly. But *he* had not been noiseless; he had made a regular row and racket, in striving to regain them. So, if they had sent anyone, or written and commissioned anybody, or telegraphed to any person, even to any house-agent, or innkeeper, or bookseller, or clergyman, or pew-opener, or lawyer's clerk, or policeman, at random to make enquiries; any such person could instantly find *him*, even without his name being known, because of the stir which he had made, and the notoriety of his searches, with a lavish expenditure of money, not only up and down so idle and gossiping and mind-*other-people's* business a place as Boulogne, but also in the steamer, at Folkestone, at Dover, and on the rail. If anyone had chosen to ask, "Has any gentleman been enquiring about lady passengers?" the response would be a vociferous "O, dear, yes!!"

And the time has been abundant for the like, if it was ever to be. But, there has been none of the like; nor is it meant that there ever should be.

Supposing for example that the milliner's circular was sent him by mistake; that mistake must have been perceived before now: and at once, if there was the least desire to preserve any friendship with him, there would be sure to have been some one sent, or some means taken, to find him out, and to put the matter on a less distressing footing.

While he was thus again and again reconsidering

the state of things in all its bearings, Cyril came to the conclusion that the only part of the misadventure which had any chance of being remediable, was his having failed to compare notes with the Marchioness.

Though her ladyship may or may not be wheezy as well as venerable, nevertheless it now struck Cyril that it is very usual for such ancient dames and dowagers to be very observant and penetrating about passing personages and fellow-tourists. And even the very storm itself might have kept her more alive, and alarmed, and watchful, than otherwise. She would be all the more likely to notice any who were distinguished-looking, or at all of her own order.

Cyril indeed felt that even if her ladyship could cast light on the subject, no real good was likely to come of it, since Jessie herself would not be the least more favorable to him; and yet, it would be a melancholy satisfaction, to his aroused curiosity.

The best course would be for him to throw himself on the good-nature of the lovely and lively Mrs. Fitzherbert, who he knew was most ardently attached to her husband; and Cyril, with his favorite theory, argued that where such genuine "Love" was enthroned, there must be a mine of kindness of heart.

Accordingly Cyril indited an earnest appeal to Mrs. Fitzherbert. He told her how he trusted that "yourself and the Major will not consider my intimacy with you too slight, to justify me in seeking

to consult you on a point which now is most acutely disquieting to myself. I am conscious that there is much that might be called ludicrous in my position; and I know you enjoy a bit of merriment, as I do myself: but I am sure you will not laugh at me, when you find how painfully circumstanced I am. I am certain you have a feeling heart; and as I have now no sister (I had one once), would you on this one occasion let me ask you to *be* one to me?

“When I saw you at the door the other day, you asked me to come in and see the Marchioness; and I now regret I did not do so, though at the time I was too much chagrined at my concatenated disappointments, to know well what I should do or say. I was too much taken aback, to be able to act like a reasonable being. And also (if I must confess the whole truth) I shrank from the unmerciful quizzing which I might seem to deserve at almost anyone’s hands. I then hinted to you that there might be ‘some fair damsel’ in the case; and though this was said with the forced jocosity of an evasive reply, still it is the real fact.

“Do you remember when yourself and the Major came up, while I was with two ladies on the cliff at Boulogne? I fear you hardly observed them then.

“But I think you will at once recognize them when I remind you of the beautiful girl who sat the other side of me from you, at the concert; for, I recollect, you asked me about them. I had met them twice before; each time under circumstances

which made a brief acquaintance seem equal to a long one. You will have perceived that my heart has become unalterably devoted to the beauteous girl; and I saw her on two occasions afterwards, I mean, subsequent to the concert. On one occasion, I was able to be of service to her, when she happened to be where she was exposed, if not to danger, at least to discomfort. On the other occasion, I was able to save her from a dreadful death, that of being burnt alive in her bed, from which she was rescued alone by me. The accompaniments also of my saving her, were such, as you may imagine, that if my love was warm before, it was rendered tenfold more impassioned by my being brought into such thrilling contact with one so tender, so gentle, so pure.

“I had previously let her know that I loved her; and she evidently understood me: though she seemed to be alarmed at the thought: she is very young: and I feel convinced she is not engaged to anyone else. She did not say anything to indicate a repulse; she was in fact quite silent: and there *were* some circumstances at the fire which I might almost interpret as if she felt some degree of fondness for me. Yet both ladies went away next morning in the steamer, without communicating with me in the least! By a strange fatality, I do not know their names, nor who they are, nor where they live, nor anything; I merely was told that the younger lady was ‘Mademoiselle Epineville,’ but I am afraid to trust much to even that solitary

fact, my informant was so strange and untrustworthy. And yet I did observe the surname initial E, on a handkerchief she had. Nor did she know where I was stopping, nor even what my name is ; except that by some inscrutable means the dear girl knows my Christian name. I am convinced she was sorry to leave me in that abrupt manner ; for then it was that Jessie (I have given her that name) mentioned, in a whisper, with difficulty, and with *tears*, that my name began with 'Cyril,' and that this was all she knew ! She said this to the messenger (a very unfortunate one, a drunken poet, with a short memory) who it seems was the only person available, and to whom the elder lady (who I have fancied was Jessie's aunt) gave a letter for me ; telling him to say she *had* to leave in great haste. But this letter turned out to be a mere nonsensical printed paper, a sheer mistake ; the wrong letter having been handed to him in the hurry. I should despise myself to think it was designed ; and yet I confess it might logically be so : there even is more reason to think it than the reverse. Was it an honor-saving way of getting rid of me ? It looks like it ! Still, I have acted, most vigorously, as if the ladies' sudden departure was merely owing to some imperative exigency, and as if my getting the wrong letter was a simple (though fatal) accident ; but, I have been utterly foiled. I have sought throughout Boulogne, through hotels, lodging-houses, everywhere, till I must be a byword for lovesick inquisition ; I have tried the telegraph : I

have tried advertisements : I have tried everything that could be thought of : I have labored to trace the ladies from the steamer, on the rail, and elsewhere. But all has been in vain ; there is no vestige of them, nor any clue by which to follow them up : and you yourself were witness to my last mischance, when I was pursuing the Dowager in mistake for Jessie.

“ You cannot conceive the wretchedness into which all this has plunged me. On the whole, I fear that, even if I found ‘ Jessie,’ she would reject me ; still, *that* would be less intolerable than my present state of doubting whether I am discarded or not. Anything would be better than my having now to extract a sentence of rejection from the bare and blank cessation of intercourse.

“ Would you then be so very kind as to enter into my feelings, and tell me what is your impression of the case as I describe it ?

“ I would ask you also to speak to the Marchioness, for, she most certainly went to England in the same vessel with the ladies in question. I feel convinced they are persons of rank and station. Did the Marchioness notice them ? They were almost the last to descend into the cabin, although they had slept in the steamer. The elder lady wore an aigrette, and was very handsome ; the younger was more lovely than words can describe. Did the Dowager’s servants chance to notice them, or to hear who they were ? The ladies had two servants, a man in livery, and a maid ;

the man was somewhat lame, from a fall. This is all the light I am able to throw on the matter.

"Does anything strike your clear and brilliant mind? It is my last hope. *Do* feel for me, *do help me*; since you are very happy, and I am very miserable."

Mrs. Fitzherbert's beautiful eyes filled with tears, when eventually she came to read this. Her kind woman's heart was thoroughly touched; and she determined to do all for Cyril she could. And, what a beautiful clever young married woman of rank and personal influence can do, is not a little; if I really wanted aid, I would rather be supported by Mrs. Fitzherbert than by the Prime Minister and two or three dukes. We have yet to see how little it unavoidably was she did. Nevertheless, it had its influence, because *love is never lost*.

We have only now to add that Cyril subjoined a postscript to tell her that he was on the very point of starting on a far and extended tour, and that he would ask her to address her reply to him at the Cape of Good Hope.

This very fact, of his starting soon on his journey, though he asked for a reply, told how small hopes he had; though of course he could return, if good news reached him.

It was now three o'clock of the Saturday morning, and *despair* resumed its full possession of Cyril's soul, as he paced up and down his room. He exemplified what I have often noticed, but never saw described, that when a man is walking or

standing or sitting, he uses the masculine power of Reasoning, which is cold and calculating, and therefore it tends to despondency; because the voice of rebel man is, All these things are against me. But, when a man lies down, his recumbent posture seems to bring with it the feminine power of instinct or Intuition, which is warm and hopeful, like woman's blissful bosom.

Of the two, the female gift of Intuition is superior to man's arguing aptitude; because, while the daring disquisitions of a demon might well be called sceptical Ratiocination: the intelligence of the Deity, as far as we can reverently conceive it, would not be any process of Reasoning, but must be sheer intuitive knowledge. We may usually make Instinct the faculty of brutes, and we may consider reason as the distinguishing boast of man; but if we discriminate Instinct and Intuition from Reason as reasoning or arguing, the latter is the inferior property, and a legacy of the Fall. And, what Christians look forward to, is, not to reason or argue in the dark, not to dispute dialectically, or to "chop logic" in Heaven, but, to "know" even as also we are known. Hence I prefer woman's insight before man's tortuous reasoning; and I fancy it is one of the great advantages of possessing woman's love, that a man then gains a "help" so "meet for him," one who may correct his fumbling argumentations by her clear and instinctive perception. I know not why it is that man when erect uses reasoning, but when recumbent resorts to in-

stinct; perhaps it is to remind him that woman is his natural companion. I only know that man when lying down, is much more hopeful than when standing proud aloft amid the fogs of his own syllogistic conceits.

Perhaps it was some slight consciousness of this, that made Cyril, though he had resolved not to retire to bed, at last wrap himself in a rug, and cast himself on a sofa, perhaps to drop into a feverish sleep. At once he was able to fling away all other thoughts, and to feast his memory on his sweet Jessie, whether she was ever to be his or not.

He thought of the first time when he saw her on the pier; how she stood like an angel just alighted from the skies. Then he thought of the next time, when he met her on the hill, at Caligula's Tower, when she put in his hand, *her hand*, as fresh and tender as her own pure heart. And then he recurred fondly to all the sustained and delicious converse that he had with her at the concert, where he noticed the wondrous brilliance of her features, and where her bright young soul seemed to leap forward to twine her thoughts with his. And if she shrank back, when he took her hand and let her see his love, he only blessed the young maiden for her timorous innocence. Then he thought of his meeting her at the bridge; and, if, as he had discovered, she had been forced to move from one house to another at the very time, she might well hurry away and not wait for him, when they got parted: possibly it was she who thought *he* was remiss and

ungallant in leaving *her*. And then, at the fire; he had saved her: he had touched her hair: he had thrice kissed her unconscious cheek, and O, the "white pillar!" he must not think of *that*! it is too glorious, too entrancing. But, she *did* lean her head down on his shoulder, of her own accord; and she did fold her glowing arms closely round his neck. Is it possible, that it really is the fact that the whole weight of her faultless form hung upon *her own clinging arms*, as they were locked around his neck? And if she, alas, went next morning away from him, still the storm might show there was some extraneous necessity; and she *did* feel emotion in articulating his name Cyril: yes, and the hapless situation did wring tears from her lustrous eyes. "Dearest, dearest, loveliest Jessie, I can only wish ten thousand blessings on your young bright head!"

Suchlike were Cyril's thoughts; and here I would only point out how elevating is the influence of such true love, even when it cannot escape for more than the moment from the sable shroud of despair. Were we to stop to anatomize Cyril's mind, we should see that the action of *love* was everyway beneficent, and that it helped to deliver him from the most besetting obliquities of mankind. One of the most prominent and common of human frailties is selfishness, which has everything that is rude rapacious and unfeeling in its train. But, Cyril's own highest and dearest wishes were willingly set aside, in obedience to another's supposed desire; let him but be certain that Jessie wished

him to leave her, and to *her* decree he would submit : his own predilections were ready to be put quite in abeyance, if her heart decided against him. Here was Self quelled by Love. What also is more common and more vile than anger, with all its allied evils of vengeance and retaliation ? Well, Jessie might according to appearances be said to have injured or outraged Cyril ; many a deadly feud rests on less visible provocation. Say that she had (seemingly) treated him badly. But, he felt towards her, no wrath, nor even irritation ; not a curse, but a blessing, was his response to her every act. Thus Anger succumbs to Love. Again, how usual and how baneful is misconstruction, with all the mean passions of slander defamation and detraction. But, so far from his being apt to take an evil estimate of Jessie's conduct, his first impulse was to resort to the most generous interpretation ; and all because of love ! What is more unmanly than impatience ? But Cyril would bear any burden Jessie might lay on him, and he looked forward to a life of enduring sorrow. And no less, if perseverance be a virtue ; here was Cyril inspired by love to bear all, and go on, calmly and meekly and resolutely, to the last. Above all, the very feeling of love itself, is intrinsically good ; because in the act of one soul being devoted to another, we behold that which is in itself pure, generous, sublime !

Look at Cyril, as loving Jessie ; and, every emotion which love educes is seen to be noble, amiable, and good.

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE.

“ Life is a sea ; how fair its face,
How smooth its dimpling waters pace,
 Its canopy how pure !
But rocks below, and tempests sleep,
Insidious, o’er the glassy deep,
 Nor leave an hour secure.”

DR. MASON GOOD.

BETWEEN seven and eight on Saturday morning, Cyril was roused from his fitful slumber, by a seaman, who came to announce to him that breakfast would be ready in the yacht in ten minutes. So Cyril merely plunged his face in some cold water, and went with the seaman, who was no other than the merry Teddy. Teddy had cast off his “long-shore-slops,” and was rigged out in a sailor’s most picturesque costume.

The tidings of the yacht’s arrival had been duly brought for Mr. Grosvenor, and received by Teddy, who at once removed all Cyril’s belongings to the vessel, without waking him, as the thoughtful Teddy perceived that he was wearied and distressed. So Teddy had gone on board the ‘Amaranth,’ and reported himself to George, telling him that Mr. Cyril

had better get all the sleep he could before breakfast; "because," said Teddy, "he does not look well, at all at all: indade, its afeard I am, that some of those tiresome ladies have been circumventing him, bad scram to them: and now, by the powers, I'm after thinking, it would have been a good job for young jintlemen, if ladies had never been invented."

George rather winced at this, and was a little nettled at his man Friday's remark, as he felt it was meant for himself as much as for Cyril; so he had (as sometimes) a bit of sparring with him, and "unburthen'd his heart" of some of its "grievous load," by retaliating a little on Teddy, and telling him, it was all very well for him to talk of the tiresome ladies, but one of them would one day serve him out, by fascinating him, "and then we shall have Teddy in love, ho, ho. But, before that day, we must find your name, because it would never do to marry you to a girl who could not 'change her name' to yours, as you have none; besides how could the banns or licence be got, or how could you sign the register? It would be better to marry on one leg, than on only one name. Fancy it being announced for the first of April, '*Teddy*, to Miss Black-eyed Susan, daughter of Tom Tough, Esq., with a large fortune and expectations.'"

George said this to draw him out; nor was Teddy slow to reply to him.

"I do not see that, at all, your honor; for, suppose I should turn out to be Earl of the Bog of Allen, then I should be simply, Teddy, earl of the Bog, bad

luck to it: or who knows but I may be Teddy, prince of Coolavín: "Teddy" and my title would be all I should want. What else does the Queen do? She does not use her surname, Guelph; so, she is Victoria, *and I am Teddy*. And I only hope both Mr. Cyril and your honor will come to be royal or noble like me, George Cyril and Teddy!! However it is to be, I trust Mr. Cyril will pick up strength by a cruise, since, thanks to the women, he looks sadly pasty and washy at present, *just like your honor*."

"Well, go," said George, "and tell him that breakfast will be ready in ten minutes."

So away went Teddy, leaving George to wonder what love adventure the hitherto invulnerable Cyril had fallen into; and he decided not to ask him anything about it, but to wait and see what he would say.

When Cyril arrived, George gave him a very cordial greeting, bidding him "Welcome to the 'Amaranth,' " with more than fraternal warmth.

Each of them could perceive at a glance that something was wrong, in the case of the other. Cyril alone felt his way clear to enquire; so he asked, with a tone anticipant of bad news, "Is it decided?" to which George replied, "All is over, about Edith."

Cyril felt that he was himself in one sense guilty of George's entanglement, inasmuch as George had met Edith when he was on a visit with him at Grantley Court; Cyril also felt too much respect

and regard for his friend, to show he was glad, or to arraign his taste by ridiculing Edith or disparaging her, or running her down. Still, he must say something to the point; and therefore he merely expressed a fear that she was not of a sympathetic "temperament," and the result would be, "you, George, could not have been happy with her, because although she was very handsome [so she was], her mind was not of a responsive texture."

This vague yet sufficient criticism suited George's hurt feelings, and enabled him to assume a little of the tone which I once heard taken up by a handsome but poor young scapegrace (J.W.), whom I remember to have heard declaring gaily, that, when he was refused by a mercenary girl, she "only showed her bad taste." So George broke out, and gave vent to his opinions, more than he had intended to do, averring, that it was something more than want of sympathy for which Edith was conspicuous; it was, downright selfishness, and heartless effrontery.

It seems, George saw her, and soon found that such a plan as that which he had intended to suggest to her, namely, that the matter should stand open for two years, was precisely what she would have liked to arrange; for, with the same sort of hesitancy with which she might waver between roast or boiled mutton, she manifested with almost praiseworthy candor, that she was undecided between George and Sir Toby: George as a man was much the nicer, but Sir Toby was much the cosier

eater. Quite openly, she gave George to understand that Sir Toby Lumper was paying her some attentions, and consequently she must hold herself so far disengaged; but if, after an indefinite time, she was not my Lady Lumper, then she would be willing to be Mrs. George Thornton. She thus showed that George was merely to be an alternative dish; and in the most barefaced way she evinced her desire to have a separate establishment, so that a suspicious person might have thought she wished to retain some improper acquaintance. But, it was only her illicit eating which she sought to shroud; her only *cicisbeo* was her favorite case of knife and fork and spoon, which had been prophetically given her at her birth, and had been her faithful auxiliary ever since. Thus she should have liked to have obtained as much of the privileges of a wife as she cared for, without according to George that best part of matrimony, the companionship and loving oneness of a sweet and gentle woman. In short, she indicated, almost bluntly, the real fact, that she thought only about herself, and consulted exclusively her own tastes and lusts and comforts; and as for any love or real regard for George, it was quite out of the question. George became so thoroughly disgusted, he felt as if he had been brought near to some great white selfish sow, rather than a real *female woman*.

George was driven to perceive that such glaring and staring selfishness was too much for him. He could bear a good deal from any pretty girl, and most of all from one he loved; but this exhibition

of her real disposition extinguished the love itself. Hence, in a few tolerably set terms, he rated her for her gross want of feeling, and lack of all decency ; and so he bade her an eternal farewell.

As to Edith the Eater, I may state my decided belief that Sir Toby will never propose, but will remain always, what he is already, an old bachelor ; and that she will grow into a fat old maid, eating and drinking herself into a dropsy : nor is it likely that her pampered carnality will see more years than forty-two. If so, it is to be hoped that her case of knife and fork and spoon may be buried with her, and that no more such Ediths may be seen.

Cyril felt that his friend had a happy deliverance from her, and George seemed to feel this also himself ; but lest the consciousness should be too oppressive and humiliating, Cyril changed the subject to the new decorations of the cabin, in which they were at breakfast. The cabin was large and roomy, and was sumptuous in the extreme ; (the yacht being a very magnificent one, with large and lofty spars, and manned with a good many hands). There were beautiful chaste pictures let into panels round the saloon ; and altogether Cyril praised the arrangements as the most exquisite he could conceive. Cyril spoke of the yacht as George's best love, and suggested whether *she* was not as beautiful and joyous a spouse as he could possess ? And with a sickly smile, poor Cyril added,—

“I myself have also suffered a very severe dis-

appointment lately ; as the girl I loved, Jessie, has very summarily discarded me, nor shall I soon get over it : but the matter is so painful to me, I shall not now enter into it. Is it not however strange, that we both should be turning our backs on England, and going to distant lands, having both of us been wounded to the heart by those we loved ? ”

George seemed to forget his own sorrows, in feeling for Cyril ; but he would not say much, nor probe him with questions, as he saw Cyril's agony was more than his own.

Cyril felt and esteemed the delicacy of George's reticence ; and Cyril asked him about the movements of his family. It seems, the General and his wife were about starting, or had already started, overland, for India ; and George said that his father took his whole party with him.

While George was saying this, Cyril perceived that not only had the “ Cabanas ” mystery of his dear friend Thornton been utterly unknown to him till very lately, but also now there was something else, perhaps still more painful, which he had yet to learn. For, while George was describing the other members of his family, who, he said, came from Dresden by way of Ostend to England, he spoke of one of them as “ Mrs. Maude.” Cyril did not at first perceive the look of annoyance or vexation which George exhibited, after he had mentioned this ; had Cyril noticed it, he would have gathered that it was an unpleasant topic into which he had best not pry, as it had been alluded to now quite

inadvertently : nor would George have mentioned the name, only that it slipped out by accident. Not having however observed George's confusion (as he had blushed scarlet with shame), Cyril said quietly, with an enquiring tone,—

“Mrs. Maude?”

To which George replied,—

“O, yes, my sister;” and, discerning that Cyril now saw his embarrassment, George remarked, as if in defence of her, “I quite look up to her.”

Cyril was surprised and pained; for, he could see there was some deep cause of grief. Cyril had not known that George had any sister at all, or, if he had ever heard of it, he had forgotten it; he knew George had no brother, for often he had heard him say so, telling Cyril also that he was better than a brother. But Cyril was astonished to learn that George had a married sister, older than himself, to whom he looked up, and whose part he evidently took in her troubles. By George's manner, it would appear that she was not a widow, but one parted from her husband, Mr. Maude, under very distressing circumstances, which made George look so ashamed; and yet, as usual in such cases, the fault was not so much with her, as on the side of the husband from whom she had to part: and therefore George, as a gallant good brother, would defend his sister's character, against her husband: although the whole subject was one fraught with shame and vexation.

Cyril felt that perhaps in time he should learn all about it; but in the meanwhile, the theme of

Mrs. Maude must be avoided. So Cyril merely enquired,—

“Have you any other sister?”

To which George replied, “No.”

And then, to get out of the unpleasantness, Cyril proposed that they should step on deck, and examine the armament of the yacht. The vessel used not to carry more than four small brass swivel guns, mere ornamental little popguns, throwing a two-pound shot, and handy to practise at porpoises or sharks or solan geese. But quite lately these had been removed, because of some of the eastern seas, which it might be pleasant to visit, being said to be infested with sanguinary pirates. Hence the yacht was now very formidably armed, although the cannon were only three in number, but they were as much as the yacht could bear; and after Cyril had inspected them, they were to be deposited in the hold, as so much ballast, because probably there could be no use for them till the East was reached. Two of them were long twelve-pounders, beautiful guns, richly chased, with percussion locks; the guns were made of cast steel, both rifled, and muzzle-loaders. But the third was the pride of all on board; it was a grand Whitworth breech-loading thirty-two pounder; and it alone with shell would be a match for a whole fleet of Malayan proas or Chinese junks. The accuracy of the aim which this pivot gun provided, and how objects three thousand yards off could be infallibly struck, formed the proud descant of the whole crew.

Cyril was glad to renew his acquaintance with Mr. Tyne, or as he was now called, Captain Tyne. The reader may remember we described that the experienced mariner who had charge of the 'Amaranth,' was called Tom Tyne by some, and Mr. Tyne by others; but this was only on shore: when afloat he was "Captain" Tyne: nor did George ever interfere with him, except in matters which did not relate to seamanship. George often joked, and said that as he himself was a latent superior power, he supposed he must be an admiral, Admiral George, or Admiral Petto.

Tom Tyne had been a quartermaster in a man-of-war, but his education was greatly above what is usual in that station, and as he was always reading and studying whenever he had any spare time, his mind was continually improving, and getting stored with fresh information. He particularly applied himself to the science of his profession, and all those important calculations and observations which many take secondhand, he worked out for himself, endeavoring to arrive at the reason for every fact of science that he came across. Hence he was a highly efficient seaman, and most competent to take command of the stately yacht.

There is a difficulty often which persons in George's position have to encounter, in scarcely knowing how to treat in social matters such a man as Captain Tyne, who was not by birth a gentleman, but yet must be treated like a superior person, as he was. George solved the difficulty very happily,

by assigning a separate state cabin to Captain Tyne, who there could enjoy his favorite books, and could indulge in fond dreams for the future good of his little daughter. Cyril asked him about her; and the loving father said she was now twelve years old, and he had her at a good school at Weymouth, kept by the widow of a clergyman, who did all she could to make up to his daughter Mary for the good mother she had lost. Mr. Tyne's ideas about schools were sensible and practical; he said,—

“Suppose you wish to send a boy or girl to a large school, you must brave the danger of pollution, if you want to make the young person worldly-wise and able to ‘rough it’ through life. But when some large schools hold out among their attractions, that the comforts of home are to be enjoyed by the scholars; this is little better than practising a deception, since no large school could ever offer home influences. Now, all he wanted his girl to be, was to be a gentle intelligent Christian, with purity of mind as the choicest consideration. This could be attained at such a school as his little Mary was at, since there were only six pupils, and the mistress was always with them, tenderly caring for them almost as if they were her own.”

Cyril found that Teddy had installed the dog Floss in very comfortable quarters; and indeed Floss was a sea-dog, and was fond of a good sail. Floss had known what it was to be mast-headed; and Floss was able to do what I know not if any other dog could accomplish, and that was, to go up

the rigging of a large ship, and get with help through "lubber's hole" to the main-top: though he could not come down again of himself, *why* I know not, and yet indeed I do not see why any better reason need be sought, for this or the like, than that it could not be done.

Teddy was fussing himself about getting the berth ready for Floss; and Cyril took the opportunity to say to him,—

"So, I find, Teddy, you managed to scrape acquaintance with my friends, Major and Mrs. Fitzherbert, while I took that run over to England."

Teddy replied, that it was their noticing the dog, which brought them to accost him.

What Cyril wanted to discover, was, why, when he had said to the Fitzherberts that no nice girl would ever take compassion on such a hapless old bachelor as himself, the Major had seemed to intimate that Teddy had revealed to him that a somewhat different story could be told. But it seems this was owing merely to one of those cross-purposes which make gossip often so racily contradictory; for, the Fitzherberts did not know Teddy's position as a retainer of George's, and of course they assumed that he was Cyril's confidential servant. So, when Teddy and the Major as well as Mrs. Fitzherbert had a good deal of merry sparring together, she asked him, "When is your master going to get married?" To which Teddy, with the usual Irish leakage or squeezability, responded, "I fear he is going about it now." This was said of George, but

the Fitzherberts of course interpreted it of Cyril.

This amused Cyril, as a good specimen of how stories are got up. However, now as Cyril turned to rejoin George, he felt rather glad of the mistake, since the idea of his being attached to some fair girl would thus not have been so new to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and therefore perhaps she would both be more ready to believe his tale, and also more apt to exert herself to discover Jessie if possible.

It was now ten o'clock of Saturday morning, and the wind was a delicious breeze, the sun was shining, the tide was full, the yacht was in perfect trim, and all was absolutely ready, to make the first start, for the long cruise. George and Captain Tyne and Teddy and all the seamen panted to be dancing along on the open sea. In all such "domestic" things as whether they should start or not, Captain Tyne took his commands from George.

But now, as it was Cyril who had (as it were) planned the 'Amaranth's' voyage, George wished to pay his friend a compliment, and to signalize Cyril's interest in the projected trip, before all on board; so it was "Admiral" Cyril who was to give the word to cast off the moorings, and launch forth.

The idea of now doing so, brought back a good deal of Cyril's cold qualm, as if he were thus perhaps murdering all hope of ever seeing or hearing of Jessie.

Yet, how weak and maundering and irrational would it be for him to pause now, when all eyes

were looking for *him* to give the signal, that they might start on the very voyage which he himself had planned! Could he suggest that George and the crew would perhaps like to stop a day or two, to inspect the beauties of Boulogne? But George knew the place well already; and all the crew would rather take advantage of the favorable tide and wind, than anything else. True, if Cyril merely suggested the like, they would understand that he wished to delay, and George would postpone the start till Cyril's inclinations accorded. But, he asked himself, wherefore should he disappoint his friend George and all his crew, because of baseless hopes, which he had already established to be nugatory? Or, should he, playfully, gain a day's delay, till to-morrow at least, by appealing to the sea-going superstition, that "a Sunday's sail will never fail"? No. Cyril could not disguise from himself that he individually would rather halt a few days; and nevertheless, he could see no tangible ground or excuse whatsoever, why he should now stultify the purposes of himself and everybody else around him. More than all, the movements of General Sir William Thornton exacted great despatch and expedition on the part of all connected with him; and Cyril knew that it was a great point with both George and his father, that they should meet as soon as possible, out in the East: and indeed it was natural that there should be anxieties on both sides, where there was so immense a voyage to be undertaken by a vessel

which, though large as a "yacht," was small for such ocean service. But by going overland, the General would get out in six weeks or two months; whereas the 'Amaranth' could not be expected to accomplish her career in less than four months. Thus the family would arrive before George, and would be nervously looking out for him.

Wherefore it would be the most thoughtless and selfish disregard of all his friend's paramount objects, were he now, because of any vain amatory prognostications, to keep George back from going forth to join his kindred, or even for an hour to retard him.

All this was rapidly revolved in Cyril's capacious mind; and the pause luckily seemed only as if he had sought to give more solemnity to the setting out. So, with some degree of form, and expressing a hope (baring his head) that God would bless their enterprise, he gave the expected word, to go forth upon the sea.

The crew, who were in high spirits, gave a regular British cheer, to inaugurate the outset of their journey on the waters; and there was an answering cheer from the loungers and idlers and watermen on the quay, since the report of some "mad" young English gentlemen going to sail in their own yacht "slap off" to the East Indies, had caused some little commotion among THE PORERS, which is the name I give to the rather unintellectual individuals who only live to pore and stare agape, and who are always hanging about the herring-scented fringes of the *Pore* or Port.

Thus the yacht passed forth, in all her beauty, walking the waters "like a thing of life;" and soon it had passed the end of the pier, at which Cyril, with the still choking sensation, gave a wistful glance, as if marking how he could hope still for some sign of Jessie, and showing how terrible a wrench it was for him to part for ever from her he loved.

But France made him no sign, to keep him on her side; so, forth he went, and soon he was far away from all the scenes which in his mind were ever to be indelibly associated with Jessie, and which caused him to give her the title of "Jessie of Boulogne."

But let us look at what was taking place in London, previously, on yesterday afternoon, in a spacious and noble drawing-room in Portman Square. Two ladies are there, in sweet and fond discourse, seeming to be looking over letters, and to be making selections, some to be preserved, and some to be destroyed. One, wearing the aigrette, we recognize at once; and the other, Jessie herself, looks more beautiful than ever, there being a brilliance and joyousness, as if the rainbow of blissful hope, cast over her enchanting features.

In the very sumptuous room, there were many handsome things; but the gem of the whole was the grand girl herself. O, it was truly a glorious sight, to see Jessie in her own home, as now in her happiness she moved about, so lithe and supple in

every movement, with such utter grace of attitude and gesture, such splendid hair, such wondrous features, such beauteous eyes, and with her distinguishing glitter of intellect like the halo of heaven over her whole presence; and then came the snatches of some sweet song: *she seemed all one pure abandon of youth, of beauty, and of joy.*

The taller lady asks,—

“Do you think he will follow us, and come and see us?”

To which Jessie replies,—

“I trust so; yes, he *will*!” while a flush of bashful pleasure mantles to her very brow.

“But, you must not, dearest,” said the other, “fill yourself up with the idea; because perhaps it may not be.”

“Then he will have concluded that we are everything that is heartless and ungrateful.”

“No, but how strange it is that he could not before have known who we were, nor do we now know anything about who he is.”

At this, there was something partly guilty, in Jessie’s ready blush, as if *she* knew some little about Cyril.

She was silent, and the next question was,—

“Do you think he has got my note?”

“Yes,” said Jessie warmly, from her sanguine and guileless heart, “I think he must have received it; because, he could not have gone away from Boulogne: and he would be sure in the course of the day to come to see after us: and then the

messenger, who knew him by sight, would be certain to descry him, and give him your letter."

"But do you think our messenger was reliable? for, all turns on that."

"I hope he was; for, though eccentric, he seemed to have some feeling and some education, and he professed much gratitude and devotion towards us."

"Well, let us hope it may be so; and yet I feel uneasy about it. However, now we have finished those packets of letters, we have only our desks and bags to look over, sorting as we go on."

Both ladies then set to work at the task; and the last receptacle examined was the one most used and the latest filled, the hand-bag, or leathern case, which was carried on the arm, during journeys. It contained divers letters and bills and papers of all sorts. The contents were turned out on the table, and scrutinized. Among the rest, was one, which Jessie took hold of, and lifted up, saying, with alarm, "What is this?"

It was of the same shape and color as the letter which Encelade had brought to Cyril; and it was still closed, and had no direction. The only difference between it and Encelade's was, that the adhesive seal had an impressed crest with the cipher "E." This caught Jessie's eye, and she exclaimed, "It is your own!"

With consternation and dismay the envelope was opened, and *there* was the elegant note, which had been intended for Cyril, explaining so graciously how the ladies were pressed for time, and must go

on, but if he should happen to be very shortly passing through London, they should be much gratified if he would call in Portman Square, and permit them to tender to him their most grateful acknowledgments.

“What could it have been that I have given to the messenger?”

“O,” replied Jessie, “do you not remember that when you made a purchase at Madame Delafontaine’s or some such name, she had on the counter a basket quite full of just such looking letters, and of those circulars she handed one to you with her bill, and you put both in your bag?”

“Alas, yes; that must have been it!”

The grief and concern of both ladies was intense; but Jessie’s anguish was terrible to behold. Lovely even in agony though she was, now her face seemed deathlike; her eyes were fixed, her hands were clasped, and altogether she looked like some marble victim either of remorse or of despair. Nor was the pang mitigated when she listened to the natural remark,—

“O, that messenger of mine will have forgotten everything, even the word Epineville, and all; and what must the gentleman think, for us to pass away so abruptly, not only giving him no thanks for such services, but actually sending him a milliner’s circular, which he can only interpret as an intentional insult!”

Hearing this, and feeling how lamentably true it was, poor Jessie burst into a passion of tears;

which could not be moderated even by her being told, "My poor darling, I fear you love him?" To which, Jessie, almost perishing with agitation, replied,—

"O, I do; I love him from my whole soul: and now I shall never be happy again, now that he is lost and alienated for ever."

"Do not be so distressed, dearest; I will think what can be done."

But Jessie, with emotion scarce permitting her to articulate her words, exclaimed,—

"O, and his name is Cyril; I saw it on the collar of his dog, Floss: I could see no more: nor shall I ever be able to thank *him* who saved my life!"

"Do not despair, thus, dearest. His name is *Cyril*? How strange!"

At once the confidential man-servant (Peters) was summoned; and without explaining Jessie's feelings, enough was said to make him see what a painful misadventure had occurred, small in itself, yet involving consequences that might embitter years of life. The man had been in the family from a boy, and was ardently faithful; so, when he understood that the honor of the house was concerned in discovering the gentleman who had saved his young mistress, he resolved to do all that man could perform. He also knew Cyril a little by sight; not so well as might be supposed: because when the ladder broke with him at the fire, he was badly bruised both in the leg and in the head, and though he managed to scramble to his feet, he was

half stunned at the time: and when Cyril mounted the second ladder, it would not be easy to take such note of him as to recognize him. The fact was, that though Peters had thus rallied for a moment, he soon staggered, and fell, and became insensible, and was taken care of by some good-natured French folks; and he only revived and recovered himself in time to arrive at the drunken Englishman's house, shortly after Cyril had withdrawn from it. Thus his impressions of Cyril's appearance were slight. Nor had he much observed him at the concert. Still, Peters manfully said he thought he should know him again; and at once he set out to seek him.

He got down to Folkestone, and soon found that a gentleman had been eagerly inquiring about lady-passengers on Thursday; he went also to the ticket place, and there the same clerk (a temporary one) who had been insolent to Cyril, was still on duty, and remembered the matter enough to think he might also be saucy to Peters. But Peters, as one who was confided in by ladies of rank, thought himself quite as good as a scurvy clerk. Peters also considered himself a man of property, inasmuch as he actually had a round sum in the Three Per Cents, enough to let him hereafter buy the goodwill of a smart inn, and marry Arabella. Not having any qualms about "rubbing against a sweep," nor being afraid anent actions for assault and battery, he limped into the "horfice," and being a lusty strong fellow, he administered a thorough good

thrashing to the impudent rascal, with the cane which Peters had taken with him to lean on. My moral is here, Let every blackguard who insults a gentleman, know, that if Cyril does not serve him out, *there is always Peters coming!* The railway fellow could have roared for pain and vexation, only that he was afraid the porters and people would hear him and laugh at him; for the same reason all idea of getting Peters punished for the "assault" was soon abandoned: and it is to be hoped the caning he got, will do him good, and make him more civil for the future.

Proceeding to Boulogne, which he only reached at twelve o'clock on Saturday, Peters soon found that Cyril Grosvenor (the gentleman who had been searching so, for two ladies) had left, in the yacht, which had started two hours ago for the East Indies!

Peters, had only to hasten back, by the two o'clock boat, and get across from Folkestone to Portsmouth, where the ladies had told him he must meet them with all speed, as they were much pressed for time, and they had a journey before them on the morrow.

Thus is it often that great events depend on small ones; and thus were the two ingenuous hearts of Cyril and Jessie kept asunder by a series of small misfortunes, one "accident" supervening on another. And yet it is not till the end that we can say whether the troubles were not, in part, if not all, tending towards eventual good. At least,

the love which burned brightly in both hearts, was not diminished by time, distance, or separation.

Yes, in the meanwhile, Love was exerting its ever-beneficent operation on both their hearts; so that their souls were united, though neither knew it, while their persons were apart, with many a wave between.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMARANTH.

“Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom ; but soon for man’s offence
To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o’er Elysian flowers her amber stream.”

MILTON.

BRAVELY and gallantly the lofty yacht passed down the British Channel, spreading her snowy white wings before the brisk easterly breeze.

And as the French shore seemed rapidly to recede, both George and Cyril thought of the lines of Béranger, which he indites as if they were uttered by Mary Queen of Scots ; and indeed he borrows the idea and some of the phrases which Mary Queen of Scots herself expressed : though again it is understood that her ditty (“Adieu, plaisant pays de France,” etc.) was composed for her by a poet of the name of Querlon. However, Béranger’s lines are touching, and they taste like eating a peach, “Adieu, charmant pays de France, Que je dois tant cherir ! Berceau de mon heureuse enfance, Adieu ; te quitter, c’est mourir.”

The first part of the course, from Boulogne towards Cherbourg, was very favorable. It had been intended to run into Cherbourg, and take a look at the famous harbour which Vauban called the "Hotel of the Channel," being so convenient a sheltering place for many ships; however, it is of rather too warlike a guise to be appropriately called a Hotel, unless in the sense of a marine Barrack: (but it is not more a "menace" to England, than Portsmouth is to France.) Now, the weather was so fine, Captain Tyne advised George not to stop, but to keep right on; and thus the Cherbourg Hotel was passed without a call.

The fine weather lasted also while the elbow of France at Brittany was rounded, outside Brest; and also when the stretch across the "Bay of Biscay O," was begun. But here, the easterly breeze suddenly ceased altogether, and the atmosphere for a few minutes became dead calm. Soon however a light breeze began to spring up from the north-west, which was quite as propitious for them, since they had got well out beyond the Chops of the Channel; and by ten o'clock next morning the splendidly rapid vessel had passed over almost three hundred miles in a straight line from Boulogne: a capital stretch for the twenty-four hours. It was desired to get a good offing, out about Lat. $46^{\circ} 20'$ N., Long. $12^{\circ} 10'$ W.; so as to be able comfortably to clear the corner of Spain at Cape Finisterre, avoiding thus the whole knob of Spain and Portugal, as an ill-omened lump.

They were now by Sunday afternoon quite out of sight of land, and alone on the breast of the orbiting ocean.

Cyril felt now, during this Sabbath on the sea, how very desirable and suitable a man was Captain Tyne, one who handled his vessel with the ease and skill of consummate seamanship ; and also one who was full of high religious principle, as many old sailors are.

Captain Tyne was a man of remarkable attainments. He "knew his place," and without intruding on George or Cyril, he could, when his company was shown to be desired, offer the most interesting and also profitable conversation.

The scene was solemn, on the open deep ; and the hour was impressive, the sacred Lord's Day : and, while walking up and down the "quarterdeck" with George and Cyril, Captain Tyne turned the topic to the grandeur of God, and the majesty of His working. He pointed to the beaming sun, and the blue canopy above, and the cerulean brine beneath ; and he maintained that all was either visibly or audibly full of the ascription of Glory to the Eternal King. His idea was that all the multitude of bounding waves formed as if a chorus to magnify the mercy of the God of grace. He ever sought to give such a subject a Christian turn, by showing that there is really nothing strained or unreasonable in the idea that the same God who is so magnificent in all other departments of His action, should crown the whole by resorting to the most awfully sublime

of all imaginable expedients, when He sent His co-equal Son incarnate to assume our nature and take our place, in order to expiate all our sins upon the cross. Captain Tyne declared that though so stupendous, it was the most simple truth; and that the Saviour's Gospel was actually needed and indispensable to complete all the grand visible realities around us in Nature. "The sun, the wind, the sky, the sea, our very selves, and our God-going aspirations, are all," said he, "as if volumes on the evidences of Christianity; I could sooner doubt the sky, the ocean, and myself, than could I disbelieve the atoning Jesus."

There is something I think as beautiful as it is beneficial, when a man of courage, of professional skill, of good plain sense, and of sound sober judgment, is ready thus to stand forth on behalf of his God and his Religion, as the most important of all things; and, at a fitting season, like the present, to avow, without any cant or pretence, his reception of the Gospel, with the sheer sincerity of conviction. It is all very well for those to do so, who, being in Holy Orders, are understood to be set for the defence and confirmation of the Gospel; but the effect perhaps is even greater, when the cause of Christ is sustained by those who are not bound nor expected thus to speak, and whose testimony has thence all the potency of truth.

George was thus tempted to give *his* contribution to the conversation in the shape of expressing that he had often been struck with the fact how

the Universe is all alive with motion, and electric action. And he argued that there is an eloquence in Motion, in the symmetry of well-ordered movement; which tells its own tale of the Wisdom which has been at work. And George, with the modesty of good sense and scholarship, asked his much older comrade Captain Tyne, whether there was not something in the Word of God which seemed to intimate that the Motion of nature is one universal voice of witness to the Creator?

Captain Tyne answered in the affirmative; and it may be remarked that there were few to whom George could have better addressed such a question. As it may not be understood how this could be, we may explain that Captain Tyne had in his youth been at a classical school. His father was a small tradesman in a cathedral city, and he sent his only child Tom to the Grammar School (in the Close) which had been established by Edward the Sixth, and was free to all comers. Here Tom was making very good progress, having great natural ability, and probably would have been shaped into an attorney or curate or the like; only that his father's little business broke down, through his actual powerlessness as to getting in his outstanding accounts. A multitude of needy people owed him small sums, which in the aggregate formed a total larger than he could spare; and then a distant harpy pounced upon him, because in his distress he had been induced to sign a note of hand for a round amount, and then he was told by letter that

the note was informal, and though it was not sent back to him, he was directed to sign a second note which was enclosed: thus the harpy got two notes of hand, and gave the tradesman nothing, and then took proceedings against him on both the notes. Hence his ruin was brought about. All this was the fault of others, yet the innocent well-meaning struggling honest tradesman was by *English law* thrown into prison, which is of all courses the most silly and unjust, because, if a man cannot pay people, what is the use of placing him in jail, where he cannot either do good for himself or anyone else?

The result was that his wife died in the work-house of grief, and Tom went off and entered as a mere ship's-boy in a man-of-war, where at last by sheer good conduct he rose to be quarter-master. His father got out of confinement; and as what he had wanted was time more than anything else, and as the fee-simple of his premises was eventually to belong to him, he recovered himself a good deal, but his spirits were broken, so he turned everything into money, and soon after died, leaving all he had to his son the sailor.

Tom was thus rich; but the language and manners of his comrades seemed too coarse for him: hence he left the service, having got some prize-money: and shortly afterwards he married. Having been a good student at school, he did not easily forget all he had learned; and even when he was only a ship's-boy, he contrived to expend some of his earnings on books. One of the first of these was a

small Latin dictionary, which though very dingy, and with neither beginning nor ending, had most of the middle complete; this cost him fourpence-halfpenny at an old book-stall. A grammar, part of a Virgil, a tidy Cæsar, and some English books, he got together by degrees; and as his opportunities for reading were so rare, his progress was really wonderful: one of his best times for study was at three or four o'clock of the long summer mornings. On one occasion when the ship was cleared for action, his little "chest," with his books and all, was needlessly yet inexorably cast overboard; but this only roused him to begin again with a better collection. He usually had about him the only book he brought from home, his mother's Bible; this he saved through many a peril: and its truths were fixed in his heart. He profited much by the lessons of the "schoolmaster" or Naval Instructor of the ship; and also he gained much benefit from the kind aid of a pious chaplain, who was interested, on seeing his desire to improve himself. When his ship was once stationed for a long time at Malta, he derived great advantages from the kindness of a large-hearted gentleman (I think Watson) connected with a college in the place. He had learned the usual amount of Greek at school, Homer, Greek Testament, and so on; hence he was soon able to furbish up his Greek along with other acquirements. All his studies were (so to speak) grouped around the Word of God; and thus at length he attained a very respectable knowledge of the Scriptures in the

originals, which enabled him to be fully competent to offer as sound an opinion as many a clergyman could give, on any important biblical question.

So when George asked whether there was not much in Holy Writ on the subject of the eloquence of motion, Captain Tyne replied that there was, and he pointed out several passages which sustained this view. One thing he said, was to the effect that there is something beautifully expressive in the term which is used about the sun's standing still at the prayerful adjuration of Joshua. There is indeed at that place a recognition of the apparent motion of the sun, in the words, the sun "hasted not to go down;" this is according to the natural use of popular language. But, along with this, we have the luminous phrase, that the sun stood still; and in the original the word "still" (*dom*) expresses, not the stillness of rest, but the stillness of silence. It is still; not stationary, but "still," silent. The sun's daily motion, being only apparent, ceased; and then the sun emphatically stood silent! The Lord by His fiat stayed for a time the revolving of the earth on its axis; and thus the sun in the height of heaven stood mute, or became *dumb* or hushed. Such is the literal meaning; and it is as scientific as it is sublime. It shows us that all Motion, even apparent, has a language; "whose sounds go into all lands, and its words into the ends of the world." It is the significance of action, testifying that a great Design exists. If men will not know it, still it is there, to rebuke them.

Cyril here put in a remark, pointing out how obtuse anyone must be who could traverse the ocean and not descry that the earth is a globe. At this time, several vessels were seen; some were crossing the path of the yacht, from either side, and others were coming on in front to meet. While the ships were very far off, only the tops of the masts were visible; as they approached from each side, the masts became more and more seen, till at length the whole of the hulls could be beheld. This proves the rotundity of the earth; and the same fact appears in the case of mountains, since they are more or less visible on all sides, according as we may be more or less distant from them. The curvature of every part of the earth's surface being thus so obvious, Cyril expressed surprise how some learned heathens could have imagined the earth to be a great plain; and he contrasted such errors with the accurate views which are extant on the subject, in the ancient oracles of Scripture.

Captain Tyne responded that the essence of true astronomy is comprised in the language of the oldest of all the sacred writings, the book of Job, where it is said God "hangeth the earth upon nothing;" this might be taken as the absolute epitome of all Sir Isaac Newton's discoveries. No less, the circular form of the earth is clearly adverted to, when King Solomon in his Proverbs speaks of God as having used a "compass" at Creation; and Isaiah uses the same Hebrew word *HUG* or circle, to express that God presideth over,

or sitteth upon, "the circle of the earth." And when God is thus said to sit upon the earth's circle or orb, it is remarkable that this "circle" is supposed to be in motion, onward; for, the allusion is the same as when He is said to ride upon the triumphal chariot of the Cherubim. Thus is it shown, not only that the earth is an orb, but also that the earth moves in an orbit or circular path; while God regulates the whole: the beauteous phrase of the glorious seer or poet Isaiah is, "HE sitteth upon the circle of the earth!" what could be more expressive? Rapid as our impulse is, (in fact the velocity of the earth in its orbit is sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, or one hundred and forty times quicker than a cannon ball); still, God is present, ruling our career, charioting us through space.

Thus while Scripture often does naturally use popular language, still it does constantly recognize the most scientific truths. Nor is there anything in Scripture at variance with science. Thus when one passage was supposed to mean that the earth "never should move at any time;" the real meaning is found to be, that the earth cannot be "removed," nor displaced, by anyone else but God: thus to communicate a feeling of pious security to the faithful mind, which is all that was intended. The word also which is repeatedly used in Scripture to denote our "round world" itself, is *Tebel*, which means a globe or *ball*, rounded like a falling rain-drop, which is an oblate spheroid.

It was now time for church ; since it was the custom of the yacht to have " church " on Sundays, only once, and that in the afternoon, when all was got snug for the night, and when the hour seemed to incline towards serious thought. The occasion now was all the more solemn, since there were vast masses of cloud rising to the south and southwest, portending a stormy night. Indeed, the wind was freshening every minute. Still, " church " was held, with all due decorum.

Cyril had never officiated at one of these services ; and George very seldom did so, being shy of the duty, which was perhaps a weakness on his part. Hence the obligation devolved on Captain Tyne, who performed his office as chaplain with much tact and " unction," taking especial care not to let the religious exercises be too protracted. His custom was to make a short selection from the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England ; for, his good sense told him that the spiritual forms of prayer which were more or less known to all, were sure to be more improving as vehicles of devotion, than any ranting or extemporaneous effusions. After the short prayers, the second lesson was read ; and then a hymn was sung. Here Cyril was very useful, since he had a good knowledge of music, and had a most magnificent voice ; and when he led, all joined in : Teddy also had a fine brilliant though untutored voice. The song of praise was usually the Evening Hymn of old Bishop Ken, " Glory to Thee my God this night." The voices sounded beautifully on the

water. After the hymn, Captain Tyne gave, not a sermon, but merely a few plain-spoken remarks, founded on some passage of the Lesson for the day.

On such occasions he was fond of pointing out how all persons might improve themselves, and strengthen themselves in religious principles. His strain would be to the effect that Religion is the ballast without which no vessel can sail securely over the world's wild waves. But, if steadied by Religion, the intellect, like some gallant bark, may spread the sails, and ride triumphant over the stormiest surges of thought. Fortified by Religion, the mind of any man, high or low, may, if he can, search deeply into all the secrets of Nature, without harm or hindrance, nay, with sterling benefit to himself. Such studies suit not only the noble or the sage, but also the humble hind of the field and the plain seaman on the deep; and some such men have made great strides along the road of both revealed and scientific truth. The more we know of God's word and of God's works, the better; whatever may be our station. Is a man a worse laborer, because, while he guides the plough or wields the sickle, he knows something concerning the causes of the changes of the seasons, the conditions of vegetable life, and the process of germination; so that, from the sown corn, he can argue that everything has had its seed: which is only another way of expressing, that God has originated all things? Is a man a worse artificer in wood, stone, brass, or iron, because he knows that when the sun "rises," it is not that

the sun moves towards us, but the earth turns on its axis towards the sun? Is a man a worse servant, because he knows the nature of an eclipse, or can explain the tides, or can understand some of the theory of Creation's glittering wheels? The man who knows even a little of what science has to say on the subject of the *current* of the electric fluid, can the more enjoy the book of Job in which we find it said concerning the Almighty that he divideth "a way for the lightning of the thunder." We know that the Creator has arranged, that Electricity should have the chief share, in the formation of rain; nor can a man be rendered a worse mariner, mechanic, citizen, or subject, by knowing this phenomenon, and then opening the psalm which says God "maketh lightnings for the rain." Thus the lessons which nature affords, are like good glasses for weak eyes. Take one more case; a man may have given but a very moderate degree of attention to chemistry: still he may know that fire lurks throughout our globe, so that the lower you bore down in wells or shafts of mines, the hotter and hotter is the ground: this goes on at such a rate of progression that the centre of the earth under our feet must be now all fluid fire: whence volcanoes every here and there upheave their flames, betokening the raging furnaces below: and even the deep-sea-lead has been drawn up too hot to be touched. Moreover, the air and absolutely everything around us, even water, may be found to be permeated by the life of electric heat, to such an intense extent,

that, if brought out, it would robe our whole orb with one wide withering lightning gleam. Shall we then look to water, the seas and rivers, to extinguish all this impending conflagration? On the contrary, water itself is composed of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, each of which, separately, is inflammable; indeed, strange as it may seem, water is itself the grand store-house of fuel for the approaching burnings: because, oxygen is the element of flame, and in water there are only fifteen parts of hydrogen to no less than eighty-five of oxygen. In fact, water, if freed from air, and heated, as it then can be, to about three hundred degrees, explodes like gunpowder. Is then the wind in all its power to be let loose to blow out all this combustion? On the contrary, the air itself is chiefly composed of two gases, nitrogen and oxygen; and to just eighty parts of nitrogen there are as much as about twenty parts of oxygen, even in the air! In oxygen, wire or a steel bar will blaze like a piece of stick; in oxygen, a file will burn like a cedar match! Thus the rocks and metals are all ready for conflagration; all the structure of the earth and the skies is like wood and paper and coals in a grate, only waiting for a hand to come and ignite them: thus Tophet has been ordained of old, and the pile or mass thereof is as if fuel and much wood, and there is only wanting the Fiat or breath of the Lord, as a stream of brimstone, to enkindle the whole. The whole solar system, though beautiful, is frail, and obviously only intended to be temporary. God has merely to

separate the nitrogen, from the oxygen, of the air ; and at once, of itself, all Nature would *go on fire* ! A man can see this, and he can also see that (before these facts were scientifically discovered) the inspired apostle Peter declared that the earth with all the works therein shall be burnt up, and the elements shall melt away with fervent heat. And must not such a consideration have a salutary effect upon a man's life and conversation ? Anticipating such an awful end of Nature, a man must desire that there may in himself be less of a corrupt tendency, and that he may be spiritually-minded, in unison with the mandate which tells us, " Seeing that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be, in all *holy* conversation and godliness ; looking for, and hasting unto, the coming of the Day of God, wherein the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat ? "

Such was something of the strain in which Captain Tyne successfully strove to produce serious thoughts in the minds of the intelligent crew of the ' Amaranth ' on the Sunday afternoon.

All the while, the wind was rising, and the sea was getting up ; nor could the intended course be kept, because the wind was *unfair* and baffling, and there was much indraught from the Bay of Biscay. The whole of the next three days they were beating about, most uncomfortably ; and the worst of it was, they were making very little progress, and were drawing nearer and nearer to the ironbound

angle of Spain. The sea became very boisterous, and at length the wind rose to a perfect tempest. The yacht bore the storm well, for, though light and beautiful, she was immensely strong; and her masts and cordage were all so prime, she endured the terrific strain without damage. Yet the trial was tremendous; and when one looked at the wildness and vastness of the mountainous waves, and the volume of the billows by which the little vessel was tossed, it might be thought that there could be no possible hope for her to be able to brave them in safety. Nevertheless, she rode most buoyantly across the huge rollers; and, O, gloriously, *over* the very surges which seemed uplifting themselves to engulf her, she mounted as if with the gaiety of courage and delight.

But if the yacht itself was unscathed, a disaster now occurred, which had much influence on succeeding events.

A sail had to be got in; and, in accomplishing this, no less than three of the seamen were swept into the raging ocean. The yacht was well provided with the best apparatus for rescuing "a man overboard;" and all these appliances were brought into play at once, and with the utmost skill, especially towards the two men who seemed the nearest. But, all in vain. The two poor fellows appeared to sink, helplessly, and immediately. Yet, they, in common with all the picked sailors on board, were excellent swimmers; notwithstanding, they went down, and so speedily, it was only to be supposed

that on their being carried by the wave over the side of the vessel, they must have each had a limb broken, or have been someway crushed or stunned, whence they were rendered unable to strike out for life. They merely struggled a very little, and then the poor fellows threw up their arms, and sank to rise no more !

I may observe that the fact, which may often be witnessed, that, when a man can no longer swim, and is about being drowned, he throws up his arms, may show, that this is a last effort of nature to relieve the burdened chest; and it has struck me that it might possibly be beneficial for persons with diseased lungs to have their arms raised in the very posture which nature thus prescribes.

Although the yacht was making but very little way, the third man was now a considerable distance off; and though he was swimming strongly and stoutly, he was considered sure to be lost, by everyone on board except Teddy.

Teddy occupied a nondescript position in the yacht, being a privileged person, and free to do exactly what he liked; hence no status had been assigned to him, because he specially wished to be unfettered: yet no one was more ready to bear a hand, whenever any trying work was on foot. On the whole, he considered himself a sort of mate of the '*Amaranth*.' To keep the cannon in order when they were on deck; to take care that the boarding-pikes, which were sometimes arranged round one of the masts, were bright and tidy: to

attend to the compasses and binnacle lights : to see that the log and the lead were all right : these were Teddy's self-imposed duties. Especially also he paid attention to the swimming-belts, which, if made of caoutchouc, are so liable to be spoiled by grease ; and everything that would come under the Humane Society's ken, he constituted his own department.

So, he had been lately organizing a plan of his own, for saving the life of a man when floating far off on the sea, where no boat would live. This was merely a missile, kept ready in a small tub, or bucket without a handle, to the bottom of which, inside, was fixed one end of a stout cord. This cord was not thicker than triple whipcord, but it was exceedingly strong, and of great length ; and as it had been soaked in very weak varnish, it was stiff or wire-like enough not to tangle or twist. This twine was laid neatly, in a proper coil, all round the inside of the tub ; the cord looked as if it must be fully a quarter of a mile in length. To the other end of it, lying at the top of the serpent coil, was a ball, about as big as a grape-shot, or rather larger ; this was of lead, and had been melted over a loop of strong copper wire, to which loop the cord was attached.

Teddy had not yet made trial of this plan ; nor had he shown it to Captain Tyne or George or Cyril, lest they should discountenance it, before he had proved its worth. But Teddy's comrades, who had seen him at work upon it, were full of objections ; one said the ball would hit the head of the

man who was overboard, and knock his brains out, supposing he had any. Another maintained that the cord would go like a lasso round the poor fellow's neck, so that even if you got him in, he would be throttled, and as dead as a red-herring. To all the like, Teddy replied, that "even if the boy was thus kilt, he must have otherwise died already, anyhow; and it would at all events be something to save him from a watery grave, and to have him interred properly, by his being committed to the sea, sewn up in a sack with a twelve-pound shot and the prayers of the church." And when another critic would have it, that the leaden plummet would of itself sink the poor exhausted swimmer; this cavil was treated by Teddy with profound disdain, since he contended that when *he* was at the other end, hauling the man in, the pull would suffice to keep him at the surface.

The whole scene, of Teddy with his invention and its detractors, may form a fair sample of what happens to those unfortunate designers whose "patent" plans have to pass under the nose of "My Lords" or some red-tape Government "Department." The only chance is, to do (if possible) as Teddy did, and *go on*, never minding any of the old "buffers," so called because they only give rebuffs.

Perhaps the single valid objection to the plan was, that few would be able to employ it besides Teddy himself alone. It was like the Spear of Achilles, to be wielded only by its owner. Few, if

any, could throw a missile such a distance as Teddy could. His arms were not thick nor heavy, but they were wonderfully wiry; and it seemed as if every atom of the arm was not so much mere muscle, as iron strength. When he hurled a bullet with the hand, it looked more like what others would cast from a sling. Hence when he threw the pellet with his life-line cord, it had the semblance rather of some ball or bolt projected by some powerful arbalest machine, and not something thrown by the human hand. What helped the flight, was, that the end of the cord, next the pellet, was left double, and cased with waxed thread, for about two feet; and this much, Teddy held in his hand, and swung it round his head, so that the pellet went in real Balearic style: and Teddy's sling was like anybody else's Manby mortar.

Teddy was now quite put on his mettle, not only by his desire to save a messmate, but also to confute the cavils of the jeerers.

So, away sped the ball, with rifle precision, and I should be afraid to say how far! *it went fair and full out to space*; as the man was now an awful distance off, and only seen between the billows. The ball struck the water some distance beyond the man, and the cord fell just at the right place, between his shoulder and his neck, so that the wearied swimmer was easily able to clutch it, and reel it round his arm.

Teddy, with the utmost glee and ecstasy, began to pull in the cord, without being too hurried, or

stretching the string too much; and Teddy protested, that, of all the whales and sharks and other codfishes and eels and turbot he had ever fished for, he never enjoyed hooking one so much, as now while landing this great cock mermaid, whom he intended to adopt as his son [the man was one of the oldest on board, more than twice Teddy's age,] and have him as his own body-servant, making him an allowance of three-halfpence a year, paid quarterly.

The man was lost to sight, every time the enormous rollers passed along; many times also the baffled surges covered him with their spray: but still the "threefold cord" was "not quickly broken," and gallantly he came close, while Teddy drew him so near, that an end of rope was thrown to him, and as he was able to get its noose under his arms, he was lifted on deck, without any damage save exhaustion.

Teddy made a great fuss about "cuddling" him, and parentally getting him to his hammock, where he administered to him some scalding-hot tea, which he insisted was "much better than rum or any other sort of ale or gruel."

All these goings-on of Teddy's were dictated not only by his natural lightheartedness, and by his exultation in the success of his plan and the recovering of his comrade; but also there was to some extent a desire, to cheer or divert the minds of the crew at large, to whom the loss of the two seamen appeared so harrowing a disaster, striking them with dismay.

CHAPTER IX.

FERROL.

“ Lauded be Thy name for ever,
Thou, of life the guard and giver !
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping ;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping :
And all the fury subject keep
Of boiling cloud and chafèd deep.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river ;
Blessed be Thy name for ever ! ”

HOGG.

BOTH George and Cyril admired and commended Teddy's skill ; but the loss of two valuable “ hands ” was a formidable misfortune, because the yacht could ill spare any of its strength, especially amid so great a storm, and along so dangerous a coast. The ‘Amaranth’ had not any excess of seamen ; the complement had been only just sufficient, and not a fraction too much, amid rough weather now, and more storms likely to come. Yet here were two men swept away ; and though the third man would probably be all right in a day or two, still at the present moment he was not available, the tempest still raging with stupendous violence. In other

words, the little crew was now suddenly reduced by no less than three men. George was not only excessively grieved about the men themselves, but also he felt deeply anxious about the safety of all on board.

And now Captain Tyne came up and told George that he must unwillingly counsel their running for the nearest port they could make.

George replied, that he certainly had a very great objection to touch anywhere at a Spanish or even a Portuguese harbour; and he enquired whether it would be possible to keep on, and run round into Gibraltar? Captain Tyne responded, it could not be done; the only expedient would be, to tack far out into the Atlantic, and then to turn back, so as to make the Straits of Gibraltar: but then there would be danger of the yacht actually foundering in the ocean, amid the hurricane.

George therefore could only say, that he would not for a moment pretend to put his own wishes in competition with Captain Tyne's judgment; because, as to himself, he knew nothing of nautical affairs, except as a mere amateur: and, if Captain Tyne held, that the considerations of prudence and safety made it desirable to seek the nearest port, this was final, nor would anyone obey his command more implicitly than himself.

Captain Tyne could see that George had some great antipathy to the coast of Spain, though he did not know why; however he rejoined, that he was sorry to say it *was* imperatively necessary that

they should seek shelter, and try to pick up at least one hand to replace those who were lost. Accordingly the word was given by Captain Tyne, to bear down upon the coast of Spain, which was in sight, and which looked farther off than it was, through the mist and haze of the storm.

As they rapidly neared the land, Captain Tyne and two veteran seamen were able to recognize that it was the Spanish seaboard, a good deal (eight miles or so) to the north of Corunna. Cyril observed that George's cheek seemed to blanch as if with superstitious qualms, at his being borne, contrary to his own wishes, and in defiance of all his family traditions, by the main force and inexorable stress of events, to the very spot which was connected with the bane of his race. An invisible destiny seemed to hurry him thither, against his will!

Cyril now remembered in his own mind, that the Cabanas tragedy had been described to him, as having had some relation to "Corunna," which was in this very part of Spain; and he recollected how it had been for three generations quite a religious obligation of the Thorntons', to avoid the very mention of the locality, and much more of course to eschew going there!

Captain Tyne had excellent charts, giving the full profiles and outlines of the coast; and he now came to tell George that the "open" they were scudding for, was plainly Ferrol, which (he said) was very fortunate, as it, being a Spanish arsenal,

would not be an unlikely place for them to hear of an English seaman: besides, it was well that they could thus command a harbour, on so harsh and dangerous a coast.

George went with Cyril to their cabin, to examine their maps and charts; and on consulting a fine one which was marked "Finisterre" or the north-west point of Spain, Cyril could fully enter into George's feelings of chagrin, as if Destiny owed him still a grudge: for, here, he saw that there actually was a place called Cabanas.

The position of things may be understood by our remarking that at this Ortegal and Finis-terre or Land's-End corner of Spain, there is the royal dock-yard town Ferrol, and to the south of it there is the town Betanzos, behind Corunna; while between Ferrol and Betanzos, there are the two villages, Jubia, and Puente de Eume: and between these again, is the hamlet called Cabanas. The word "cabaña" in Spanish means cabin or cottage; but it also includes the sense of the hut of a savage: so Cabanas would exactly answer to the word "kraals" or wigwams: nor was the *savage* idea inappropriate for so fell a tradition. The place called Cabanas was only three miles behind the harbour of Ferrol; and thus in short George was inevitably rushing on, to stop within sight as it were, of the very spot which was the horror of his race.

Cyril felt that an expression of sympathy was due to his friend; so he pointed to the ominous name "Cabanas" on the map, and with a gesture

of vexation, ejaculated, " Well, it cannot be helped ! " and then he turned and went on deck.

George thus understood that Cyril knew the story, which indeed he would have said was sure to be the case ; and he was glad of this, as thus he was relieved from detailing the circumstances, from which he shrank : yet if Cyril had not known them, he must now have told him all. On the whole, George was much comforted and cheered by his friend's laconic expression of sympathy ; and George soon followed him on deck.

Shortly afterwards, the yacht swept up the saw-like side of the Ferrol harbour ; and as it was now too dark to see much or do anything, all was made snug for the night, and the yacht rested placidly in waters whose calm was all the sweeter for the turbulence which had so lately been endured. The storm was evidently subsiding ; yet it would not have been on that account any the more safe, to have stayed outside : for, after a furious gale, when the wind (as it sometimes does) suddenly ceases, and before it chops round to another quarter, then the sea is more perilous than during the storm itself, because, for a good while, the waves continue as rough as ever : and then, there being no wind to steady the vessel, it rolls helplessly in the trough of the sea, till the masts snap over the side, and at last the ship founders and fills, and sinks or drifts a mere water-logged wreck. Thus, sometimes, the storms of life may cease sooner than is good for us.

During the night, the wind came round to the opposite quarter, and blew from the north-east; and by the morning, there was a smart breeze from that point, which, as being off the land, was the most favorable for their prosecuting their voyage. George would have liked to have started at once, without communicating with the shore; but, he had to defer to Captain Tyne's decree, that at least one additional seaman ought to be obtained if possible.

A melancholy duty of the morning was, to collect, and put by, the "traps" and things belonging to the two lost shipmates; the things were not sold, as is sometimes done, but were put by, for the men's friends: one of the men was unmarried, but the other, sad to say, left a wife and four children at home to bemoan his loss. George did, on this voyage, what I do not know if anyone else ever did in a like case, and that was, he had insured the lives of all his sailors, at policies of one hundred pounds each, in favor of their relatives and friends. The men were told of it; and it not only gave them the more courage and energy, but it also immensely increased their devotion and affection towards "admiral" George.

Although the yacht had not sustained any real damage, still there was much to settle and refit, after such a tossing; so all hands were engaged in putting everything in as ship-shape a state, as lately when the 'Amaranth' issued in all her beauty from Boulogne.

Among other things, Teddy got out the "Nest." This was an invention of George's, for taking astronomical observations or terrestrial surveys, with a large telescope which could be easily fitted either for celestial or terraqueous purposes. It was also very convenient for deciphering distant signals. The telescope was a very costly one, of five feet focal length, and six inches aperture. The telescope (if I remember it all well enough to describe it) was fixed up above a large round basket-work frame, like a circular clothes-basket, very light and sufficiently strong; and inside this osier saucer or Nest, was a strong narrow rim of brass, substantial enough to bear a man's weight: this rim was only fastened to the basket-work at two points. At the two cross points a smaller rim was attached, the one rim inside the other. Thus anything within the two rims, only hung on the four pivot points; and both rims pressed on strong springs. The result was, that like as the "mariner's compass," on much of this very principle, keeps its level despite all the oscillations of a vessel; so also, whatsoever hung within the inner rim, was quite independent of the marine motion. Inside this inner rim, the observer had to ensconce himself, and in this there was some difficulty, as the seat might lose the equilibrium; but, once it was attained, the situation was delicious: you remained quiet, and so did the glass, as both you and it were "in the same boat," however the vessel rocked. Not only so, but also the Nest itself was suspended by three thick wires, which terminated

in one bar ; and this was swung, either, at one time, from a sort of crane erected on deck, or else at another time from a small boom prepared for the purpose, protruding from the main-top. Of course, the Nest was only used in moderate weather. The telescope could be elevated nearly to the zenith, and depressed as much as could be wanted ; but it did not turn to either hand : it only moved up or down, governed by a delicate screw-handle. The indispensable movements to the right or left were ingeniously produced by the whole Nest itself turning round, obedient to a pair of stirrups which gently worked on to an arrangement above where the bar branched into the three wires ; it was managed here by a wheel with small cogs, but with it was a second wheel which with a spring shot a bolt into a hole between every cog : so that, though you could move yourself round to the right or left by the stirrups, still no motion of the vessel could of itself spin you more than you wished. Thus, when you sat on the sort of saddle, and put your feet on the stirrups or pedals, you were quite moveless, and the three necessary movements were attained with ease ; (1) you turned yourself and your optic tube right or left with your feet : (2) the telescope was elevated or depressed by the right hand : and (3) the adjustment of the focus was managed by an ivory wand working with a fine screw which was turned by the left hand.

The whole thing was only suited for a person of neatness and agility, and so it was singularly fit for

Teddy, who enjoyed the Nest above all things, *crowing* in it over his discoveries; and though he was not scientific, many were the useful observations he made. His beautiful eyes, blazing with light, were well adapted to peer through the magnificent lenses of such an instrument. There was not much could escape him, when he was on the look-out.

While Teddy was setting up the Nest from the boom, Captain Tyne came up to George, and proposed that he himself, as he could talk Spanish, should go on shore, and see whether he could procure a decent seaman. This exactly suited George's ideas, because thus no one else, except Captain Tyne or so, need land at all in Spain. Accordingly, the exquisite little "gig" or skiff was got out, rowed by two men, and steered by a third, while Captain Tyne sat muffled up in his "sulky."

Teddy had, before this, got the telescope to work; but he soon decided that there was not much to interest *him* in Ferrol Bay, which he considered far inferior to Cork, or Dingle, or Lough Foyle, "let alone Belfast Lough, as best of all," said he. Hence Teddy naturally turned his glance to the skiff; and he saw it reach the land, when Captain Tyne got out and went up to some public building, where it seems he was treated with much courtesy by the authorities.

He was directed how to make further enquiries; and he soon met with more than one seaman: but each of them had the comparative disadvantage of not

knowing English, and, besides, Captain Tyne readily discovered that they were very poor seamen, mere fishermen and coasting boatmen. Moreover, they were all very unwilling to join, although high bounty was offered, and though they were told they could be put on shore at the Cape, or even at Gibraltar. Captain Tyne felt that such men could be of no use; and he was beginning to despair of success, when, after much stir and loss of time, he came back to the shore near his skiff, and here he was accosted in English by a young seaman, who said with a slightly foreign accent, "Do you want a hand, master?" So Captain Tyne walked up and down the beach with him, talking the matter over.

Teddy was still in his eagle's nest; and when Captain Tyne had turned into the building at first, Teddy looked round the bay and scrutinized such shipping as were there. But, after a while, glancing back towards the skiff, he perceived that Captain Tyne was walking up and down with the young seaman. Teddy watched them; and at length he saw that they parted, when the young seaman went slinking up the bay, which is here shaped like a flaming sword, where it runs up into the country, to meet a small stream that descends from the hills. Teddy also observed that Captain Tyne fetched one of the men out of the skiff, and went back with him towards the habitations; this was however only in order to make some purchases, of eggs and vegetables and, as Teddy would say, "other fresh mate."

Teddy had hitherto been only using a low magni-

lying power, of 30, which is the most comfortable for ordinary explorations. But as the young seaman had rather appeared to him to "sneak" up the shore, he thought he would watch him a little more closely. So he got ready two of the astronomic powers, which were in separate compartments in a casket attached to the telescope-stand; and he used the lower of these powers first: it was 180. It may be remarked that many persons who are in the habit of using fine telescopes, do not know that even the highest astronomical eye-pieces *can* be employed for terrestrial observations, under certain conditions. The chief difficulty is, to catch the exact focus, as it lies within a very slight turn. Another difficulty is, that the object is very dark, looking as if it was in the twilight; this, however, is a good deal rectified, when the sun happens to be shining full on the object. Few who have not tried it, can tell, how beautiful a spectacle it is, to watch the manœuvres of a large ship on the verge of the horizon, with a ten-foot telescope and an "astronomic" power of 500 or so, while the sun is glowing on the vessel's sails; the ship then appears so unearthly in beauty! and it seems such a triumph of optic skill to take that which to the naked eye is a mere speck, and to call such an atom of a vessel forth into such large proportions, across so great an intervening space.

Teddy did not know that there was such a place as Cabanas; he thought it was (not cigars, so called,) but a mere surname, like Smith Brown Jones or Robinson: hence he was not aware that he was near

the spot. Still he had a general impression that he was near Corunna, and therefore not far from the origin of the troubles. So he thought it was best for him to "look sharp."

And he said to himself, "I'll take a good squint after that sneaking spalpeen, and see what he is about."

As soon as Teddy got him again in the field, he observed that he was quickening his pace; he could see him very well, as the sun was beaming with its afternoon slant, right up the bay. Teddy felt there was "something in it"; so he fitted a still higher power: and when he caught him again, he saw he was waving his hat as if in triumph, to some one or other not far off. But Teddy would not look away to see who anyone else might be, lest he might lose the young seaman. He had to keep the ivory wand turning more than once, to make the focus accompany the man's retiring steps.

But now the young seaman stopped; and the party to whom he had been waving his hat, came in view, proving to be two individuals, whom at first sight Teddy took to be a man and a woman, but on a keener glance he perceived that the "woman" was a priest. The other man was an unmistakable Spaniard, with the high-crowned hat and feather. The young seaman continued his gestures of exultation, and turned round and pointed directly towards the 'Amaranth.' The elder man seemed to be filled with surprise and pleasure, and threw his arms around the other in quite a theatrical style. They seemed

to think it was impossible they could be seen ; and yet Teddy could even distinguish their features, with a power of 270 which he was now using : the whole group looked like bad photographs, dim, yet quite recognizable.

It now appeared as if something had to be explained to the priest, who crossed his arms and listened, while both the men in turns gesticulated at a great rate. They were evidently telling some long legend. At last it was done ; and the elder laid his hand on the shoulder of the younger, who bared his head and sank on his knees before the priest, apparently to receive his blessing : and the priest gave him some long thing, like a knife. Then the old one shook his hand at the 'Amaranth,' with an air of menace ; after which, the whole three passed on, and were lost sight of, round a corner of their course.

Teddy could not quite understand it all ; yet on the whole he interpreted it as meaning, that Captain Tyne had refused to engage the young fellow, and therefore his father and his priest were comforting him and bespattering him with benedictions, blended with imprecations against the heretics of the sea.

Teddy then looked away to the skiff, and saw it was returning ; so he sang out, that the Captain was on his way back : and then he got out of the Nest, and took it all down, which was very easily and rapidly accomplished : busying himself briskly in stowing it away, and taking special care not to let it "get bumped."

Teddy was still engaged about this, when Captain Tyne returned; and therefore Teddy did not overhear his "report" to George, that he had hired a young English seaman, by name Henry Day, born in London, to accompany them to India. Captain Tyne added, that the new hand would have to see about a thing or two, before he could come off; but he would be on board the 'Amaranth' this afternoon, by five o'clock, at latest. He was (he added) evidently a fair seaman, having been several voyages, and back and forward on the sea from childhood.

Teddy, not having heard this, was much surprised, when, before five o'clock, he beheld a country boat coming off, rowed by two men, one of whom was obviously the "father" he had seen through the telescope, but in altered costume; and the other might be the priest, but probably was not: however, they brought the identical young seaman, who sprang up the side of the 'Amaranth,' with his kit, whereon the boat put off, and returned to the shore.

Captain Tyne addressed the new-comer as Henry Day, and used some word of welcome. Only for this, Teddy could have felt inclined to have pitched the fellow overboard. It was curious how Henry and Teddy seemed to single each other out at once, quite defiantly, as if each had to do with the other's fate.

Henry had an absurd haughtiness of manner, when he walked about, betokening the stilted Spaniard; it reminded one of the saying of the hidalgo, who, when he stumbled and tumbled and broke his nose, picked himself up, exclaiming,

"This comes of walking on the earth!" Henry was rather too swarthy, to look much like an Englishman; and yet there are Englishmen of many shades and hues, fair as Danes, or russet as Italians, and some with faces reddish-brown enough to pass for North American Indians: cabmen and stokers for instance. Henry's face, olive and oval, was handsome; and as to his general rig, it was decidedly that of a smart British seaman. If he was not the real article, he was a clever imitation.

Captain Tyne, having communicated with George, now gave the word to weigh at once. And Teddy noted that Henry Day got on very well with his new comrades, among whom he was merry and active; though every now and then he shot a furtive feline glance at *him*. Had he seen Teddy before? "Very well," thought Teddy, "if you are a Spanish spy, let us see whether a Paddy cannot be more than your match."

Never was Teddy in greater perplexity; the 'Amaranth' was now moving out from the Bay of Ferrol, and it would look like mutiny against Captain Tyne, for him to impeach a seaman of his own personal selection. Ought he not to tell Mr. George what he had seen? But perhaps this would only be annoying him for nothing.

Would it not be best for Teddy simply to keep a good watch?

Yet on the whole (no Irishman *can* keep a secret, any more than can a hen refrain from cackling over an egg) he thought he would consult with

Mr. Cyril. For, with the usual accuracy wherewith dependents take their comparative estimate of the mental powers of the superiors with whom they are often in contact, Teddy knew that though George was very sagacious, still Cyril was even more so, having a more acute and solid judgment, with a mightier mastery of facts.

So Teddy took occasion to draw Cyril aside, when he detailed to him all he had observed. But Cyril did not seem much impressed by the narration. The fact was, Cyril doubted whether Teddy had not made some mistake, as to the identity of the individual. Had the matter been told to George, he would not have thought this; for, he knew better than Cyril did, how thoroughly reliable were Teddy's observations through the telescope. Cyril said, he thought it only showed that the importation was a papist, which was unfortunate, but it could not be helped; the thing was suspicious, certainly: yet it would be best to watch well, and not to worry Mr. George about it.

Cold water being thus thrown unexpectedly on his discovery, Teddy felt he must keep his surmises to himself; but, none the less he resolved that he would be as vigilant as possible, to counteract any mischief which might be on foot. Henry seemed to know and fear or shun Teddy. At all events, he and Henry Day were pitted one against the other. And it was quite curious how Floss the dog at once took part against Henry Day; and this was almost unnatural, inasmuch as Floss was a

grand spaniel, and the very word "Spaniel" is "Español" or Spanish dog.

It was at present fine favorable weather; and it was getting late, now while the 'Amaranth' stood out far to sea, in order if possible to get back to her originally projected course of sailing.

While passing thus out wide, under all sail, over rather rough water; before the light quite failed, a large ship was seen making right in for Ferrol. The ship had evidently suffered in yesterday's storm, having probably gone out into the open ocean, as Captain Tyne had said the yacht might conceivably have done; and there the ship had lost her topmasts, they having doubtless snapped off when the wind so suddenly ceased. The ship looked square, like an eagle, or a man-of-war; and Captain Tyne pronounced it to be British, about an eighteen-gun brig, or so.

Some of the crew seemed to doubt whether it might not be a Spanish cruiser; and of course the dim light and the shattered state of the vessel made its nationality less easy to be discerned.

But now the man-of-war fired a gun and made a signal. For whom was this meant? Was it for a pilot to come off from the shore? No; this was not likely. And the signal was interpreted to mean, "Follow us in."

This could only be intended for the yacht. But, should such a summons be obeyed? George, who was tremendously high-spirited, at once declared, that in the present piping times of peace, he had no

idea of letting his free private yacht be beckoned about by anyone ; if they made such signals to him, he would take no notice of them : and if they fired at him, he would fire back at them, while he had a stick to stand on.

Both Cyril and Captain Tyne agreed with him that the yacht on the open sea, was not amenable to anyone's orders ; and George asserted, that he only felt bound to comply with a signal from under the Royal Standard of England, and from none other on the globe.

Much of this in George, may have been insensibly attributable to his disinclination to return to the Cabanas country, from which he had felt it a glad duty to escape.

But now the man-of-war fired a gun again, and repeated the signal.

George was indignant, and protested it was an outrage and an insult, for which he would call the captain to account if ever he came across him.

Captain Tyne clearly felt the same, since he at once gave the order to lay the lordly yacht's course still more decidedly off towards the south, thus turning her back to the command, and treating the message with silent contempt. The crew gave a cheer at this spirited conduct.

George declared, that his own honored father's orders were on him, to proceed with all speed round the Cape ; and with this injunction he must comply : nor was it likely that he should now, just after the warning of such a storm, turn back into a poking

little place like Ferrol, and thus probably lose this fine fair wind, which would doubtless carry him down to the more gentle latitudes of the tropics.

The man-of-war made no more signals, and was lost sight of; and, *on went the 'Amaranth,' towering with pride.* Yet, who knows the agony which Pride oft entails on itself?

After the excitement of defiance was over, all felt depressed; the thing was so queer! Before it grew too dark, the British flag had been distinctly descried; so, Captain Tyne had been right. But, why should a Queen's ship so imperatively require a gentleman's yacht to turn back and perhaps lose so invaluable a breeze? Had war just broken out with the United States or somewhere? Yet, this was not the case. Nor had any acquaintance between George and any captain of a brig of war, ever subsisted, intimate enough to let it be supposed that the summons was a friendly one, equivalent to an invitation to dinner. Besides, how could the disabled ship ever make such an invitation? If it had been an appeal for help, much would have been risked to render aid; but, this was a seemingly angry order to "Follow us in," as if the 'Amaranth' was to crouch in the wake of the brig like a dog with its tail between its legs, going back to its kennel to get lashed. No friendship could have dictated such an abrupt precept.

The whole thing was utterly mysterious and inexplicable. After a while, the effect of this incident was chiefly to produce in the crew a sort

of superstitious impression, as if something ominous was boding, or as if something more and more unpleasant was about to happen. Rather ungraciously, the man who had been rescued by Teddy from drowning, was now the chief croaker; and the very sight of him made the remembrance of the two lost men the more felt. However, Teddy himself contributed his croak, by hinting that he hoped they had not just taken their Jonah on board, alluding to Henry Day. This idea passed from mouth to mouth among the men, and made Henry more watched and observed than he quite liked. Possibly this prevented his doing some harm. He appeared soon to have become passively content to remain innocent for the present.

Nor did anything to the contrary turn up, except that Teddy discovered that Henry Day carried a long and assassin-looking knife; this he believed was the priest's knife, and was intended for George's bosom! so, as on one occasion he saw it lying on one side, he quietly popped it into the sea. Teddy greatly enjoyed being too sly for a deceitful person. Henry Day looked much disconcerted when he discovered his loss, as if it had been some blessed weapon; and he seemed by instinct to suspect Teddy, who did not care a jot for either him or his suspicions, and would have been quite glad to pick a quarrel with the "false furriner."

Teddy saw that Henry was looking at him as vicious as a catamountain, and wanting to accuse him of abstracting his knife, though he did not

exactly see how to begin the charge. Teddy's way of telling him to "Come on!" daunted him, and made him sheer off till next time; for, Teddy simply began to sing the "Groves of Blarney," as if a jaunty bravado, seeming extra merry and joyous. Teddy's manner was quite the same as snapping his fingers at him, and telling him, "I don't care a brass button what you think." Blowing off his steam thus, Teddy settled down into an examination of a pair of new shoes which had been got for him at Plymouth, but which he had not yet made trial of. So, with his lively careless air, he tried to stuff his foot in; and, with Floss looking on, he puffed and strained and struggled, while the dog barked *at his toes*, as if wanting to help him: but, though Teddy had a neat foot, all was in vain. Then he blew into the shoe, as if that could have some elfish effect; and then he soaped his stocking, which he said (to Floss) was a rare way for you to make a shoe be more of a size for a little foot. At length he came to the inevitable conclusion that the shoes were hopelessly too little, so that he never could get them on, at all at all. "But then," Teddy added philosophically, "*that* does not so much matter; because, *after I have worn them a few times*, they will 'come to,' and fit beautifully." And then Teddy broke off again into one of his saucy songs; the air of the whole thing being such as to give Master Henry due warning, that he had better think twice, before he tackled one so ready and fearless, as our Teddy.

CHAPTER X.

AFRICA.

“ Music of the bough that waves
As the wind plays lightly o'er ;
Music of the stream that laves
Pebbly marge or rocky shore :
Sweet your melody to me,
Singing to the soul ! the tone
Exceeds by far the minstrelsy
Of halls wherein bright harpers shone.
For, ye attune His praise, who made
The wondrous perfect frame we view ;
Each hill, and plain, and leafy shade,
And yon fair canopy of blue.
Ye seem to sing, How great the arm
Of that high God who reigns above ;
Him worship ! but, without alarm :
His dearest, best-known name is Love.”

JAMES EDMESTON.

THROUGH a sort of tacit consent, the subject of the eating Edith, between George and Cyril, was ablegated in general to that state of oblivion which may be embodied in the words, “O no, we never mention her.”

But, during the course of the voyage, on many occasions, the topic of “Jessie of Boulogne” was referred to, between the friends. Cyril spoke of

her with so much feeling, that George was deeply interested ; and Cyril had more than once to go over, for him, with some minuteness, the particulars of his several meetings with her.

The ever diversified incidents of the voyage, made these different allusions to the circumstances be indeed rather disconnected ; still George attained a pretty fair estimate of Jessie's beauty and excellence. There was much of course which was omitted, during such piece-meal recitals ; thus, Cyril said very little about the aunt, and never mentioned the Fitzherberts, and he forgot all about Epineville. " Jessie," *Jessie* herself, was the constant theme. George understood fully that she was young and most magically lovely ; but, through some series of mischances, she had gone away suddenly, leaving Cyril to fear that he was rejected and condemned.

Cyril told George all about the first rencontre with her, on the pier at Boulogne ; then he described how he had helped her to descend from the ruins on the cliff : and how he had enjoyed such sweet and unrestrained converse with her at the concert. All the point was entered into, about taking her hand and avowing love. On this score, George was very positive ; he said Cyril had no reason to despair : and George, poor fellow, having suffered so many repulses from fair hands, was not a bad judge. He maintained, " It is plain to me, the girl likes you ; she was only shy and reserved : and, would you have had her otherwise ? "

Then the ground was gone over, about the adventure at the bridge, and how she was so soon lost sight of. George saw nothing in this; ten thousand little things might account for it. Cyril then mentioned the flitting from one house to another. "Dear me," cried George, "why, that one fact is more than enough; would you have expected them to have remained, kicking their heels, in a crowd, waiting for you, when they had urgent business of their own pressing on them? No, my boy, it was you who seemed to desert them, not they you."

In all this, it was manifest, that though Cyril's mind was still mightier than George's, nevertheless, in a love matter in which Cyril himself was concerned, he was not able to reason in as cool and sagacious a manner as George could. Also it was plain that though George made so bad a hand of his own love matches, he was a very good one to counsel another concerning "disease of the heart." Let the reader digest the moral, and "make a note on."

But when Cyril gave a circumstantial relation of the scenes of the fire, how he had got into her room, how he had at last waked her, how he had borne her so reverently through the flames, how she had leaned her head on his shoulder, how she had held her arms round his neck, and how he had carried her speechless with weeping into the other house; George was quite severe on his friend for having practically supposed that a good girl could after

such circumstances treat him with intentional contumely: "I only wish I had half as much chance of so splendid a girl!"

"But she went off from me without a word!"

"O, that's nothing; it only proves she *had* to go, and that you ought to have followed her."

"But, I did; and could not discover any trace of her:" and then Cyril gave an abridged account of all his pertinacious researches. While George saw with concern how deeply wounded with Love's arrow his friend was, his comment on Jessie's leaving no trace, was, that it was of no consequence, "because you did not leave her time, nor did you leave yourself time; you have been much too hasty, too precipitate, my dear Cyril: too impulsive! you ought to have told me all this, before we started from Boulogne. But let me in a word ask you, Is your life-long happiness bound up in this beauteous maiden?"

Cyril with much emotion declared it was; Jessie was essential to his happiness: "The loss of her will be *to me an ever-augmenting agony!*"

"Then," cried George, "the best thing I can do, is, to go to Captain Tyne this moment, and ask him to order the yacht round, and go right back to Boulogne, or at least to some port of England, and see what I can help you to discover."

Though gratified at this splendid proof of friendship, Cyril would not hear of such a return; he was shocked to think of all the wishes of George's father being set at nought thus by Cyril Grosvenor

for Cyril's own gratification. "No," said Cyril, "we must not talk of that;" and then Cyril had to describe the Encelade affair, and the milliner's circular. George replied, it was only a mistake to be amused at, not to take seriously; and then he asked Cyril,—

"Did she, by any word, any look or gesture, ever intimate in the least to you, that you were distasteful to her?"

"No, except so far as she was silent to me, and seemed to avoid me, and then went away."

"Believe me, *that* is nothing; and, do not you say, that when she breathed your Christian name which she could possibly have read on your dog's collar, she uttered it as if aside, or in secrecy, and as it were in spite of a governing reticent feeling, while she evinced much emotion, and even shed tears?"

"Yes, she did; dearest Jessie!"

"Well, those tears were tears of love; they would not have been shed by a disdainful coquette: they were the dews of disappointed affection. *That glorious girl loves you*; and you have left her! My dear Cyril, you have made a sad mess of the whole matter; and your only excuse is that your warm heart was so much touched, you were not able to reason aright as usual."

George added, "Let me enquire, for mere argument sake, was she married? Well, no; if she was, she would have at once told you. Her very appearance, so girlish, so free, asserted that she was a

‘single woman.’ Was she then attached to another? You do not think so; nor is it probable, in one so young. Even if she had some half-childish attachment, it might well wane before your services, yes, and I will say, when it was a Cyril in person who was the claimant for her heart. Hence it is necessary that she should give you an answer, which she has not yet done. That answer is yet to come; and you have run away from it! I am only afraid that you may now really lose sight of her, and all through this unlucky voyage, on which as yet there has been no blessing.

“Or again; even say that she *is* engaged: she is affianced to some statesman or duke: she is contracted to wed some continental magnate, some margrave or archduke, or some reigning prince: and though she may like you, she has to be kept to her bargain. This is the worst case that can be conceived; and yet, even there, in fact, I say, there more than ever, she or her friends must, unquestionably have communicated with you, one way or the other. You will say, she did so, through the ‘circular’ mistake? but I cannot for a moment believe but that a real letter of thanks and kindness was intended for you; and then, the point is this: how could she know that it ever reached you? *she* would feel this more than you: her gratitude, her good manners even, were at stake: *if* no letter reached you, how bad she would look to you: she would say this, even if she intended to reject you: and how could she know that a letter (circular, or no circular)

left with a strange being, on a busy port, would ever come to your hand? This must have inevitably struck her; in fact, it was more likely that the 'circular' should not reach you, than that it should, as its being stowed in that fellow's cravat may show. The real communication also must turn up, sooner or later. Yes, a message from Jessie is *perdue* for you somewhere; the only question is, how are you to get at it? O, my dear Cyril, do not lose such a girl; whatever you lose, do not lose Love!

"I'll tell you what it is," continued the good-hearted George; "if you will not let the 'Amaranth' turn back upon her path, I must relinquish your company. My love for you, Cyril, is too deep and earnest, to fear misconstruction; and therefore, much as I delight in having you here with me, and much as I looked forward to your going on with me, and our seeing all sorts of places together: still, *Jessie* is of more consequence to you, and therefore to me. Wherefore, if I must not go back with you, you must stop at the Cape, and go home in the first steamer, and never cease till you have made *Jessie* yours."

Our noble Cyril quite gasped with agitation, while the subject was presented to him in these new phases, by the clear view which George as a looker-on was able to exhibit. Cyril thought, "Is it possible that, after all, the 'white pillar' may yet be mine? Is it possible that her divine head may once more lean of its own accord on my shoulder?"

Cyril made no response to the Cape proposition;

but as he had felt almost humiliated at his having been led by love to be too ready, as he could now see he was, to give way to despondency, fleeing from Jessie: he referred to the great efforts he had made, to discover her, both in France and in England, and how abortively, while indeed (quoth he) the time that had elapsed before he had resigned himself to despair, had really been a good deal: several days: and so on.

George was glad to see that thus Cyril was only defending the past; and he could discern that Cyril would never say any more of *this* sort of thing again: so he let him off easy, by administering a small decoction of sympathy and comfort, in the shape of saying, that there were certainly many things very mysterious in the case, but between themselves they would think it well over, and have many a talk about it again.

And we may observe that whenever George spoke of her again to Cyril, he usually referred to her as "your Jessie." It cannot be denied that Cyril's heart bounded with delight at the glimpse of hope; and he began to accustom himself to the idea that Jessie might yet one day be his own, *his own for ever!*

The subject being changed, the course of the 'Amaranth' became the question. In the same spirit in which the summons of the man-of-war had been proudly disregarded, it was purposed to run right on to the Cape of Good Hope, without stopping at any intermediate place, if possible. Should indeed

a storm make shelter desirable, they might run into Gibraltar or Tangier; or, if not, they might visit Madeira, or the Canaries, or the Cape de Verd Islands, or Ascension or St. Helena: but, should no tempest interpose, it was resolved to make one grand stretch from Ferrol to the Cape: this suited George's bold manly disposition.

Hitherto, the weather continued very favorable; the winds were almost too light, rather than otherwise. While running down pretty far outside of Spain, the breeze was singularly cold; and they saw the usual sights, such as Mother-Carey's-chickens, (the Stormy Petrel) while off Lisbon. They also happened to fall in with flying-fish while off the Canaries, and sharks at the Cape de Verds; here also they met with the fine fish called bonito: its "flesh" tastes like salmon, but it is of a blackish color; let me suggest that it is a negro salmon: "hic nig-er est," but you need not "caveto" it.

It took the yacht, for want of brisker winds, no less than forty-nine days, to reach from Ferrol to the Cape of Good Hope. But at the time of the last conversation between George and Cyril concerning Jessie, the 'Amaranth' was in a line with Sierra Leone, and only a short distance outside of that remarkable spot.

Sierra Leone is worth a word. It did not seem as if it need be the deadly place it is. The name Sierra Leone, in Spanish, means, the Mountain of Lions, and yet this significant name Sierra, or serried chain of mountains, is overlooked and unheeded by

the settlers; they will not take the "sierra" hint: and the town and dwellings are down on the stifling flats, in a latitude which is only eight degrees north of the equator. So, the unhealthiness of Sierra Leone is attributable to the stolidity of the denizens who (as Montesquieu would say) choose the Chalcedon of the swamps when they have the Byzantium of the hills before their eyes. It would seem that, if, as Horace, in the sweetest lyric ever written, says, Africa is "the dry nurse of lions," the lions understand the country best, and the bestials are in Africa more sensible than the humans; for, while the "Lions" select the "Sierra," the bipeds go to soak on the sweltering sands.

The peninsula of Sierra Leone is almost an island, being creeked across at the neck; the peninsula is in shape a good deal like Sicily: it is only twenty-eight miles long, by twelve broad. All the central portion of the peninsula is a mass of magnificent primitive forests, out of which there stand up grand mountain peaks; one of the highest of these, Sugar-loaf, is only five miles from Freetown, and it is no less than four thousand feet high: and at Gloucester, and Regent Hill, there are fine healthy altitudes, where moderate temperature could be commanded. Yet everyone lives, or rather dies, down on the torrid alluvial fens, among the mangrove creeks, where you may be walking about well in the morning, and, as Teddy would say, you might find yourself comfortably dead and buried by night.

No wonder the reeking pestilential shore is the

grave of good missionaries and of pious bishops, when the residentiary arrangements are so heedless and injudicious. The mortality among such men is the more to be regretted, because they are of all philanthropists the most valuable; and if they must work amid the miasma, they need not live there. Such precious lives ought to be saved from needless exposure to a factitiously fatal climate.

Who are they that venture out to risk their lives on behalf of their fellow creatures? The missionaries. They are usually gentlemen by birth and education, versed in many languages, and but poorly paid; yet they cut themselves off from home and society, and bury themselves among savages, all in order to humanize them, and to give them the soul-elevating gospel of Christ. More is done by these missionaries, to advance science, to promote peace, to abolish slavery, to uplift benighted millions, and simply to civilize mankind; than is or was effected or even attempted by all the gabbling philosophers and doctrinaires and humanitarians that exist or have ever existed.

But if Sierra Leone has cost too many valuable lives, nevertheless, as an experiment, and on the whole, it has been a grand success. There is now a population of 41,624; of these, 15,782 are liberated Africans. Out of the whole population, there are only 3,351 pagans; the Mahometans are only 1,734: the Episcopalians are 12,954, and the Wesleyans 15,180: and the number of children taught in the schools, amounts to the cheering total of 11,016.

Very recently, the Governor has reported that "the Customs receipts have increased to £20,000; and that the internal trade of the country is steadily growing, owing partly to the number of small native traders who have started in business of late years, and partly to facilities afforded by credit being given for import duties. British protection supplies a stimulus to native improvement and enterprise; and the population are rapidly learning the general customs of civilized society, engaging in commercial transactions with surprising diligence and avidity: submitting on the one hand to the various necessary imposts, and on the other gladly reaping the benefits of enlarged communication, and in many instances amassing wealth enabling them to vie with European enterprise. Sierra Leone is thus proving not only a refuge for those who are rescued from slavery, but a nucleus of civilization and a school of Christian teaching."

All this good has been more brought about by the sheer influence of the Bible, than the graceless wise-aces of the world are willing to allow. Indeed, the benefits now working out, by means of Sierra Leone, are so curious; the case might, were it not so solemn, be called a gospel comedy. For, what can be more diabolical than the Slave Trade, which steals (as Joseph in Egypt said,) aye, that is the word, *steals* men away from their homes, and sells them to be bondmen in a distant land? What also is so great an impediment to the gospel, as the multitude of different dialects among the illiterate tribes of

Africa? Well, Sierra Leone meets both points, and actually makes the one evil cure the other! because, while the Slave Trade exports men of all those tongues, then men of all the languages are thus collected, and so our cruisers catch them and import them into Sierra Leone, where they are Christianized, and sent off inland through the sullen continent, all so many seasoned and self-testifying missionaries, like a host of living polyglots, to tell among their own tribes how truly good is the Gospel of Jesus. If such reclaimed men do not actually convert their black brethren, they are at least admirable pioneers. Such a scene is quite amusing, it is so happy and ingenious, in good coming out of evil. Think of the Slave Trade being a gift of tongues! the Slave Trade being a missionary key to the multitudinous dialects of Africa! I know no more singular instance of Christianity "getting to windward" of the devil.

Perhaps the only case at all to compare with it, is that of the Mutiny in India. It is known, but it has not been sufficiently noticed, that the mutiny among the Sepoys was precipitated by Jesuits, who passed themselves off as Hindoos. Precisely thus, at an earlier era, there had been Portuguese Jesuits *in India*, who were adroit enough to palm themselves off on the people as Brahmins; they forged a Veda, and denied that they were Europeans, in order to mix among the people, and carry out "the (popish) church's" aims. There are always Jesuits equal to any disguise in any land, they being in

fact trained with this very view. Our modern Hindoo Jesuits worked up the fanaticism of the native soldiers, in the matter of the greased cartridges; in hopes that thus the great heretic empire might be irretrievably damaged. But English pluck, with God's blessing, surmounted the crisis; and the result of the mutiny is, not only that England has a firmer and more profitable hold on India than ever, but also that there is an end of that old "company" system whereby Juggernaut was fostered, and the gospel was proscribed, and only infidelity was promoted by "those who knew the country." Hence the "heretical" principles of England are making now far more full and rapid strides in Hindostan, than if there never had been that very Mutiny which was evoked by popery's prime agents the Jesuits, to ruin our Protestant power. Even angels might laugh heartily at such a rare scene of iniquity outwitting itself.

While the 'Amaranth' was beating down along the coast of Africa, the conversation between Cyril and George naturally turned on the present condition and future prospects of that huge sluggish continent, which looks like a tough geographical *Ham* or leg of mutton. It is curious that two such mighty friends as England and France should be simultaneously taking it in hand, carving away at either end, England at the Cape, and France at Algiers; and are they to meet and shake hands at the top of the Mountains of the Moon? England's colonizing ability is patent to all. But there is no

reason why France, if less clever at colonizing, should not strive all the more to succeed. The more France works down into the haunch of Africa, the better. The only disadvantage is, that France is a lady who not only extends French "ideas" and glory, but also plants popery; and it is easier to make Christians of pagans than of papists. However, perhaps this does not so much matter, inasmuch as the whole Papal system is soon to break down, whether France likes it or not. It is really very ill-natured how some Englishmen grudge France every advance she makes; whereas our annexations have been so voracious, that now the little island of Britain, God bless it, is at the head of actually the most extensive empire existing on earth: China alone exceeds us in population, but neither China nor Russia nor any other empire can vie with us in square miles. Our Queen reigns over more territory than any other ruler does. Scarcely then need Englishmen complain when France, whom we have bereft of Canada and India, tries to make the Timbuctoos of Africa as civilized (say) as the vicinity of Boulogne.

On the subject of the expansion of France, George and Cyril took different sides. Cyril espoused what might be called the French predilection, while George expressed the old-fashioned English view. But George seemed to talk himself out of it, and gave it up. Why should we English be so jealous about our friend France becoming more powerful? The stronger our French ally is, the better for us.

The world is more likely to abide in peace, when the nations are few and strong, rather than when they are many and weak.

What a pity, what a mistake, it was, that the little kingdom of Belgium, and the paltry realm of Greece were ever created ! It would be better that Turkey had Greece back, or that Athens swallowed up Constantinople. We can see how excellent a change has been the abolition of the Two Sicilies, Tuscany, and so on, and the fusion of the whole into the kingdom of Italy, with Rome and Venice soon to follow, and possibly Switzerland. [This was written in 1862.] All of Poland might form one kingdom, with Hungary. There ought to be created an Emperor of Germany ; and Austria with all the petty states, Saxony, Bavaria, Coburg, and all, with Hanover, aye, and Holland, and parvenu Prussia itself, ought to be all comprised in the Empire of Germany : and a House of Kings could be constituted, having the same high functions as our House of Lords : and it would be more honorable for the Kings to have a potent voice in so great an empire, than to be the ridiculous little monarchs they are at present. The emperor would probably be the Austrian or Prussian sovereign. Thus Germany would consist of the Emperor, the House of Kings, and a Representative Chamber. In like manner, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden might form one Scandinavian kingdom. Also, Spain and Portugal should be united. There would be in it all, no loss to anyone, except to the collectors of postage-stamps.

All this would not only promote the welfare of the lands concerned, but also it would be for the interest of England. And why should England complain if France gets some aggrandizement? It would be mean and cowardly of us to hold that France must not be enlarged, because then she would overpower us. Besides, as to our subversion, not Napoleon I. with all Europe to help him, could accomplish it. The acquisition of Savoy and Nice by France, was greeted by very pitiful complaints in England; but it was no business of ours. As to Nice, everyone except the grand Nizzard Garibaldi might let France obtain it. Certainly, as to Savoy, it seems strange to us, that Victor Emmanuel should give up the cradle of his house; since, for Italy to discard Savoy, is as if Britain were to relinquish its oldest part, Wales. Nevertheless, *that* was the look-out of the Savoyards; and if they were willing to become Frenchmen, and if the Italians were content to make them over, it is not for us in England to upraise our reclamations. Let France possess Mont Blanc, and welcome.

But the chief maledictions of jealous Englishmen are bestowed on France in anticipation of her obtaining the Rhine as her frontier. I am sure, France has my consent, if she chooses to ask for it. Both Brussels and Antwerp had better become French cities. But then Waterloo will be wiped out? Well, that would be a very friendly way of doing it. Nor is it so easy to erase great facts

which are extant on the tablets of Time and of History. Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt are French places, and yet our victories are not wiped out. The same France to whom England restored the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena, has too good taste to damage or remove the Lion at the top of Waterloo mound. And the Lion is only the Belgian one; while, as Cæsar may remind us, the Belgians are Gallic: he says of the Gauls, "Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ" (of all these the Belgians are the bravest.) And then let us remember that *our* Belgian allies at Waterloo were so brave that they exhibited the white feather.

Bah! let us not grudge France the Rhine; let us rejoice to see our great and chivalrous friend attaining her natural limits, which will satisfy her, and keep her quiet: and the more France is powerful, prosperous, and contented, the more will the real interests of England be promoted.

From the subject of French expansion, Cyril and George were led to slide back naturally to the topic of Boulogne; and Cyril made some further remarks with reference to the pleasant place, and dearest Jessie. George entered still more warmly into the matter; he assured Cyril that the more he thought of the whole case, the more he felt convinced, that Jessie loved him, and would be his.

And George looked most amiably beautiful when he added, that Cyril's joy would be bliss to him; since, if woman's love was denied to himself, he could the more exult in Cyril's success: nor could

any event be more rapturous to him, than to know that Cyril's hopes were crowned with Jessie's love.

Cyril thanked George Thornton with all the passionate fervor of a friend ; and as he did so, Cyril looked at his friend's eloquent and lustrous eyes [he was supposed to resemble his father], and Cyril was struck to observe for the first time the fact, of which he had felt only a floating consciousness before, that there was a considerable likeness in George to Jessie. Cyril was quite startled ; and while he felt that this idea must endear George to him more than ever, he told George that he in his appearance reminded him very much of Jessie : but George said nothing in reply, and had rather a surprised or scared expression. So, Cyril turned the topic, to say, he supposed he must go back to Boulogne, as George had chalked the course so kindly for him ; but, he thought he would not stop at the Cape, but would go on to the Mauritius. This would give him more of George's company ; nor would it be any real loss of time, because he could take the steamer from Mauritius to Aden, and so on, to Alexandria and Marseilles. This arrangement was well talked over, and decided to be the best.

"And," said Cyril gaily, "if I fail again as regards catching Jessie, I can still come back overland, and follow you to the East, where our projected travels may be completed, after all."

"No," cried George ; "it must not be so : Love, inestimable *Love* forbids it."

And then George found and recited the very appropriate address of Lord Byron "to Jessy," as follows, "There is a mystic thread of life so dearly wreath'd with mine alone, that Destiny's relentless knife at once must sever both or none. There is a form on which these eyes have often gazed with fond delight; by day that form their joy supplies, and dreams restore it through the night." And George added from the same effusion, "There are two hearts, whose movements thrill in unison so closely sweet, that, pulse to pulse responsive still they both must heave, or cease to beat. There are two souls whose equal flow in gentle streams so calmly run, that, when they part—they part? Ah, no, they cannot part; those souls are one."

All this while, Henry Day continued very loyal, or at least demure. Indeed, he proved himself very useful; for, on several occasions, during the voyage, especially when some little carpentering alterations in the fittings of the yacht had to be made, the services of a tasteful painter were required: and here the pencil of Henry Day was found to be inimitable. It had previously been the privilege of Teddy, who liked dabbling with paint-brushes, to execute such little painting jobs as were desirable; but he could confessedly only smear and daub, whereas Henry Day had real skill. The superiority was so evident that Teddy was magnanimous enough to concede it himself; and yet it could scarce be, but that, in human nature, Teddy must be somewhat "riled" at the rivalry, and vexed to find himself supplanted

by a fellow who perhaps like Cardinal Wiseman was more Spanish than English. Among the alterations, an ornamental panel had to be taken out, and in so doing it got spoiled, and was replaced by a blank board, on which however Henry Day soon drew the group of the Three Graces, in a style which was really artistic, harmonizing also fully with the other decorations. Both Cyril and George liked him for this sunny streak of genius; and when Henry observed respectfully that if he had a little workshop, and more tools, brushes, cans, and materials, (as he could make his own paints,) he should be able to be more useful: George ordered a little hencoop place to be ingeniously fitted up for him, and promised him that at the Cape he would endow him with as much implements and compounding ingredients as he could wish.

Teddy did not seem to be too much disconcerted, at his enemy's turning him out of his situation as limner to the 'Amaranth;' at least, he appeared to console himself sufficiently, by capering and gambling more than usual with Floss, who we know did not like Henry Day any more than Teddy did.

Teddy had got an old broad-leafed straw hat, which he contrived to contort into the appearance of a lady's bonnet, with some bits of colored paper for flowers, and sea-gull's feathers for plumes; this bonnet he fixed with twine on Floss's head, who bore the operation with marked gravity. Then Teddy knocked the bottom out of a round hamper, which served for crinoline; over which he threw

some sailcloth by way of "gownd," and over this he flung the Spanish flag, which had been last used on leaving Ferrol: the flag was professedly to "look pretty," but I fear it was a sly wipe at Henry's supposed nationality. Then an old key tied to one front paw as eyeglass, and a fish's tail to the other paw as fan, completed Floss's toilet.

Hereupon, Teddy made Floss stand up, on his hind legs, as if he was used to it, and take his arm, and walk up and down; and so they pranced about, and minced their steps, to the great delight of the crew, for, in fact, sailors are only big bearded boys. Not content with the promenading, Teddy took both of Floss's hands in his, and skipped and whirled and danced about, making Floss either grow tired or giddy; then Floss began to bark, and Teddy began to sing, bellowing some planxty at the top of his voice, till they both fell and rolled over and over, while the sailors were ready to split with uproarious laughter.

Captain Tyne was in his cabin, and pretended not to hear; and George and Cyril though on deck were supposed not to notice. Yet both of them overheard, and got a mental nudge, when Teddy declared aloud, it would not be fair and a-qual, if *he* was the only one, who could get no fun out of "the tiresome ladies."

CHAPTER XI.

TYNE.

“Yonder is a girl who lingers
Where wild honeysuckle grows
Mingled with the briar rose.”

H. SMITH.

WHILE passing down the coast of Africa, the ‘Amaranth’ ran inside (or eastward) of St. Helena, the Napoleon cenotaph. Thence the voyage stretched to the Cape of Good Hope, making for Table Bay, and Capetown. In approaching it, the Table Mountain is a very striking object. Behind it, is the Devil’s Peak, which looks as if it were cut off from the top of the Table. There are many very interesting scenes in the neighbourhood of the Cape and all about the Constantia hills. The vicinity is very rich in everything that is interesting to a lover of botany; and the Cape can boast of a very good observatory.

The weather was very fine, which is not usual, since there is almost always a rough sea with a huge swell at the Cape.

While the yacht was still a few miles distant from Capetown, Cyril had much agreeable conversation with Captain Tyne. Soon the subject turned to Tyne’s little daughter, Mary. Cyril felt much

interest in her, from all that he had heard said about her by her attached father; and Captain Tyne, being assured of Cyril's interest and regard, unbosomed himself a good deal to him about the little girl: and we may give the substance of some of his remarks.

He contended, that he did not make an idol of his child. "Indeed," he said, "the usual fear of religious people, lest, while loving their children, they might offend the Deity by such 'idolatry,' gives a very false idea of our Heavenly Father; it is only worthy of the heathens who used to think their gods were essences of envy and jealousy. I remember," said he, "to have once had that very fear that I was making an *idol* of my little Mary, and somehow sacrilegiously interfering with my fealty to God; till, on looking into some little American publication, I saw an excellent remark to the effect that we cause ourselves anguish which is as needless, as is the libel against God unjust, when we imagine He would be offended at our appreciating the charms of the children He has given us."

"Very true," said Cyril; "and let me clinch the argument by asking, What is an idol?"

"I reply," said Captain Tyne, "an 'idol' is a false vehicle of prayer; and this has nothing to do with a parent's love. The whole allusion about idolatry in such a case, is absurd. In fact, it seems to me, there is more than one very black bogie, which harsh Puritanism has handed down to us, in the shape of cruel causeless apprehensions, and fetters

of the affections; from all which superstitions a little common sense may deliver a person, as it did me. It was quite a relief to me to see my 'idol' error vanish into thin air. I once saw a ghost, when a boy; it was in a long dark storeroom, by night: the moon was shining, and I could discern the hideous tall figure in black, with two huge saucer eyes staring at me: if I had howled out and run away, I should have been a believer in apparitions ever after. But I had just courage enough to *walk up to the goblin, and have a look at it*; when, what should it be, but an old cloak hanging up, and the two immense mother-of-pearl buttons were the eyes! My 'howl' was turned into a laugh; nor was it likely I should be afraid of ghosts after this: I always connected them with the old cloak buttons. Just so, I *looked* at my 'idol' fear, and it disappeared. Of course, there might be 'inordinate affection;' still, where Religion and Reason and Prudence are at work, it is not possible for a parent's love to be too fond. The alarm about such idolatry is a mere hobgoblinish error, utterly at variance with the true Christian conception of the Almighty as the God of Love."

"Somehow," says Cyril, "I fancy, children are not popular; what are boarding-schools and day-schools but machinery to enable parents to get rid of home nuisances? And see how the manœuvre of holding a baby up to a railway-carriage window, keeps *comers* off!"

"Well," said Captain Tyne, "I can also remember

the time when I thought children rather a plague ; and, no doubt, many rude youngsters are nuisances, and such they remain all their days. Still I hold, that one of the good things of a man's getting married and being blessed with a family, is, that it attracts him to the cradle, and forces him to take more notice of children ; and the more he marks them, the more he must love them : if he has a humane heart and not a leathern lobe under his ribs. When a man has a tender little chuck of his own, he loves the little one with unutterable affection ; and hence he comes to take an interest in other people's young ones. I can only say for myself, that since I have had a little Mary of my own, I pat many a little curly wig with more goodwill than ever ; and when I go to a church where there happens to be a baptism in the service, I feel a new fervor in praying for the Holy Spirit to accompany the service, and make efficacious the initiatory rite for the reception of infants into the Good Shepherd's fold."

"Just what I have felt," said Cyril, warmly ; "those who would deny baptism to infants, seem to me to be peculiarly in conflict with the entire tenor and spirit of the Gospel of that Saviour, who Himself loved 'little children,' and was pleased to be encircled with tender babes. My own observation has been, that the Baptists are sectarians who are singularly sour, harsh, narrow-minded, and *cruel in their conduct*. They are the *back of the picture* of real Christians."

“Let me tell you,” said Captain Tyne, “that it is all very well for those men to scoff at a child as a ‘church member,’ who are themselves mere skinny bags of bones and lust and selfishness and cruelty, austere conceited crotcheteers, who have none of the innocence and artlessness of youth. I knew one such, first a bitter Baptist, then a godless deist; he afterwards got married, and had a son: but the boy died: and the poor father quite shrieked and screamed and yelled, like a person in a fit, at the funeral of his child: he learned too late that a child’s life may be the most precious of all treasures. Possibly, the sad trial may have had the good effect on him, of curing him of his hideous scepticism. Indeed, the Resurrection doctrine of Christianity, teaching us that we shall live body and soul after death *as Christ did*, is worth receiving for its own sake; it is the grand solution of all the mysteries of earth: the idea, that we shall meet again the loved forms in glorified guise, as well as the dear souls of the departed, is in itself a tenet too good, too sweet, to be parted with. Hence it carries on itself the proof that it is divinely true.”

“I remember,” said Cyril, “to have read a striking remark by Fanny Fern (Mrs. Parton, written by her in 1853), about ‘The Baby:’ ‘Was there ever any music half so sweet to the ear, as its first-lisped “Papa?” O, how closely, and imperceptibly, one by one, that little plant winds its tendrils round the parents! How anxiously they hang over its cradle, when the cheek flushes and the lip is fever-parched;

and how wide and deep and long a shadow is cast by its little grave!"

"Yes, and there is," said Captain Tyne, "even in very young children, a capability of receiving solemn and salutary impressions, which I may exemplify by the following case. My child, when scarcely two years' old, was in the room with me while I was finishing my dressing. She was even then a very good little girl, and was used to say some short prayers of her own, such as, 'Pray God bless baby, and make her a good girl, and keep her safe through the day, for Christ's sake, Amen.' She had, however, though it was early in the morning, already said this; and she was now amusing herself with some toys and playthings in a distant corner of the room: nor did any of the mysteries of my brushes or shaving-tackle seem to have any attractions for her curiosity. I finished in this respect; and then, wishing to complete my usual morning devotions, I quietly knelt down at a chair, to pray. After a short time, I became conscious of a little rustling beside me, and, on looking round, *there* was the little girl, who, quite of her own accord, had got on her knees beside me, and her dear gentle little hands were held up at a stretch to the chair, in the attitude of prayer, with an intense look of earnestness, and *with such a sacred hush in her radiant eyes*. It was, to me, a beautiful scene; and it shows me that children can be got to love piety for itself.

"It appears to my mind a fact altogether in

accordance with the truth of the immortality of the soul, that there are brilliant signs of early intelligence visible to the attentive observer of children. It would, I think, be contrary to the heavenborn origin and heavenward destiny of the soul, if no indications of mental vigor, like electric coruscations of intellect, were perceptible in the young. But, the God who made them, has qualified them to show forth certain slight yet bright flashes of reason, which may luminously appear through the crevices of immaturity. We must indeed come close to discern them; but, when we do stoop, we *can* descry them, there. How engaging is the incident related in a simple little book called (I think) 'The Clergyman's Daughter;' it describes a rural lass who being on a visit to a relative of rank in London, was brought to a grand musical party, where even the best singers scarcely commanded attention. The little girl, perhaps jokingly, was asked, 'Will you sing?' However, out of sheer artlessness, she began at once; and her song was, the Church Evening Hymn, which she sang out loudly from the heart, with such a rich liquid voice, that the most stale and hackneyed consciences were moved and hushed, and some had their eyes filled in spite of them, with scalding tears, while the dear little girl so suddenly and unexpectedly pealed the grand old hymn across the Sahara of their souls."

"It is," observed Cyril, "an odd idea of mine, that although there have been such ages of babies, no history of an infant has yet been written. I

have no idea what I myself was, at six months old! And yet there are curious points about the very youngest child. It would be instructive if even one child was taken, and every circumstance concerning it recorded, and photographed in print, with descriptive letter-press, from the very first. We know too little about our own outset. I may make Babyology a science, and say it is yet in its infancy."

"So it is," responded Captain Tyne, smiling. "I remember telling a poor child how beautiful the angels of heaven are; and the child's query was, 'What *um* got on?' And when my little hearer heard of the white robes and glittering wings, the child rubbed its hands with glee, exclaiming, 'O, I should *loike* to go to Heaven!' Who can tell how far such an impression may be ultimately blest to that child? Children do not seem to have naturally any slavish or abject fear of 'God;' yet their view is reverential: thus one child, when charged with a fault which had not been committed, said, 'I am sure I did not, *did I, God?*' Such an appeal was real honesty, and true faith, and the very quintessence of a legitimate oath. Some of the inferences also which children make are very odd, too sincere, quaint reasoning, strained and shrill, like the unpleasantly high notes of an instrument; thus a child was given a *crown* piece, and soon gave it to some missionary collector, on the sole ground that the child had heard it is right to 'cast crowns before Jesus:' (this is an actual fact). Another

child, a little girl, when reading about Satan as the roaring lion going about, said she knew how he went about, and being asked how, said, 'in shows.' There is often this sort of painfully practical purview in children. Yet it is a fine footing to work upon. A little boy's thoughts seem to be all one series of questions. Certainly, like as Defoe in Robinson Crusoe makes the savage Friday ask difficult questions, such as, 'Why does not God kill the devil?' so also do children often ask what their elders find difficult to solve, so difficult, that the ungracious refuge, 'Don't teaze me,' has to be resorted to, meaning really, 'I cannot explain it.'"

Cyril laughed, and remarked, "Yes, I have noticed that some children will keep up a constant fire of such interrogations as, 'Why is the grass green?' 'Why has not a cockchafer a sting like a wasp?' and then comes, 'Shall I have my wheelbarrow in heaven?'"

"To which question," said Captain Tyne, quickly, "I always answer 'Yes.' 'Shall I have my geegees (horses) in heaven?' 'Yes, you shall,' I always reply. And it would be hard to say 'No,' when we hear of the heavenly chariots of fire and the horses of fire. After this, will come out, from some little boy, busy with his box of bricks, such a bit of tortuous divinity or overdone casuistry as this (a fact), as follows, 'My dear sister, I am like Jesus, but you can't be, for, Jesus wasn't a little girl.'

"There is no doubt," continued Captain Tyne, "that children enter even too much into religious

topics, such as the idea of death and heaven; one little girl, hushing a healthy infant, said in all honesty, 'Darling baby, I hope you'll soon die, and go to Heaven.' So far from children being unable to comprehend high doctrines, they grasp them almost too readily. There is not the least difficulty in getting quite a young child to understand the whole essence of the doctrine of the atonement of Christ; those who think otherwise have either never tried, or do not know it themselves. I remember to have heard of some Irish Protestant children, quite young, who were well aware how Popery holds that every piece of the popish wafer, if broken, is a whole Christ; so they quite waylaid and persecuted a priest, following him along the road, and demanding of him, 'What is it would be broken, bread or flesh? What would be broken? *What?* Please to tell us!' and the priest could only mutter 'Nothing:' and certainly he had nothing to say for himself. By none are doctrines grasped more rapidly than by children."

"For my part," remarked Cyril, "I have often noticed, how very vivid, though transient, is the memory of children; if you tell them a story 'out of your head' a second time, they will catch you up, if you make the least variation from the first rendering of the tale: they will tell you what 'you said,' after you have forgotten it yourself. This indeed may show how needful it is (as Juvenal says) to 'reverence' a child; and to take care not to give bad impressions, because the young mind is

so tenacious, and is even more retentive of evil than of good."

"Talking as we did," said Captain Tyne, "about goblins, I have often found children very subject to superstitious fears, but never unless the existence of malign visitants had been suggested to them by injudicious nurses or nurse-infected playmates. One wicked nurse frightened a child, by (of all things) the hat-pegs in a hall, and used to keep the child quiet by threatening it with the wrath of the hat-pegs; hence the poor child could not pass through the hall without terror. But I took the child in my arms and had a romping play with it; before long I managed to get its hand on one of the hat-pegs, while I struck another with a stick, and thus we had a game of noise over them: after which the child was rid of the nurse-made alarm. It was worth while to take so much pains. Even the little obliquities of children are often interesting and amusing. Thus when one little girl got into disgrace, another at once sang out, 'May I have her dominoes?' as soon as the other was domino-ically dead; it was the very miniature of legacy hunting. When another child, who was about as filial and affectionate (which is not saying much) as the common run of children, heard that it was usual for parents who died, to leave their 'effects' to their progeny; the child looked up at its papa, with a singular wistful expression, as much as to say, 'Had you not better die, dear papa, pretty soon, so that I may have all your things?' There

was wonderful candor in the little parricidal look. Many bigger children are not so honest about their secret wishes for their relatives to die, and let them 'come into the property.' But despite the heartlessness and ingratitude forming the rule in children, there are bright exceptions, bright with love. Really there is nothing more genuine and sweet than the Love in the hearts of some children. If you show you like a child, it has wonderful confidence in your affection. I remember turning an emptied egg-shell upside down, in an egg-cup, for my Mary; and when she broke the pretended egg, she knew at once that I had played her a trick: and then her look of surprise, as if saying, 'Is it *you* who deceive me?' was more pointed than any 'Et tu Brute' that any Julius Cæsar could utter."

"I can quite enter into that," responded Cyril; "and I think it must be delightful to win the warm love of a really nice child. Nor should I think any pains taken to secure it, other than worth-while, or as the classics call it, '*operæ pretium*.' But I imagine I could easily make the child love me, by simply loving it myself. The more difficult thing would be, to gain its downright confidence, so that it would come to you with all its little nonsenses, all its goody tribulations, and all its doll disasters."

"No difficulty at all!" cried Captain Tyne; "love and confidence go together. You have only to unbend a bit, and bring yourself down to its level, which you are sometimes surprised to find is not so inferior to your own. Perhaps the Greek grandee

Agesilaus who was not ashamed to be caught romping and riding hobby-horse with his children, was well repaid by their unintentionally suggesting to him some great truth. Be familiar with a child; meet it on its own ground: and you will have its full confidence. I recollect a question arose whether things not prohibited, are thus permitted; and I quite satisfied my little casuist, by not thinking it beneath me to lay aside a difficult mathematical computation, and doggrelize in so humble a strain as, 'Mary and the Mud:—' 'I had a little Mary pet, who did whatever she was let. And when the trees began to bud, she went to scamper in the mud; and when the mud became too thick, her little shoes began to stick: and when her shoes became quite fast, she knew this must not longer last, so, out she drew her little toes, and off across the mud she goes, and, in she came, in such a heat, just as she was, in stocking feet, drabbled and splatter'd, brown and black, with lumps of mud all up her back. And then papa began to scold, and said "She'll surely catch a cold; and as she'll dirty all around, he'd better pop her in the pound, with horses, asses, cows and pigs, and such uncomfortable grigs." Then little Mary answered yet, she did whatever she was let; and as papa had let her go, he must not think to punish so: for then she'd cry, and sob, and sorrow, and not look pretty till to-morrow. "So, don't be angry with your duck, but please forgive your dove's ill-luck." Then soon papa relieved her fears, and kiss'd away her starting tears. "But,"

says papa, "I did not let *you*, in the mud to run, my pet; you never ask'd if you might go, nor did I give my Yes or No. So, learn to do my tacit will; aim to distinguish good from ill: think not, that you are 'let' to do whate'er you're 'not told Not' to do: and do not mischief when you might, but always do whatever's right. Such is my lesson, for my love; now, coo (and kiss me) like a dove.'"

"I see," said Cyril, "the question is not, whether some sour spitfire critics would approve of the poetry; the child was pleased: and that was enough."

"Precisely so," replied Captain Tyne; "and I recollect that I gave the same little woman another treat, by spinning out her song about Bo-Peep. This nursery-rhyme is solemnly turned into Latin verses in H. Drury's "*Arundines Cami*;" and why then might I not elongate the same rhyme for my little girl, at the following rate? (The stanzas with the first word marked * are the old ones: the rest is original:) 'Little Bo-Peep:—'It came to pass there was a lass who had the occupation of tending sheep; her name's Bo-Peep: the nicest in the nation. Her cheek would seem like purest cream in which a roseleaf's ducking; her eyes they shine so large and fine, you might have took a tuck in. She sings and crows, as if for woes she would not care a button; you could not light on a prettier sight, Bo-Peep and her mob of mutton. This shepherdess got in a mess about her flock of fleeces;

away they stray, while, full of play, she's cracking nuts to pieces. * Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, and doesn't know where to find them; leave them alone, and they will come home, and carry their tails behind them. * Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep, and thought she heard them bleating; but when she awoke, she found it no joke, for still they were a-fleeing. She had no dog, and through the fog which over her was arching, she could not learn which way to turn; but now she must be marching. * So, up she took her little crook, determining to find them; she found them all right, which made her heart light, for, they all had their tails behind them. Then home along she came with song, and got a gallant greeting; with boil'd and roast, and tea and toast: they had a merry meeting. Little Bob Smart has lost his heart, and doesn't know where to find it; leave it alone, and it will come home, with its own little love behind it. Bob and Bo choose their wedding shoes, which soon they'll want to drag on; leave them alone, and they will come home by the Parcels Delivery wag-on. Bob is a lord, and he will accord a most magnificent marriage; Lady Bo-Peep, instead of her sheep, shall have her horses and carriage.' "

Cyril smiled and applauded, and Captain Tyne went on, "Let some crabbed old hunks exhaust against me all his artillery of 'Silly,' 'Senseless,' or 'Ridiculous;,' still the fact remains, that my indulging the little girl thus, was at least as sensible an act as smoking a cigar, or snoring over an emptied

porter-bottle, or scandal-mongering at a club-window. Some may like to curl and wreathe tobacco-smoke; why may not I do what pleases *me* most? which is, to wreathe round me my little girl's heart-strings, when I can do it as easily as curl her ringlets round my finger. It is quite my maxim that, this way, 'Dulce est desipere in loco,' or, 'Tis sweet to be seasonably silly; ' because one can, with scarce an effort, engage a child's confidence as well as love. What can be more beautiful than for me to ask Mary, 'How much you do love me?' and then she responds, 'All this,' extending her dear little arms as widely as ever they can stretch. How rich a compass of pure genuine Love is thus encircling one. What more precious than such a little heart? Many a young man may know a pretty face which he delights to behold. But I will tell you what I think the loveliest face any eye can witness. It is a little Mary, such as mine was, at three or four years old. Come here, little darling, and kneel on my knee. Here is her nice dress, and here is her well-formed shoulder, and her graceful neck, and her beauteous head, with all its wavy light-brown tresses; and then, her exquisite features, with the dazzling fair forehead, and her healthful cheeks, and her pure rosy mouth: and O, the brilliant lustrous eyes, with such an unfathomable charm of expression. And then, to get her to talk and prattle with arch yet honest glee; I say, no object on which the human eye can gaze, is so entrancingly perfect in beauty and delight as little Mary.

"I will sum up the subject in the following
(original) lines on

LITTLE MARY.

"GAY there is a merry maiden,
And, her name is Mary, mine ;
And, her heart is richly laden,
Like a bark upon the brine :
For, the freight is all affection,
Young and pure and free from wile,
Lavishing in each direction
Many a kind caress and smile.
Thus she launches toward the ocean,
On the waves of life along ;
Welcome with each fond emotion,
Welcome with her little song :
With her gentle dance of pleasure,
Welcome, with her infant charms :
Pearly hands, a tiny treasure,
With her clasping necklace arms :
With her laugh to banish sadness,
Front so fair, and faults so few :
With her ruby lips of gladness,
With her sapphire eyes so true.
Blessings on the darling beauty,
Little casket of delight ;
On the child of prayer and duty,
On the little bark so bright.

O, her voyage be auspicious,
May the storms my Mary spare ;
May her course be pure, propitious,
Full of piety and prayer.

Till the Saviour's approbation
'Mid the mansions of delight
Crowns the goal of her probation
With the amaranth of light ;

Till she gains, with ransom'd millions,
Heaven's calm haven-home above :
Welcomed to His own pavilions
By the Lord she learn'd to love."

But now the current of the Tyne meditations on sweet children in general, and little Mary in particular, had to be suddenly cut short by the near approach of the yacht to Capetown.

On her arrival, none went on shore, except Captain Tyne to make some purchases, and Cyril to enquire about letters, and Henry Day to lay in a store of painting materials.

It was not long before Henry returned, with an abundant supply of varnishes and pigments, and a large can of turpentine, and so on ; to obtain all which, George had furnished him with funds. Teddy kept a strict watch over him, as if he could *not* be reconciled to him or his proceedings.

Captain Tyne also soon returned, and advised that there should be as little delay as possible, inasmuch as the weather was unusually favorable,

the sea being free from the customary swell, and the wind being a nice breeze, off the shore, which would enable them to get rapidly round the Cape, towards the Indian Ocean.

Cyril was the last to return to the yacht; and as it was now a beautiful afternoon (Thursday, October 30), about five o'clock, the lovely craft stood out, on her further voyage.

Cyril had been successful in obtaining three letters for himself at the Cape; because the ordinary steamer, though it started some days after the 'Amaranth' had left Boulogne, had made the passage from Southampton in forty days, and thus had reached the Cape just before the yacht did.

Two of the letters were enclosed in one, as before, being despatched by Cyril's old guardians; and they were on the same peculiar topics as the last communications. One was to inform Cyril Grosvenor Esq. that he had actually been chosen unopposed to fill the parliamentary vacancy; so, now he was M.P. for his county, which honor he had often previously wished that he might one day attain.

But, as if in unison with his now considering his honor to be premature and undesired, he soon found that his House-of-Commons rank was destined to be very short-lived. For, on opening the second letter, from his old friends, he learned that he had already become a peer of the realm, which vacated the M.P. condition, so far as the House of Commons was concerned.

The good old earl had rapidly sunk, and died,

having retained all his faculties to the last. He had never rallied, after he had once begun to break up. It is observable that he had never before suffered a day's serious illness; and yet, when once he gave way, he succumbed altogether. We sometimes (not very often) see this phenomenon, which is especially found among the higher classes; a fine octogenarian, blessed with uninterrupted good health, bears up bravely, and gives a rare specimen of a hale and green old age. But, only let the same person break a limb or catch a bad cold or hear some desolating tidings, and at once the frame which had hitherto lasted so well, perishes, under such an attack as those who are always ailing, would be well able to endure. It seems as if when the gradual strokes of Time are at all evaded, the final blow comes all the more sudden, and crushing, at the last.

The grand old nobleman had seemed to dedicate his latest powers to an endeavor to make the succession come as genially to Cyril as possible. Everything that kindness, and courtesy, and delicacy, could do, was done, to make the accession appear to be in the natural course of things. Not a single legacy did the earl leave away from Cyril, except to a few servants and charities; everything else was unreservedly given over to Cyril as the heir of the honors of his house. The earl had large personal means, which he might (if he liked) have disconnected from the entailed estates; but, all the personalty, all the books, and furniture, and private

papers, with all plate jewels and ancient armor, were bestowed on Cyril with endearing terms, such as an old father might fitly use. The result was, that Cyril, contrary to his previous anticipations, now felt his nobility sit easy on him; and indeed it now struck him as a duty, to welcome and as it were enjoy the heritages, which accrued to him in so winning a way. And, was Jessie to share all these honors and possessions with him?

When Cyril acquainted George with the news, George wished him joy of his title, with the fondest warmth; and George especially gratified Cyril, by entering into the kindly sentiments of the old earl, and eulogizing his benignity of heart, and pointing out all the delicacy and magnanimity which had distinguished him. And George suggested that Cyril should embalm his memory and eternalize his virtues by an exquisite monument, to be inscribed with the most touching epitaph which Cyril's fine taste could create.

Nothing could also satisfy George but to call the crew aft, and introduce his friend to them as the "Earl of Evelyn," asking them to give *his lordship* three cheers. This was done with a will, Cyril having that rare secret of gaining the hearts of all he came near, which in fact is one of the most essential ingredients or attributes of a successful statesman. Cyril in a few eloquent words thanked the warm-hearted men, and told them he "hoped to give them a treat, at the Mauritius, before he parted from them." As he said this, a singular

gleam passed over the face of Henry Day, whom Teddy was as usual watching; it as much as said, "Perhaps none of you will ever get there!"

Teddy saw it, and booked it in his memory, and collated it with the interview between Henry Day and the Spaniard and priest, which he had seen through the telescope; Teddy felt all the more, that Henry Day was some Cabanas agent: and that now there was going to be soon some fierce and desperate effort made, to finish the tragedy. Of course the Cabanas miscreants would not only be glad to satiate their vindictiveness, but also it would as it were be a great relief to them, to be freed from the duty of the deed of blood, and to be exonerated from the obligation, by consummating the crime; after which they would feel as if canonized, and assured of reception into (the papal) heaven.

But though Teddy saw and understood all this, intuitively, he said nothing, and he only resolved to be doubly (with Floss) on the alert.

So, Teddy entered most loudly into the acclamations which greeted Cyril's rank; but we may spare the reader all the paddyisms of the occasion: partly because Teddy's language was in fact *not* so Hibernian as his brogue. His birth and youth had been Irish, and his nurse had been Irish, thus fostering the Irish element; still his life was mostly passed among Englishmen, and thus his diction was often good, and was really not so replete with Patlanderisms as it might otherwise have been.

But another reason why we may cut short the

provincialisms, is, that it may well be doubted whether it is good taste to fill histories like the present, with vulgar slang, as is the custom of writers of the Adam Bede order, who fill whole pages with peasants' talk, in the style of "whoam," and "phoine," and such like. Now, I believe such uncouth phraseology is a libel on the peasants in question. I happen to be well acquainted with the homes and modes of speech of the laborers of England in numerous counties both north and south; and I know that the lingo which it is now the *fashion* to attribute to them in novels, is a mere caricature of their speech. Their real language is much better "English" than is put into their mouths by their pseudo-admirers. A few words are peculiar to different districts, such as "wish" for sad, and "clam" for hunger, and so forth; but on the whole, the people of all parts of England speak the same tongue, and those who represent the reverse are simply false to the facts of the case.

Even if this were not so, it would still be questionable taste to immortalize every bit of exaggerated bad grammar or bad spelling or bad pronunciation. I think it is only once that Shakespeare, amid all his delineations of characters of all grades, ever obtrudes on us the rugged utterances of *English* vulgarity; and this single case is the more significant since it is where (in King Lear, Act IV., Scene 6) the Earl of Gloster's son Edgar says a few words in this strain, "Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion:" but Edgar has been personating Mad

Tom : else we should have had no "zir." Shakespeare lets Jack Cade and his ragamuffins speak good vernacular, without descending into any of the affected mannerisms of boors; even Macbeth's Scotch witches are permitted to speak English for English people. Only a Mad Tom should keep up his "zir." By the way, of all the styles of the nationalities in the British Isles, Scotch, English, Welsh, and Irish; the Scotch is the least amusing. I take it that the Scotchman, being poor, has to practise acquisitive caution; which is contrary to the hardihood of fun and wit. Whereas the Irishman, being poorer, and wearing the Scotchman's old clothes, is poor enough to be rash, in consequence of the excess of poverty; and so, through this rashness, everything comes out, folly, fun, and all: and thus wit ensues.

I do not like books that are all full of tiresome dialects. Nothing is more tedious than to have to be ever turning to a glossary; the words in question might much better have appeared at once in honest English. A strange word or two might be entertaining; but it is revolting to have whole volumes full of distorted expressions, and these all travestied and fictitious, the whole being the mere monstrosity of a diseased imagination. The same may strike us much in Burns' songs; Burns could write beautiful English, witness his "Saturday Night:" but in such a nice song as "Duncan Gray," why need we have the dismal jargon of "Now they're crouse and cantie baith: Ha, ha, the wooin o't"? One can

but groan, and say, "O that it had only been common good English!" As regards the Scotch jabber of books, it is simply tiresome and unpleasant. As regards the English rustic talk (in novels, or Prince Lucien Bonaparte, not in reality), it is simply vulgar and disgusting. The Welsh is a little better, being more queer and more amusing; hence Shakespeare gives vent to the Welsh slang of Fluellen and Parson Evans, more liberally than the Irish of Macmorris or the Scotch of Jamy. The Irish oddities are (I think) the best of all, when they are given by those who are at home in them, as Lever or Mrs. S. C. Hall; there is something so racy in the real speech of the Irish people: the eccentricities are droll, even where a bull or a blunder may still have no rational solution.

Though the Irish peculiarities are the best, still we do not aspire to preserve more of Teddy's Irish accents, than happen inevitably to fit into the narrative. Yet he was now very voluble in his gratulations, at Cyril's acquisition of the earldom; and Teddy protested he was so glad, that, though he had taken his tay already, he would now have a second tay, which would be very economical, because then he need have no tay to-morrow.

But Teddy was chiefly in ecstasies at Cyril's name being now (he said) in the same predicament as his own. "The 'Grosvenor' is dished. Is not his lordship now Cyril, Earl of Evelyn? And is not my lordship Teddy, Earl of the Bog of Allen? Yes, Cyril, and Teddy; no more: and no less: and

plenty for each. And we have only to get our admiral to be a lord too ; and then (long life however to his lady mother) we shall have George, Baron Edensor, and no more Thornton. Sorra a bit of a surname among the three of us ; nothing but George, Cyril, and Teddy : hooray ! ”

George being now in his cabin, and the crew at their stated duties ; Cyril enjoyed the fine evening air, while he paced up and down the deck.

The death of the kind and good old earl, left much sadness on Cyril’s mind ; and the hour was now favorable to deep solemnity of feeling ! He was much impressed by the thought, suggested by the suddenness with which his peerage had devolved upon him, how unstable and mutable are all human affairs, and how hurriedly and rashly as it were we rush on, to the engulfing ocean of futurity.

Awed by such thoughts, and made conscious of the evanescence of everything on earth, he turned his meditations to a historic instance of human change, and embodied his emotions in the following (original) lines, on

FORTUNE.

When Cromwell reign’d Protector in the land,
Britannia, mistress of the mighty main,
Laid on her mariners the prime command,
Her ancient right o’er ocean to maintain.

Then the high admiral, the patriot Blake,
Convoy’d his squadron forth from Albion’s shore,

Full vengeance on the vaunting Dons to take
For all their towering arrogance of yore.

Gaily the breezes of the orient sky
Sang as they ruffled through each ropen shroud ;
Carol'd their hymns of victory on high,
And choral peans in accordance loud.

Tuneful as rebec or recorder sweet
Those airy clarions sounded o'er the sea ;
Woke every martial ardor in the fleet,
And bade each energy alert to be.

Swift o'er the billows of the bounding deep
Helm'd was the glorious armament sublime ;
Proud did the warriors o'er the surges sweep,
Leaving their foamy footprints on the brine.

But when the pageant to the foe drew nigh,
And Britain's pennon spread her gorgeous form ;
When from her ordnance iron-hail 'gan fly
Fast as the firewings of the thunderstorm :

The Dons' unwieldy war-ships in amaze
Haul'd down their colors, or declined the fight :
Till soon their wrecks fell utterly to blaze,
Resigning Ocean to the British might.

Thus this true hero's never-conquer'd sword
Dauntless was brandish'd on the open main ;
All the wild sea-kings trembled at his word,
All the superbient citadels of Spain.

Firm though he could for an usurper strive,
His aim was e'er his country to defend ;

And when at last triumphant he arrived
In sight of his beloved natal land :

Elate with hope of laurels and renown,
Palms which he should so justly have acquired :
He left an earthly for a heavenly crown,
And in the arms of Victory expired !

Death's ruthless arrows spare not e'en the brave,
Nor wealth nor beauty from his shaft are free ;
For all gapes open the relentless grave,
Alike the denizens of land and sea.

Fortune ! how fickle are thy favors e'er !
One brow must bend in unabating woe ;
Another seems a diadem to wear,
But soon is blighted, or by doom laid low.

Let all, to guard against such fatal chance,
Bear the bright banner of the Truth on high ;
With Faith our morion, Virtue for our lance,
Fortune and Death we safely may defy.

From such retrospective meditations, Cyril was genially recalled, by Captain Tyne's joining him, and with much good taste (without any fawning or servility) tendering his own respectful compliments to Cyril, on the honors which had just accrued to him. Cyril shook hands with him warmly, as he liked and esteemed the man, and knew him to be upright and sincere. Thence the conversation turned to the changes which take place, and which Providence still overrules. And thence the subject

easily glided to the glowing heavens above their head, where the Southern Cross was then beaming forth its brilliant witness, with all the eloquence of celestial fire.

CHAPTER XII.

EPINEVILLE.

"O Memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain ;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain :
Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe :
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe."

GOLDSMITH.

WHEN the weather is fine, as it was at present, there is a very delightful sail, after leaving Cape-town, down along the Lower-California-shaped point of land, to the proper Cape of Good Hope.

The yacht was enabled to hug the shore, and passed by many places with funny blunt Dutch names, such as Slang-Kop point, and West Hoek ; after which, it ran close by the Bellows islet, with the Dias rock at the back, where the fine False Bay (with Simon's Bay) opens out, and with Cape Hangklip standing out boldly. The next curve of the land forms Sandown Bay, and the scenes all appear very pretty when the air is calm ; the whole district of the continent behind, is euphoniously called Caledon.

All along this coast there is commonly a gigantic

swell, and the sea at this angle of Africa is usually terrific; but at this time the breeze sank altogether, so that, as next day (Friday) came on, it fell stark calm, and the 'Amaranth' made no way whatsoever, save what was caused by the tide, while off the middle of Sandown Bay.

But we will now go back and deal with a previous moment, of the placid Thursday evening, after the yacht had just quitted Capetown.

Cyril was pacing a part of the deck by himself, and he now recurred to the *third* letter, which he had received at Capetown, and the description of which we have reserved till now.

The letter was from Mrs. Fitzherbert, in answer to the pathetic appeal which Cyril had addressed to her from Boulogne. The moment he had received it, seeing the direction was in a lady's handwriting, he divined at once what it was, and tore it open eagerly, glancing rapidly through the contents.

He soon saw, that it was kind, it was feeling; but, it was negative! She could throw no light on who Jessie and the aunt were.

This at once struck Cyril as supremely discouraging; and it seemed almost enough to do away with all the consolatory remarks which George had coupled with the advice, for him to go home and determine to discover Jessie. Would he not only be likely to impinge on a series of failures and discomfitures just as blank as now were any of the hopes he had formed, of accomplishing something through Mrs. Fitzherbert?

Much troubled at this prospect, Cyril placed the lady's letter in his pocketbook, and said nothing about it at first to George. It was this subject which he was bitterly revolving in his mind, while pacing the deck on that peaceful evening. The strange misadventures which usually beset Love, seemed to him to corroborate the fact, that "Love" is a thing almost too good for earth.

It was not indeed any feeling of shyness or shame, so much as the mere ill-success which he had met, that made Cyril now reluctant to reopen the subject of "Jessie" to his friend George.

And yet simultaneously Cyril *was* conscious how ready the unjust world is, to trace nothing but absurdity in love. Not only unjust, but also unphilosophical, is the way in which the subject of love is treated by "parents and guardians," and by society in general. See a boy and girl "in love"; what is the world's comment? it is "Ho, ho!" or "He, he." Love is thus a thing for young people to titter at, for elderly people to mutter ridiculous about, and for prudes to salute with the voice of fie! And yet there is nothing more real, more sincere, or more important, among sublunary emotions. The world in general is prompt to regard the *love* of a twenty-two year old bachelor, and a nineteen year old maiden, as the funniest, oddest, absurdest of all things. Yet, wait till the wedding-day of the very pair; and then see what a fuss is made about the mere finale of that very love. The bride is a queen in importance; the bridegroom is the monarch of the hour:

the superlative consideration of everyone is, to give the best and sweetest effect to that very "love" which was only the other day derided. Observe the nuptials; see what crying goes on, what rejoicing there is, and how all tends to deal with the occasion as the most momentous possible, to the parties in question. Surely here the world is guilty of utter inconsistency. How is it that the courtship preliminary is preposterous, while the matrimony conclusion is so weighty a business? There is an entire oblivion of all true principles of philosophy in such incoherent treatment of Love.

My own belief is that the world's cruel derision and interference can be resolved into nothing better than mere selfish jealousy, or envy. The hearts of the ferocious cannot bear to see others happy in the very way they themselves would most like to be blest. The principle of the sneerers at people "in love," is not above that of a spiteful old barn-door cock, who, when he sees a rival chanticleer happy with his favorite partlet, is sure to fly at him, and try to upset his joys, without gaining his own. To grudge another's happiness, is the native impulse of the *beast* of a bird; and the same is the case with the great featherless biped, man.

Love is that which lies at the root of our existence; and as long as it is kept within the limits of modesty and chastity, it is not only harmless: it is good. See two young people loving each other; what harm is there in it? What hurt is it to you? *Why cannot you let them alone?* I can tell you

old Fogey, that their love is more pure and noble, than your gastronomy, your avarice, your ambition, your laziness, and all the other unlovely sensations which pervade your abominable coarse old carcase.

The foolish way of the world is, at least to ignore love, as long as possible. Yet, what is the scourge of the nations? It is consumption; and what is the cause of consumption? It is some one or other thwart or excess of love; love unsatisfied, or love misdirected. Why then ignore so awful an element? Why not educate it, elevate it, and conduct it aright?

What anguish or agony can be worse than what results from abused love? Let those speak who know Lock Hospital scenes. What is that dark female figure creeping along in the dusk, and with a shriek and with uplifted hands, plunging over London Bridge into the reeking river? She is the victim of love. Love is therefore no trifling matter. Go to Bedlam, and ask what is the most fruitful source of insanity; next to drink, it is love. How many miseries surround a life of celibacy; how much better it is to be married than to be single: aye, and it is proved by statistics, that unmarried life is shorter than married life, by no less than five years. So, the whole topic is not one that merits to be as usual dismissed with a jeer or a gibe. Ask a young man what is literally the chief incident that could befall him; he will say, it would be, for him to be united to some Lucy or Bessie. Ask the middle-aged married man himself what was positively the most important event that ever befell *him*

in his whole life; he will admit, it was, his having married his present wife. All this proves "Love" to be, not the fit subject for scorn or pity, but rather, the due object of kind thought and helpful guidance.

The only thing I know of, that would seem to show there is something evil or guilty in love, is, that there is a degree of shame or consciousness attending it. But I imagine it is not so much shame as secrecy; and this secrecy I resolve into the value of love. Tell a man how many banknotes he has, and he will blush or flush; why? Is it for shame? No; is it then because of some iniquity? Not at all. Why then does he color up, and display confusion which looks like guilt? I think it is because it is a *precious* secret. So is it also with the rosy lover. I remember to have heard the case of a gentleman who was investing money, and had to inscribe his name in some bank-book or ledger; on the same page where he was to write, there was a cognate name, which, though it was instantly covered with a paper, he descried was his brother's signature, with a large amount opposite it. Afterwards he met the brother, and said innocently, I have been putting money in so-and-so, and I see you have a handsome stake there. The brother turned, not red, but pale, with rage and vexation; and (being cruel) he never did forgive the other. It was a private precious secret, which he did not want shared or divulged, because of its *value*; such also is love. If anything were needed to sub-

stantiate this interpretation of the lover's blush, we have it, in the fact, that the very same love which when dubious or unsecured, is attended with bashfulness, is no longer so, when all is safe and complete, in wedded life.

I would only insist, that if we analyze the feelings which now occupied Cyril's breast, while he sadly reviewed how the clever Mrs. Fitzherbert could throw no light to lead him to his Jessie; we behold no emotion but what is self-denying, pure, patient, sympathetic, and ennobling.

The idea, whether in despair he should, after all, give up the plan of going home from the Mauritius, now necessitated his talking this new phase of "Jessie" over, with George, who was reading in the cabin; and thither Cyril went.

Cyril merely told his friend, "I got a third letter, which has pained me much; and I want to read it over again, before I ask your opinion about it."

George, with that sweet instinctive delicacy and true *gentlemanly* action which always marked his manly character, said nothing as if he was impatient to know the news; but merely placed the second lamp-stand nearer to Cyril, and then reseated himself to continue perusing his book: simply saying, "Rely on your having my best counsel, such as it is."

Cyril now examined Mrs. Fitzherbert's letter again, and with deep attention.

The letter was most beautifully written; it was long, and full, without crossing, and most elegantly

worded. It would be admitted that it did her high honor, were I allowed to transcribe it here word for word; but as I have not her own permission, I can only give the substance of it. It is plain, that fond as she was of a laugh, and "giddy" as she could be, so far as innocent pleasure was concerned; still, she could feel, yes, deeply, keenly, generously: and all, thanks to Love, which was permanently enthroned in her bright breast.

Beautiful thing she was; she seemed as if formed to be *all a blissful splendor, to dance like sunshine through the world's gay course.*

Mrs. Fitzherbert expressed, that she felt most thrillingly interested in the matter; and all the more so, since she had particularly noticed the distinguished and divine-looking girl who sat beside Cyril at the concert, and who was incomparably beautiful enough to account fully for his devotion.

She added that she thought the elements of the case, as set before her by Cyril, went to show that she whom he called "Jessie," could not possibly be hurt or indignant, or hostile to him; she might possibly not love him, because of the shortness of the time she had seen him. But, if there was no love, there was all the more certainty of the proper play of civility, whence some trace or communication must inevitably transpire. If she does love, she will not wish to lose sight of him she loves; and equally if she does not love, she will not be satisfied to let the matter rest in such a ghastly and uncivil state, after so abrupt a leaving, just after her life

was saved. This would entail a meeting; and if Mr. Grosvenor only gets fair chance to address such a girl, he will soon win her for his wife.

After Mrs. Fitzherbert had made such an encouraging exordium, she went on however to admit the mortifying fact in hand, that the aged Marchioness had not happened to have heard, nor had her servants, the name of the ladies in question. They had been particularly noticed by the Marchioness, who identified them, from Cyril's description, at once; and some remark about the weather had even passed between her and the "aunt," but that was all.

There had also been, as usual among grandee footmen, some fraternizing between the ladies' manservant [Peters] and the Marchioness' own man, but there was no conferring between them, about families or names or respective honors. The storm was great, yet the passage was short; the tossing was awful, the sufferings were severe, nor was it a time for taking notes or glancing at luggage labels. Mrs. Fitzherbert assured Cyril that she had cross-questioned the Marchioness as well as her lady-companion and the two servants most rigidly and minutely; but could elicit nothing to mark who the ladies were. The Marchioness was convinced that they were people of rank and station, and this narrowed the field of search, and made discovery more probable. The Marchioness also judged that they were willing to travel through such a tempest because of some imperative necessity, just as she

did. In her own case she (the Dowager) honestly confessed, she had a superstitious fear of stopping to sleep in Boulogne, since she had once lost an unquiet relative there, and she (being weak enough to believe in ghosts and table-turning and witchcraft generally) would rather risk being drowned, than pass a night where she might have to face the spectre of the departed.

The Marchioness could only further say that the name "Epineville" had not been uttered or observed. And Mrs. Fitzherbert summed up, by assuring Cyril in the kindest and warmest terms, that when he returned to England she and the Major would do all they could to aid his enquiries.

Despite all that Mrs. Fitzherbert could thus say, Cyril felt acutely that the facts of the case were finally disheartening. So, prefacing the matter with a short account of who the Fitzherberts were (George had once met the Major), and what little they had to do with "Jessie;" Cyril handed Mrs. Fitzherbert's letter to George, telling him he thought he would see that there was no use in his going home, for, here was a sample of what, in one shape or other, was sure to await him.

George looked obstinate and argumentative, but silently took the letter, and began to con it over. He had not read far, before he suddenly looked up, and asked,—

"How do you know her name is Jessie?"

"I do not know that it is, at all; I merely call her so."

"Yes, and I see Mrs. Fitzherbert says, 'she whom you call Jessie.' Why then do you call her Jessie of Boulogne? What has she to do with Boulogne?"

"Nothing, except that it was there I met her."

"Then she is not a resident or habitant of that place?"

"Not that I know of; indeed I have reason to be sure she is not."

"Why then," asked George, "do you entitle her Jessie' at all?"

"O, *that*," replied Cyril, "was merely because I must make some sort of a name for her; and so I called her 'Jessie,' as a kind of play on the word Gesoriacum, which is the old classic appellation of Boulogne."

"O, so then, her name might be anything else?"

"Certainly," said Cyril.

"This is very odd," said George, reading on. "And then the 'aunt;' how do you know she is an aunt, or a relative at all?"

"I do not know; only she looked too young to be her mother."

"She might be an elder sister?"

"Possibly."

"But then," said George, getting to the end of the letter, "what on earth is this name 'Epineville'?"

And here, I will observe, the juncture appears at last, where we are to see displayed the use of the scrap of paper which Teddy and Floss had recovered from the forlorn Encelade's cravat. Had that scene

not been enacted, what follows would never have occurred. Thus Teddy and Floss and Encelade all come to a focus. And with them, Mrs. Fitzherbert is associated; for, had she not written her letter, this name, Epineville, would not have come up for discussion between Cyril and George, as indeed it would have been quite unnoticed and forgotten.

It is well to remark thus how the two totally dissimilar beings, Mrs. Fitzherbert and Encelade, were, though insensibly and apart, still playing together on the same great chess-board of events, under the supervision of the one supreme mind. Indeed it is curious to think that the small white jewelled hand of Adela, the Honorable Mrs. Fitzherbert, with her heart full of love, gaiety, and refinement, was, without knowing it, co-operating with the grimy paw of the miserable and absurd half-mad and drunken Encelade, as regards Cyril's fate. Discrepant and separate though the two were, still they moved together, and the result was good. It is a great lesson to us all.

In answer therefore to George's question, how the name Epineville came to be connected with Jessie in Mrs. Fitzherbert's letter, Cyril replied, he had reason to believe Epineville was Jessie's actual name; and then Cyril briefly described how the strange messenger Encelade, to whom the milliner's circular had been confided, was afterwards pursued by Teddy and Floss to the priest's house, where the paper was recovered, on which Encelade had written with his blood, the name "Mademoiselle Epineville."

Cyril took out from his pocket-book, the identical rough scrap of paper, and deposited it before George Thornton.

George was much excited, and exclaimed, "I feel quite giddy!" so Cyril suggested,—

"Let us change the subject;" thinking his friend was somewhat indisposed.

But George, with much agitation, continued,—

"This is most extraordinary; for, the name Epineville is one that actually belongs to my own family, nor does any other family use it.

"The fact is," continued George, "our family is, as you know, a very old one, and came over at the Norman conquest. Our ancestor had a castle, in Normandy, called 'Epineville,' with a small feudal village of the same name attached to it; both castle and village are now mere ruins, almost obliterated by time, though I should like to revive them. This ancestor, Sir Clovis d'Epineville, a magnificent knight, took all his retainers over with him to England, and settled in Wiltshire, at Pinwell. The tradition of the family is that Sir Clovis d'Epineville married a Saxon heiress, Elgiva; and either through her influence, or else through policy or courtesy towards the country people, the name 'Epineville' was altered to its English equivalent, Thornton, the French word 'epine' meaning thorn, and 'ville' signifying ton or town. Our armorial emblem is the *epine blanche*, the hawthorn, or may. The mansion or manor-house was called 'Thornton,' and the estate was styled 'Pinwell,'

which was merely the English way of expressing 'Epineville.' The house was inhabited by my grandfather, and once by ourselves, but is now only used as a superior farm-house; the estate attached to it is however considerable. Thus, in short, we conceive ourselves entitled to assume either name, Thornton or Epineville; and we have found it convenient sometimes to adopt the more unusual one, while on our travels across the Continent, like as (to compare great things to small) the Prince of Wales took his trip through America as Baron Renfrew. There have been also some incidents in our history, of late years, which have rather made us court secrecy; and certain awful events have driven us sometimes to prefer a fresh name."

Cyril was so agitated by this direct allusion to the Cabanas tragedy, and by the whole inexplicable state of things; he was unable to make any response. George, therefore, proceeded to say,—

"Now, tell me, my dear Cyril, more particularly than you have yet done, the appearance of these ladies whom you would seek."

"No language," Cyril affirmed with ardor, "can portray Jessie; she is beyond all commendation, and she defies all description. I would therefore only give such faint outlines, as to say, that she is probably seventeen, or at most between that and eighteen. She is just about that height [five feet, three inches]. As I said, she is wonderfully like yourself; you are, in my opinion, you know," said

Cyril, archly, "an 'ugly likeness' of her. Her hair is a shade lighter brown than your own; and her eyes are of that singularly beautiful hue, which you cannot strictly interpret to be either blue or hazel. In some persons who are born with blue eyes, the azure tint turns afterwards gradually to a light and lustrous brown; and I should say Jessie's eyes are now in that sweet transition state. But the chief charm of her perfect features is, the radiance which pervades them; I have seen the same electricity sometimes, George, glittering over your own 'honest countenance': but in Jessie it is an innate resplendence, as if *the purity and brightness of an angelic soul came beaming forth upon you, with tender glory.*"

"Why, you quite describe what has been called the Epineville halo of the face, on my father's side of the house. But, Cyril, now," said George, with still more intense animation, "tell me about Jessie, how she was dressed, and everything about her."

Cyril then recounted how very youthful her costume was, almost too juvenile for the ripening richness of her figure. And then he detailed, with such word-painting as he could command, the exquisite grace of her standing; how she stood with such dignity, such lightness, such buoyancy.

"If I might dare to—but *no*," said George, starting to his feet, and striding up and down the cabin, hurriedly.

Then flinging himself as if passionately on the seat again, and panting heavily as if he was unwell,

George proceeded to say, "But you have given me no delineation of the other lady, the aunt!"

Whereupon Cyril spoke of her beauty, her majesty, her magnificence. "She was taller than Jessie, two inches or so; her age I could not even guess at: she may have been older than she looked. As to her dress, I can scarcely say a word about it, since, I seldom notice dress except as regards its general effect. As for Jessie's dress, what it was made of, I have no idea whatsoever; I was too much enchanted with the sweet girl herself, to take any such note of her attire. But when I first saw the aunt, I think she had on a robe of that pretty Irish figured material, which I believe is called poplin or tabinet."

Cyril continued, "As to her head-dress, but O—I forgot to mention *one* most remarkable and distinguishing feature, inasmuch as she wore, always when I saw her, a large and beautiful golden aigrette, of antique cast, high, and studded with pearls, above her forehead——"

"O! Cyril," cried George, starting and staggering to his feet.

Cyril sprang up, in much consternation to witness the sudden spasm or emotion which wrung his friend's whole frame, and he quite shouted, "What is it?"

"My dear Cyril!" was all George could utter.

Cyril was filled with a terrible apprehension lest George was taken with some deadly seizure or sudden malady; so when George simply extended his

hands towards him, Cyril seized them fondly, and with all the earnestness of his heart, he said, "Speak, dearest George, speak to me."

The answer he received was the turning point of his life, when George was only able to articulate in low whispered accents the thrilling sentence,—

"YOUR JESSIE IS MY SISTER."

It would have been a study for the greatest painter to depict the two young men, both so conspicuously handsome, and now still holding each other's hands, while they both sank back on the seat, looking at each other; Cyril, with hope and joy and amazement battling with incredulity: and George, with a gush of satisfaction and as if delayed triumph, mantling his fine brow.

After a long pause of thought, Cyril broke silence by saying, in a tone which was as if one of remonstrance with George for deluding him with so sweet a hope, "How can that be?"

"O, yes," said George, "I see it now all clearly; the aunt is my mother, and your Jessie is my sister Maude."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; I almost thought so, from one or two things you said before: but now I am certain of it. My mother and only sister, I knew, were on the Continent, though I did not know they were at Boulogne; then, the name Epineville, and the family likeness in Jessie to me: her age, her appearance, all agree. My mother makes a point of patronizing the Irish poplin dresses. But, above all, the *aunt's*

‘aigrette’ is decisive ; no one else in the world but my mother wears one always. She has often been quizzed about it ; but she says she has a special right to wear it : and so she has.”

“Tell me how ; O my dear George : is Jessie really your sister ?”

“She is ; doubt it not : witness the aigrette. You are aware that my mother’s Edensor lineage by the female line, boasts a most ancient British origin ; it ought indeed to be a Welsh bard, with harp and all, to explain it to you : but, in short, we believe the tale is really authentic, connecting the Edensor aigrette with early British history.

“You may remember,” continued George, “that when Julius Cæsar repeated his piratical inroad into Britain, he was chiefly swayed by covetous and avaricious motives ; one of his great objects was to obtain pearls, of which Britain could then exhibit good specimens. It is true, Cæsar himself averred that our island had neither gold nor silver nor any precious treasures ; but this was said by him, only to mask his own sordid greed. The historian Suetonius makes, plump and plain, the assertion, that Cæsar was generally considered to have invaded Britain in hopes of obtaining pearls, ‘spe margaritarum’ ; and he records that Cæsar took particular pleasure in comparing the size and importance of the pearls, dandling and balancing them in his hand. The celebrity of British pearls is attested by Ælian and Tacitus, as well as by Pomponius Mela, and by Origen, Ausonius, and

the Venerable Bede, and others. Now, in Pliny's Natural History (IX., 57) it is mentioned that Julius Cæsar dedicated to his ancestress Venus, in her temple, a corslet which he avowed to be composed of British pearls, 'thoracem ex Britannicis margaritis factum.' The same fact is narrated by Solinus, who also calls it 'thoracem' or a breastplate; he also specifies the pearls as British, and refers to an inscription to that effect. Now, the persuasion in my family is, that this very pearl ornament is the actual Edensor aigrette, which may have been made to bedeck a Roman breastplate, but was originally a British diadem or frontlet. It is such a frontal or head-band as the ancients called 'Ampyx,' and may often be seen figured among the paintings on classic vases. The gold is so pure, it bends quite freely and limberly. It had belonged to my British ancestors, and was obtained by Cæsar in a dark transaction where he strangled a venerable British chieftain who came to a conference with him. The descendant of this very chief was with Alaric when Rome was sacked, and then recovered the family coronet from the temple of Venus, where Cæsar had placed it; and we have had it ever since. My mother's great-grandmother used to wear it always, and my mother revived the custom, and never was seen without it, as if she 'superstitiously' regarded it as the talisman or Palladium of our race. Her own idea is that her wearing it does not differ in principle from one's wearing a crest ring, or having one's coat of arms

emblazoned on the panels of a carriage. I have even heard it argued by an enthusiastic antiquary, that, like Berkeley Castle, or Arundel Castle, this aigrette of itself confers nobility on its possessor. I am convinced it was the crown or tiara of a minor British prince or kinglet. For my part, I admire the old family feeling which makes my mother 'sport' such a decoration; and as I know for a fact that no one else is in the habit of wearing an antique pearl aigrette, I feel absolutely certain that the 'aunt' with the aigrette is none other than my own honored mother, Gwendoline, Lady Thornton, Baroness Edensor."

"I can only," cried Cyril, "give myself up to the delightful idea."

"But here," said George, interrupting him, and opening a bright flask-like case, being a large silver casket of papers, which he carried about him always, "tell me, who is this?"

It was a miniature, on ivory, exquisitely drawn. Cyril devoured it with his eyes, and at once pronounced it to be the "aunt," and no mistake.

"Well, that is my noble mother Gwendoline, aigrette and all. Look then at this likeness, which was taken in Germany a year ago."

O, with what deep devotion, O how reverentially, did Cyril receive it in his hand! It was a small photograph on paper, set in a slight silver rim, with a ring to suspend it, and a soft velvet cover. The likeness had the usual fault of such photographs, inasmuch as it gave a somewhat unearthly or

corpse-like aspect to the face; it also made the countenance look older, which however did not much matter, since it represented a young lady, in rather girlish costume. Despite those imperfections common to most photographs, which probably some future discoverer will obviate, there could not be even the very remotest doubt of the identity; it *was* Jessie herself, the pride of earth! O how enchantingly beautiful was the likeness; it showed a young girl standing: and here was Jessie's wonderful grace of attitude at once visible. She wore a very pretty and becoming hat, and her face actually showed some of that diamond-like or rather lightning lustre, which was the rare glory of Jessie's features. I can only compare this to what I have observed in a stereoscope, as follows; it was a likeness of a gentleman who wore a fine diamond on his shirt front: when you looked at the paper with the naked eye, the gem seemed to be a mere white speck: but, when you put it into the stereoscopic frame, and brought thus the most beautiful miracle of science to bear on it, the diamond might be seen actually to emit light. This was so much so, that the likeness was taken out again, to be examined, whether some particle of glass had not got upon the spot; but no: it was the mere triumph of the stereoscope: the diamond positively sparkled and glittered! In like manner, look at this stereoscopic slide, showing St. Martin's church in London, and including a gas-lamp on which the sun is shining; you can actually

perceive the real glitter and glow of the sunlight, on the glass of the lamp, though you are only looking at paper. I cannot understand how mere rough paper can be faithful enough to exhibit the positive shine or sheen of glass or of a gem ; still, there it is. And to such a thing only can I at all compare the fact that the photograph of Jessie did not fail to convey some of the dazzling radiance which belonged to her incomparable features.

"Dearest Jessie," cried Cyril ; "it is herself, to the life."

"And, you love her ?" asked George ; (he was very jealous of her fair name, as regards *any* alliance, and most careful not to obtrude her : being quite chivalric about his sister.)

"Love her ? O, yes ; more than words can utter. Dearest Jessie, shall I ever see you again ?"

"Yes, see her, and have her as your own for ever. I bestow her on you, so far as I am concerned. Not that I am an Oriental prince, who can give away the females of his house, as he would bags of sequins ; still, she loves me deeply, *as I do her* : and then, so far as my power or influence goes, which is much, I as her brother do hereby give her to you, to be your bride."

"Bless you, George, my more than brother !" and saying so, Cyril rose to his feet : when George also rose, and taking his hand with the most affectionate tenderness, said,—

"Did *you* then rescue my idolized Maude ? Did you save my one sister from the dread death of

fire? Well may you then have her! Well do you deserve her!"

"Thank God I shall have your advocacy," said Cyril; "and then, if in any way she has felt hurt or offended at my manifesting to her the love I felt for her, you will remove any displeasure or coldness, and at least restore me to her friendship."

"Nonsense, she never felt anything of the sort; it is only her maidenly timidity and reserve. It is enough to say in a word that *your* Jessie Epineville is *my* Maude Thornton."

"Then," cried Cyril, "I am not to go home, after all; and all the Mauritius plan becomes abolished."

He said this, but he little knew what changes were still in store, for him, for her, and for all. He had altered his plans and purposes more than once; but, are the black wings waving? The question is, Can he be said to be right, even now?

However, George joyously responded, "Yes, of course; you are not to go home to seek her: she herself comes out to us. She has gone 'overland,' while we have been beating round the Cape; she is in India already, and there we shall go and find her: and as she knows your name is Cyril, I fancy she will have guessed who you are. And so you will find in her, one who feels regard for you already, perhaps a heart all your own. But, look at the back of the photograph."

Cyril did so, and there he saw, exquisitely written, in her own handwriting, the following,—

“Maude Thornton, on my sixteenth birthday, September 2, 1861.”

Thus, by a nice coincidence, it was on her very next birthday, her seventeenth natal day, that Cyril had saved Jessie from the fire at Boulogne, and as if given her new life.

O with what profound respect and intense fondness did Cyril raise her own written name to his lips, and kiss it as if with his very soul. He then placed the likeness significantly on his heart, and looked appealingly at George, who at once interpreted the look, and replied,—

“Yes, I give her to you in that emblem, and you can keep it for the present; but, you must give it back to me, when you have won the original.”

“God grant it!” said Cyril, with solemn earnestness, and with all a lover’s fervency of hope and rapture.

But now we may leave the two friends, whose mutual affection, in itself, was something beautiful; we may leave them to themselves, to pursue all the delightful prospects which now presented themselves. We will only, once more, point out, how good and pure and beneficial is such love as that which burned in the breasts of Cyril and Jessie.

Love is always good. Love is beautiful and good, even between a general and his troops. Better still is the love that subsists between a benignant landlord and his tenants. Better again is the love that glows between loyal subjects and a truly “gracious” monarch. Better than any of

these is the love of two true friends. Far higher still is the love of parents and children, or children and parents. But the highest love of all is the love of man and wife, because they are equals.

And if we have regard to the different stages of this crowning love, the love between the sexes; I maintain that the most admirable scene of all, is the adoring love of a young man to a sweet girl, or of the modest maiden to him who has gained her affections. This love is the greatest, the grandest, and the best, because it is so transcendently pure, so unselfish, and so spiritual. Both the youth and the maiden have their personal charms and fascinations, each one for the other; and this sense of beauty had at first reciprocally attracted them together: nevertheless, once that true "Love" has come to reign in their hearts, the thought of pleasure in beauty is almost superseded by the general consciousness of fond devotion. When the lover is in the presence of his beloved, and perhaps even more when in her absence he thinks of her; she passes, in his estimation, for all that is superlatively excellent. It is not to her beauteous person, nor to her amiable disposition, that he does homage, but to herself, as a whole, and as the abstract type of perfection. The splendor of her eyes and the delectable symmetry of her form cannot account for the love, even if the whole catalogue of her graces was recounted; the love is something inclusive of the like, but beyond all the like, leaving all reasons and causes far behind. Here we see the true ethereal

character of real love! This therefore is such a pure and holy love as we could imagine animating the very angels themselves. It is soul linked to soul; it goes beyond the pulse of body to body: it soars above the glance of eye to eye: it is free from everything earthly, and it beckons on to all that is generous and expansive. Therefore I asseverate, love is a beneficial principle. To adopt the view taken in some lines by "N. S. S. L." in Alaric A. Watts' Poetical Album, "O Love, some call thy musings folly, Some call thee cruel, base, and blind; But thou, methinks, art pure and holy, Exalted, raised, refined."

And besides thus glorifying true and sacred love, there is also another great object of this history, which is, to exemplify the fact, at which we have already glanced, that there is no discrepancy between a religious temperament and a joyous disposition. There may be a thorough reception of revealed truth, with adoring fealty to the Saviour, and with entire attachment to the principles of the most evangelical of all churches, the Church of England; and yet simultaneously there can dwell in the well-constituted mind, a readiness to look at matters in a sunny light.

There is nothing more truly Christian than a gentle smile. Nor is there any doubt thrown on my veneration for the Gospel, because, shortly after I have reverently closed the Book of books, my merry laugh may be heard.

Bring the matter to a plain issue. Say, a man

goes to his church on Sunday. He enjoys the prayers, and lifts up his heart to his Maker; and he hears a good sermon, which fortifies him in the faith, strengthening him to go and live as a pious consistent believer, in all honesty and integrity, amid the temptations of the world. Having fully made up his mind, and with his heart elevated and cheered by the hymns of the sanctuary, this man passes out of the church porch with a spirit of solemn joy. Perhaps he has his happy wife on his arm, and a gay child or two beside him. The sun is shining on his path, and both nature and grace bid him rejoice.

Perhaps after a while, as he walks home, he meets a friend; the weather of course is discussed first, whence the conversation ranges to genial subjects: and soon both friends join in a genial play of words, free from profanity, free from indelicacy, free from levity: it is the mere glad glitter of bright answering hearts. Before they shake hands and part, a pleasant laugh or two may be heard.

Does then this little gleam of joyousness disprove all the preceding piety and belief? Far from it. Rather, it is a proof of the reality of the religion of the parties, because religion is a cheerful thing; nor is anything more irreligious than the sour sulky saturnine frown, of the prim oily puritan, the glum sanctimonious fanatic.

This then is a principle which needs enunciating, because it is so commonly overlooked or contravened. All the black sanctified people take it for

granted that we cannot really believe and be glad ; our joys must be melancholy and our bliss must be dismal. Against that malignant school, I beg to maintain that I can *smile as a Christian*. We ought to “know how” to combine religiousness with innocent enjoyment. Is not indeed this course of conduct the most fit for human nature ? Is not the contrary quite opposed to common sense ?

I will therefore only add that I conceive the present work, even if called a novel, may rank as what some starched people call a “Sunday book,” or one to be perused as a change, after the completion of the due exercises and studies of the Lord’s Day ; because this work is written in a really religious spirit, as if it were all a “parable,” to illustrate in an entertaining way the most grave and solid truths. I wish to bring out into prominence many great principles, bearing on everyday duties, so as to lead the reader to aspire towards all that is kindly, generous, and just ; as well as to foster accuracy of thought on all the main acts and impulses of life.







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